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SELECTED TALE.

FANNY LINCOLN;
Or, the Village Amanuensis.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"INDEED Frank, it is time to end this nonsense. Ever since you have taken that foolish crotchet into your head, the house has been overrun. I wonder that you can find nothing better to do than writing letters for love-stricken clodhoppers, or silly house-maids."

"Quite a flourish of trumpets, sister mine," Frank Beverly replied, laughing.

"No, but Frank, I am in earnest. The fact is, people are beginning to talk about you!"

"And what do they say?"

"Why, they say—they say—"

"What do they say, Isabella?"

"Why, they say you must have but little to do."

"The allegation I confess to be true, sister," said Frank, assuming a mock serious countenance. "But who, pray, are so much interested in me? Really, I ought to feel flattered."

"It is nothing to jest about, Frank. Everybody is beginning to wonder at you.—Florence Milton told me this morning that you were the talk of the whole village."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, she did. And she says that many strange things are said about you."

"Did you ask what those strange things were, Isabella?"

"Yes, but she hesitated, and then declined telling me. You don't know how it worries me, brother. I do wish you would act a little more sensibly, and visit oftener in the respectable families of the village.—You are inquired after wherever I go. Indeed there is not a family within twenty miles round, with which you might not form a connection, if you would. I know half a dozen young ladies, handsome, rich, accomplished, the pick of the county, who would jump at the offer of your hand."

"I am perfectly aware of that, sister."

"Then, Mr. Vanity, why are you not up and doing, instead of making yourself a subject of ridicule for the neighborhood.—Surely, you do not think so highly of yourself as to decline the first connection for wealth and beauty in Greenlawn village."

"And why not?"

"Frank!"

"Isabella!"

"Really, brother, I am afraid you are demented."

"As people say that I am."

"Do they say that, then?" the sister asked, while a cloud fell upon her face.

"O yes. But what of it? It does not make me crazy. Now, the fact is, sister, I have become so tired of the shallow-mindedness and insincerity of the elite of Greenlawn, that I have cut off the whole tribe: at least for a time. For the past two months, as you know, I have almost daily held confidential intercourse with the lower order of society in the village, as they are called; and in that time I have seen more integrity of purpose, more deep feeling, more tenderness of sentiment, than I have ever witnessed in my life. Truly, it is refreshing to hear human nature speaking out in its own impressive language, full of energy and truth! It may be rough at times, for want of conventional polish, but it is honest for it comes from the heart."

"Really, Frank, I do not know what to make of you."

"You do not think me crazy, at least?

"I do not know what to think. A man of your position in society, it seems to me, acts very strangely, when he lets himself down and consorts with plebianism."

"That is not a good word for an American lady to use, Isabella. This is not the country for patrician and plebian distinctions. The *man* here is the noble. All else is but factitious, and not to be weighed against the man. In all classes, truth, integrity, and virtue, should make honor, and the want of these, dishonor. Come, sister, let the gold of your real character shine clear. Be true to yourself, to the spirit and impulse of this age and this country, to human nature!"

"How strangely you talk, Frank! But, hark! there is the bell again! Another of your elegant visitors, I suppose. Ah, me! I wish I could see the end of all this."

"Fanny Lincoln wishes to see Mr Francis," said the old servant, opening the door of the room in which sat Frank Beverly and his sister.

"Tell Fanny to walk up into my study, and I will be there in a few moments."

The servant withdrew, and Frank said, as he rose from the sofa where he had been sitting by the side of his sister.

"Who is Fanny Lincoln? I wonder?"

"Why she's the girl old Mrs. Grand, the dairyman's wife, raised. I wonder what in the world she wants?"

"A letter written to her sweetheart I suppose," Frank said, laughing. "I learn some strange things, sister, that you would like to know very much, for all your light estimation of the plebians, as you call them. But, good morning; I must see what Fanny Lincoln wants."

When Frank Beverly entered the room he called his study, he found there an apparition that he had little expected. In the centre of the floor stood a fair girl, just blushing into gentle womanhood; and she glanced up at him with a modest, yet not bashful mien, as he entered, that had in it so much of innocence and truth, that the young man was instantly interested, and that not lightly, in his new visitor. He saw that her face was beautiful as to regularity of features and harmony of color, but far more beautiful than any he had seen in its sweet expression, that blended so much of gentleness and truth of character, with maiderly grace and unassumed dignity.

"Fanny Lincoln, I believe?" Frank said bowing with his best grace, and smiling at the same time, encouragingly.

"Yes, sir, that is my name," replied the maiden, while the color deepened upon her cheek. "I have made bold" she continued, "to come and ask of you to write a letter for me, if it will not be too much trouble. They tell me in the village that you will write for any one who asks you."

"Certainly I will, Fanny, and always with the greatest pleasure. But who do you wish me to write to for you? Some sweetheart of course!" he added, smiling. "I have no sweetheart; but I have," and her manner changed, "from whom I was parted when but a child. We were orphans, and were separated early. He was carried away many hundred miles, and I have never seen him since. Of late I have thought of him much, and so constantly within a few days, that I have made bold to come and ask you to write a letter to him for me. I cannot write myself."

There was a mingling of sadness and regret in her tone as she uttered the closing sentence.

"Do you know where your brother is, Fanny?" Frank Beverly asked, looking on his visitor with a feeling of lively interest.

"I know the name of the place to which he was taken, and I suppose he is there still, if alive."

"What shall I say to him?"

"O you know best. I want to let him know that I am living, and that I still remember him and love him, and that I want him to write to me."

On this hint, Frank Beverly wrote the letter, in a neat and delicate hand, imitating as far as he could, that of a woman.—After it was finished he read it to Fanny, and asked if that would answer.

"O yes," she said, "it is just as I tho't myself. You are very kind and good sir," and courtesying as she took the letter which he had folded and directed, she moved towards the door, still keeping her eyes upon the young man with a look of gratitude.

"You must let me see the answer when it comes, Fanny," Frank said.

"I will bring it to you as soon as I get it, if it should come at all," she replied, and dropping another courtesy, glided quickly from the room.

Two weeks passed without Frank Beverly again seeing Fanny; but every day he thought of her, and wondered if she would come again. He did not attempt to account for the interest he felt in the fair but humble stranger, contenting himself with feeling the interest, as he had a perfect right to do. He was sitting before his table engaged in writing one day, about the end of the period just named, when a gentle tap at the door was followed by the entrance of Fanny. She held in her hand a letter which she extended, while a glad smile lit up with new beauty her sweet expressive countenance.

"He is alive and well, and here is his answer," she said—"Read it."

Frank took the letter, and read it thro' with emotions of lively interest.

"Words are too inexpressive, my dear sister," it said, "to convey to you any idea of the delight your letter gave me. In our separation, so young, all recollection of the place to which you were taken was lost by me. In vain have I sought to find you out. But now you suddenly reveal yourself, with every evidence that you are an elegant and accomplished woman. How this evidence gladdens my heart! You have not been left to neglect and ignorance, I know, although you say nothing of your exact condition. The style, the characters, the language of your letter, tell me all this.

"When shall we see each other? Will you come to me, or must I come to you?—Circumstances which I cannot control will prevent the latter for many months. Say then that you will come to me, dear sister! How my heart yearns towards you!"

* * * * *

After Frank Beverly had read the whole letter, which was a long one, and had handed it back to the maiden, who still stood near, he looked up into her face, and said,

"Do you wish an answer written to this?"

For a moment or two Fanny paused, thoughtfully, and then replied,

"I do. But——" and she hesitated, and looked perplexed, even distressed.

"But what, Fanny?" asked Frank, kindly.

"My brother," replied the maiden, "has been deceived by the letter which you wrote for me, into the belief that I could write; he, therefore, imagines that I am different from what I really am. I must not continue this false idea of myself; and it troubles me to have to tell him the truth."

"But why need anything be said on the subject? I can write your letters for you, and he need know nothing of it."

The calm, thoughtful expression of Fanny's countenance instantly changed, and looking Frank steadily in the face with something like offended dignity in her manner, she answered,

"I never wilfully deceived any one sir; much less would I deceive my brother."

"Admirable girl!" Frank mentally ejaculated, as he gazed upon her innocent face, now lit up with the impulse of truth roused in opposition to a false principle that had been presented as a rule of action.—"How far superior art thou to the courtly dames who despise such truth of character [illegible] humble birth and lowly condition."

There was now a pause of many moments, during which Fanny stood near to the young man, her eyes cast upon the floor. At length he said, looking up into her face,

"Fanny, a thought occurs to me, which may relieve you from your present embarrassment. Say nothing to your brother, now, of your deficiency, but learn to write, and when you can write well, then tell him the whole story frankly."

"There is no one to teach me, sir, and how can I learn?"

"Do you wish to learn?"

"O yes! I have long wished to learn.

"Are you willing to try?"

"Yes."

"Then, if you will accept my services, I will be your teacher."

Fanny looked at him with a bewildered air, not apprehending, on the instant, his whole meaning.

"Will you not let me teach you to write, Fanny?" he said, after the pause of a few moments.

"I wish to learn very much. But I cannot come here often, and besides, it would be giving you too much trouble."

"O, the trouble will be nothing. To me it will be only pleasant recreation; and besides, I shall have the delight springing from the performance of a good action."

"It would take me a long time to learn" urged the maiden, "and before my task was half accomplished my brother would probably be here, and then he would be sadly disappointed in me, and, I fear, cease to love me as much as he would were he to find me innocent in all my ignorance and deficiency."

"When the affection is in anything, we soon come to perform it well. Your eager desire to learn to write, will do more for you than you dream of. Come, let me give you your first lesson now."

Fanny hesitated a moment, and then, as directed, seated herself in Frank's chair at the table, while he stood, writing-master like, and commenced instructing his fair pupil. He found that she already knew how to make all the letters, rudely enough it is true. And as she could read well, manuscript as well as letter-press, there was nothing to do but to teach her too form the letters after correct models, and then to unite them skilfully. The first lesson occupied an hour, at the end of which time, even Fanny was surprised and delighted at her own improvment. Her heart was in it, and where that is the case there is little difficulty in learning to do anything.

"Well, what do you think of that?" asked her teacher, as he held up her last trial at writing a whole sentence.

"I can hardly beljeve it," she replied.

"You will learn fast enough, and in six weeks will be able to write your brother anything you please."

"Do you think so?" Fanny said, looking the young man earnestly in the face.

"Do I *think* so, Fanny? Yes, I *know* so."

"I am afraid it will be asking too much, and yet my brother's letter is not answered," the maiden said, in a hesitating tone.

"True, true, Fanny! Come here to-morrow at this time, and the letter will be ready for you, and then you can take another lesson in writing."

With a graceful inclination of the body, Fanny Lincoln withdrew, and left Frank Beverly in a somewhat mystified state of perception as to his own true internal thoughts and feelings.

"She is a sweet girl," he said musingly, "and would grace, with a little education, a far higher circle in society than that in which she now moves. Indeed, as she now is, I would not give her for a dozen of the gilded, artificial women whom it has been my lot to meet in society."

"Who is this Fanny Lincoln, sister?" he asked that evening, lifting his eyes from a book that he had in vain been endeavoring to understand, the sweet face of Fanny ever forming in his imagination, and interrupting all concentration of thought.

"How do you think I should know, Frank?" Isabella said with some surprise in her tones. "All I know about her is, that she is a servant to Mrs. Grand, the dairyman's wife."

"Don't say servant, in that peculiar tone of contempt. If it is the lot of Fanny to serve others—even a dairyman's wife-she is none the less beautiful, innocent, and excellent in character. Isabella, if you really want to do something good and noble, go to Mrs Grand's and interest yourself for that sweet flower, springing in the wilderness. Take Fanny under your care, and teach her all she wishes to learn. You will find her an apt scholar, and she will fully repay, in gratitude and affection, all your kind care and generous solicitude."

"Really, Frank, you are getting into a strange way!" Isabella said. "You certainly don't think, for a moment, that I am going to imitate your erratic folly. It is [illegible] of us, surely, to associate with the vulgar, ill-bred and uneducated. As for me, let me tell you, Frank, I am not going to join you in any of your mad schemes for breaking through the just distinctions of society."

"You misunderstand me, Isabella, entirely," Frank urged. "I have no desire to break through any just distinctions. I only wish to give to those below us in the social rank, all the aid I can to enable them to rise, even above me, if by native excellence of character, justly developed, they are able to do so."

"You work alone in this, let me tell you," Isabella replied, with marked emphasis.

"I am sorry for that, sister. I was in hopes that you would take Fanny under your kind care, but, as you will not, the duty must devolve upon your brother."

"Frank!"

"Don't look astonished my gentle sister."

"Well, I am astonished, and mortified."

"Mortified, at what?"

"That you should have no higher or more manly ideas—nothing more elevated as a rule of acton than the simple, vulgar desire to become the amanuensis, and now, I suppose, the schoolmaster, of the whole village."

"Could there be any higher or more manly desire, than that of doing good, Isabella? I think not. For my part I am learning, every day, to estimate actions by a new standard—the standard of usefulness to others. And I feel glad to think, that I experience as lively a pleasure in doing good to a ploughman or a dairymaid, as to a so-called lady or gentleman."

"But where will it end, brother?"

"That I am yet unable to see, and would be very glad if my sister would enlighten me."

"Then I can tell you in very few words. The end will be this: Your position, and my position, will be broken down in society. We will be respected neither by the high nor low; the one will avoid, while the other will trespass upon and annoy us."

"Fear no such consequences. We possess an antidote to all this."

"And what is that, Frank?"

"We are, brother and sister, alone in the world, and were there not some talismanic influence at work, should long since have passed from the eye of general observation, and from the point of interest."

"And, pray, what wonderful power is that which makes us hold our rank?"

"That power is *money*, sister! We have been left rich by our parents, and herein lies the secret of our estimation. Thousands are passing their lives in obscurity, with better hearts and better principles, and more extensive knowledge than we. What makes the difference? *Money!* It is not our worth, then, that gives us consideration, but our money. For my part, I am learning every day to despise this grovelling estimation. I would not give the single expressive look of gratitude on the honest face of an old, unsophisticated farmer's wife after I have written for and read to her a letter to her absent daghter, for it all."

Isabella could not satisfy her mind as to the kind of reply that she should make to this, and so remained silent. Frank resumed the study of his book, and the subject was dismissed for the evening.

For several days in succession, Frank Beverly's study was graced by the welcome presence of Fanny Lincoln. Her simple manners, and ingenuousness, pleased the young man more and more every time he saw her. But he was more pleased at witnessing the remarkable progress that she made in learning to write.

One morning, about a week after she had commenced taking her lessons, young Beverly was disappointed in not seeing her at the usual hour. He knew not how deep an interest the simple-hearted maiden had awakened in his bosom, until, by her failure to come at the regular time, the real strength of this interest became apparent.

On the next day he looked for Fanny at the usual hour of her visit, but she came not. Her failure to appear on the third day determined him to call over at Mrs. Grand's and see what detained her. As he came up the walk that led to the cottage door he caught a single glance of Fanny's face at the window, but it was instantly withdrawn. It was some moments before his knock was answered, and then he was admitted by Mrs Grand herself, a woman of many excellent qualities, not the least of which were good sense and an affectionate disposition. She had often seen Frank, and knew him very well, although he had no recollection of her gentle, matronly face, for she had resided in the village but a few years.

"Mrs Grand, I believe?" Frank said, with a bow.

"That is my name, Mr Beverly. Will you walk in, sir?"

[illegible] have come over," he resumed after he had taken a chair, "to have a word with you about Fanny Lincoln. You know, I suppose, that I have been teaching her to write. For the last few days she has not come as usual, and as she makes such great progress it is a pity that she should not keep on until she can write well. It is to talk with you about this that I have dropped in."

Frank, paused, and Mrs Grand remained silent for some moments, in the effort to collect her thoughts, and then raising her mild eyes to the face of the young man, and looking steadily at him, she said,

"Fanny is an innocent-minded, simple-hearted, good girl, and did not imagine, until I suggested it to her, that there was any impropriety in one of her age visiting, regularly, at his room, a young gentleman."

Mrs Grand paused here, and let her eyes fall to the floor, while Frank smiled good-humoredly as he replied—

"I certainly respect your sentiments, and now that my thoughts recur to the subject, must own that you are right. But I am sure Fanny came to me only under the impulse of genuine innocence of heart."

"In that you are right, Mr Beverly," Mrs Grand replied with warmth. "I know Fanny well, for, from a little child, I have been to her a mother, and she the gentlest and most affectionate of daughters. She is pure-minded and innocent as the snow-drift."

"I am sure of that, Mrs Grand," Frank said; and then after a brief pause added, "The more I have seen of Fanny, the more have I been interested in her; particularly in reference to her strong desire to learn. This desire, Mrs Grand, ought by all means to be fostered, and as you rightly suggest the impropriety of her coming to my room, if you will permit me to call here every day and give her a lesson, in your presence, if you choose, I will most willingly come."

"Your offer is too kind a one for me to reject, and I therefore willingly accept it, knowing as I do so well the character of Francis Beverly," Mrs Grand replied, frankly. "I know," she continued, "and have often grieved over Fanny's want of education. But since she came to us, a friendless orphan, we have had hard struggling to get along in the world, and have been unable to send her to school, except for a very short time. I taught her to read, which was about as far as I could go, and she reads, I think, very well indeed."

"Then if it is agreeable to both Fanny and yourself, I will give her, now that I am here, another lesson," Frank said, for he was altogether unwilling to go away without seeing his fair young pupil, and having a word or two with her.

Mrs Grand arose without replying, and left the room. In a few minutes she returned with Fanny, whose heightened color, and slight embarrassment and agitation, told the young man at once, that since he had last met her, new thoughts and emotions had stirred in her bosom.

We will not linger to detail the particulars of this interview, nor to chronicle the wonderful improvement apparent at each new lesson that she received from her excellent teacher. Certain it was, that she never seemed tired of acquiring of her preceptor of teaching her. From mere penmanship her attention was soon turned to books, and day after day, and week after week, nay, and month after month, Fanny Lincoln wandered by the fountains of learning, and explored new regions of knowledge opened to her eager thoughts, with Francis Beverly, her faithful Mentor, ever by her side. In a month from the time that she took her first lesson, she wrote to her brother with her own hand, and so much did it resemble that in which Frank had written, imitating as he had, purposely, a woman's small light chirography, that the difference was not known.—The correspondence between them became exceedingly interesting. He was, it appeared, a lawyer of standing and intelligence, in Charleston, South Carolina, engaged in an extensive practice. Important business, he said, would keep him away from her at least six months, but he urged her to come to him at once. But she wrote to him, that she would prefer remaining with the kind friends, though poor and humble in life, who had been to her father and mother when there was none to take her in, until he could come to her. He then sent her a considerable sum of money, and kept up with her a frequent correspondence, in which he seemed desirous of learning as much of her cast of mind and habits of thinking as possible. All these letters, in the simplicity of her heart she submitted to Frank, and also her answers; and any suggestion of his were promptly adopted by the maiden.

The frequent visits of the young man to Mrs Grand's soon became village talk, greatly to the annoyance of his stately sister Isabella, to let no opportunity pass [illegible] This he took all very kindly, and continued to pursue his own course. One evening as they sat together, the conversation turned to him in a line of remonstrance.

"I wish you would give up your [illegible] visits to that Fanny Lincoln."

"Why so, sister?"

"Because everbody is talking about you."

"Well, and what do they say?" inquired Frank, quite composedly.

"Why, they say of course, that you are going to marry that girl," Isabella replied in an indignant tone.

"Do they, indeed! Well, really, it's strange how things of this kind will out."

"Brother! what do you mean?" exclaimed Isabella, springing to her feet as suddenly as if a pistol had been fired by her ear.

"Why, I mean to marry Fanny Lincoln," replied the young man in a calm tone of voice.

For a few moments the sister was so bewildered and confounded that she could not speak. At length she said—

"You but trifle with me, brother."

"Indeed, I do not," Frank said in a serious tone. "I have spent four months now, in the daily study of Fanny Lincoln's character, and am prepared to pronounce her far superior to any young lady that it has been thus far my lot to meet."

Poor Isabella was for a time mute with surprise.

"Surely," she at length said, "my brother is not going to disgrace himself and his sister thus!"

"How can it be disgrace to marry Fanny Lincoln?" he asked.

"Who is she, or what is she, but the servant of a dairyman's wife?" Isabella replied with warmth.

"I will tell you," Frank said, calmly. "She is the adopted daughter of Mrs Grand who has raised her with all the care her condition would allow her to bestow. She is pure, and gentle, and innocent—"

"And ignorant, and vulgar, and forward and—"

"Not by any means," Frank said interrupting his sister. "For four months she has been applying herself to books with an eagerness and assiduity that has produced what I must call wonderful results. Few young ladies of my acquaintance, in the village, except indeed my sister, have mastered more substantial volumes than she. And what she reads she understands and retains. As to vulgarity, Isabella, you are again mistaken. Nature formed her a lady, in mind and action. Few, let me assure you, have more ease of manner more true maidenly dignity of character. And for ward she is not, but rather in[illegible]

ed to shrink, and this shrinking disposition seems to increase more and more every day."

But nothing that Frank could say had any effect in reconciling his sister. She would not consent to see her, and solemnly declared, that if he married her, and brought her to the house, she would leave it.

It soon became known through all the village, for Frank took no pains to conceal it, that he was going to marry Fanny Lincoln. All wondered, but the young ladies in the high life of the place, with their mothers, were indignant that the young man should so disgrace himself. Poor Isabella was pitied, and sympathized with, and one young lady actually volunteered to try and charm the lover off, all for the sake of her dear Isabella; but to no purpose. Frank was impenetrable. Fanny was talked about, and sneered at, and made the subject of all kinds of ill-natured remarks: but she was happy in the love of an honest and generous heart, and knew nothing of the indignation she was exciting.

"He needn't think to introduce the low creature here," said Miss Elvira Comstock to the circle of young ladies who were passing an afternoon with her.

"Indeed he needn't," responded her sister Thomasine. If he chooses to lower himself in that way let him, but such as Fanny Lincoln never darkens our door."

"What a strange preference!" remarked one.

"That proves what he is," said another.

"How much I have been deceived in my estimation of him!" added another.

"Well, girls, we have all made a happy escape," said Elvira Comstock, "for there are some of us, I am thinking, who would not have said 'no' to Frank Beverly."

"Indeed, then, you are mistaken, if you think I would," broke in one.

"I never liked him," said another.

"I always thought him low-minded," added a third.

"It is all just as I expected," remarked a fourth. And then all joined in abusing Frank Beverly and Fanny Lincoln with might and main.

But, time wore on, and the period was fixed for Frank's marriage: one week before it took place a stage brought to the town two strangers, a gentleman and lady, whose appearance at once drew the attention of the gossiping villagers.

Scarcely half an hour elapsed after their arrival before the man walked out from the inn at which they had stopped, and took his way towards Mrs Grand's cottage. His knock at the door was answered by Fanny.

"Fanny Lincoln?" said he in an enquiring tone.

"That is my name, sir," replied the maiden, her heart leaping in her bosom with a sudden bound.

"And mine is Henry Lincoln," he said, and instantly the happy creature was clinging to him and sobbing like a child, in the ecstasy of a new delight.

* * * * *

The wedding was celebrated at the old family mansion of the Beverlys, where Frank and his sister resided. Among the guests were Elvira Comstock, her sister, and indeed the whole circle of the village exclusives, each of whom vied in attention to the lovely bride, whose beauty and excellence were all suddenly discovered and appreciated. Among the most conspicuous of the party were Henry Lincoln, the distinguished and *wealthy* member of the southern bar, and his young and beautiful wife, to whom he had been married only a few months.

All but Fanny, from this time, forgot her humble origin, but she remained as affectionate and as attentive as ever to the friends who had loved her and cherished her from childhood. Isabella soon learned to appreciate her and love her tenderly, and Frank Beverly ever after blessed the day that brought Fanny Lincoln to the VILLAGE AMANUENSIS.

True.

The history of the world, as well as the biography of those who have played a prominent part in its concerns, teach one great lesson, worthy of everlasting remembrance. It assures us that it matters but little what form of danger may assail a man, if he be true to himself. Poverty may lay its chilling hand upon him, and freeze up the brightest fountain of his hope—disappointments may meet him at every step—affliction may strike down those who are dearest to his heart—the breath of slander may attempt to sully his name, and tarnish his reputation—still let him be true to himself—let him maintain a stout heart and clear breast—and he will eventually outstride the storm. Let those who are struggling with "low birth and iron fortune," remember this truth—and let them remember, too, that no man can be destroyed by others without fault and weakness in himself.

CAUSE OF WAR.—"I wish I owned all the pasture land in the world," said Bob, "Well, I wish I owned all the cattle in the world," said Ned, "How could you feed them?" asked Bob, "I'd turn them into your pasture," said Ned, "No you wouldn't," "Yes I would," "No you *wouldn't*." "Yes I *would*," "You *shant*," "I *shall*," and then came the fisticuffs—and oh! how they did fight.

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 15, 1845.

☞ Several active and enterprising men are wanted to travel as Agents for THE SENTINEL, to whom good encouragement will be given.

CONFORMATORY

To established usage, in presenting a new Journal to the public, with wavering hope of their approval and support, we present to the readers of the Sentinel our most humble SALUTATION, invoking for them the enjoyment of peace and prosperity, and the fruition of their sanguine hopes as the attendant blessing of laudable enterprise in every praiseworthy undertaking;—for ourselves, their obedient servants, we ask their cheerful reception, and patronage commensurate with our merits, leaving it with their liberal judgments to arbitrate for us.

We commence to-day the publication of the *Sentinel* in the Eastern part of Hampden—the first paper ever published east of Springfield in the county;—we do so, with feelings of alternating hope and doubt as to its support. But having embarked in the experiment, with young hearts and hardy hands we shall endeavor to merit success. The Sentinel will be published, let our bark sail as it may, upon the smooth waters of success or the foaming billows of disaster and misfortune. The field is taken,—to retreat without an effort for the success of our humble sheet, would be cowardly and disgraceful for us—to go on, relying upon our resources and the certain legitimate receipts of our labors can be no less gratifying to us.

With this spirit we issue the first number assuring the reader of its continued publication.

As to its course—we hope to be believed in saying that our object and intention is to make the Sentinel a valuable journal to the general reader—a medium of intelligence to the man of business—a newspaper to those who desire the current news of the day—a compendium for the lover of the marvellous—a companion for the family fireside and the admirers of the polite literature of the day.

Its pages shall not be prostituted to "any base purposes," nor its columns devoted to the advancement of any sect or party.

In religion, we must be permitted to be noncommittal, leaving it to the consciences of men, how, or whom they worship.

In politics—we shall be "free and independent,"—claiming the right at all times, to speak of the acts of public men with perfect freedom. The same liberty we shall exercise in regard to Legislative proceedings and enactments, without reference to the party having the ascendancy.

We shall not favor the pretensions of one party more than another. Such is our chart by which we shall be governed in our future course,—when its terms are violated, we shall forfeit the support of those who patronize us upon the promises of our Introductory.

Without speculating farther, and having saluted our readers as new acquaintances with this number, as strangers seeking new associates, may we not be permitted your kindly welcome, in the hope that hereafter you may enjoy the benefit of the new connection, and as we in future meet you week after week, may a feeling of corresponding good will between paper and patrons ripen, until, as the Sentinel cannot live without the patrons, so the reader will find life undesirable during the existence of our Sheet, without the Sentinel.

POSTAGE.—We learn from the Post master in this village, that the receipts of his office for the quarter ending Dec. 31, were greater under the operations of the new law than for the quarter ending June 30th under the old law. Under the old law the correspondence for Thorndike Village was taken from this office.—By the establishment of a Post Office in that village the receipts are much less in this village than they otherwise would be. This is to be taken into consideration, in judging of the benefits of cheap postages. Let Congress be slow in increasing the rates of postage.

MORMON RELIGION.—A large number of the Mormons at Nauvoo, numbering among them some of the "twelve" have recently been indicted for counterfeiting the American coin. It is supposed that counterfeiting has been the principle business of some of the leaders of these latter day saints, since their first organization. Their Great High Priest Joe Smith, it is said for a time was employed in counterfeiting American coin, after he accomplished the counterfeiting of his pretended work of inspiration—his tablets of brass—and imposed it upon thousands of unsuspecting American citizens. A greater band of unmitigated scoundrels never lived than have for a time past congregated around the Nauvoo temple.

A HEAVY PAIR.—We saw a pair of oxen in a drove that passed through our village one day last week, that weighed *forty-eight hundred pounds!* A pretty stout heavy pair.

A requisition has been granted by Governor Briggs, for the person of Albert J. Tyrrel, and two special messengers have been despatched for him.

CONGRESS — TEXAS — OREGON.— The present Congress has now past more than a month of its first session, and notwithstanding the usual interruptions of the holidays of Christmas and New Year's, it has accomplished much either for the weal, or woe of our country. Commencing with the organization of the House by the election of a Speaker from a free State, an innovation upon the practice of that branch of our National Legislature for nearly a quarter of a century,—followed by the Message of the new President, unequivocally firm, bold, and startling in its sentiments of National territorial rights—clear and definitely expressive upon the domestic policy of the Administration, as also perfectly explicit upon our Foreign Relations; and in accordance with its recommendations comes the passage of the measure for the admission of Texas as one of the States of our Confederacy, by an overwhelming majority in both branches. The Bill, the sanction of the approving officers of the Government, and the Broad inviolable federative seal, embraces Texas within our Glorious Union. Texas is a State of the United States. Texas, with its productive soil, genial clime, its rivers and its bays, its freemen and its bondmen,—its glory and its shame is ours!

The ægis of the eagle's wings has spread from over nineteen to twenty-eight States in three-quarters of a century, and others are tapping at the doors of our Councils for admission beneath its protecting shield. Who can rightly contemplate the destiny of our Country? The progressive spirit of our Representative Cogernment—our Republican Institutions has advanced us as a Nation, in less than half a century from two to twenty millions of inhabitants, and from an Area of four hundred to upwards of fourteen hundred thousand square miles;—from a defenceless and weak, through a revolutionary war for Independence—a war for the maintenance of our rights on sea and land, and through civil, intestine conflicts, to a powerful people.—Still our Nation is *"only in the gristle of manhood."* Add to us the centuries of England, and while she can only lament the passing of her zenith and the decline of her glory, we shall present the perfect statue of a man, with less deformity than any since the first dawn of dissembling, or the covering by fig leaves in Eden—a model Republic, powerful, just and generous.

A cloud may occasionally arise with its forbodings, as now appears in the way of an adjustment of our difficulties with England, respecting the OREGON. But notwithstanding the rejection of the proposition of our Government by Packenham, and the bravado of Peel, Palmerston and the host of seneschals of the kitchen of her lady the Queen, spurred by the spirit of the dying embers of the defunct Morning Chronicle, this great question will be amicably adjusted.

But if we should be mistaken in our conclusion—if the dernier resort of Nations in the settlement of difficulties—the field and the sword is the only passport to peace, it is a way we have travelled. We will call no man an American Citizen who will compromise our soil and our rights before even glittering bayonets. The blood of Revolutionary heroes forbid it.

But we should not foolishly plunge our country in a war of aggrandizement, conquest and dominion. If Oregon is not ours we should be a murderous Nation to weigh it in a balance with the blood of a single soul lost in battle for it.

What is Oregon? what our rights? It is a country extending from the Rocky Mountains on the East to the Pacific on the West, lying between 42° and 54° 40 min. of North latitude—the portion South of the Columbia river is broken and mountainous, almost as valueless and unproductive as Saharah, with the exception of the immediate valley of the Columbia and the Williamette, with a rugged unapproachable ocean coast from the mouth of the river Calmet north two or three hundred miles to Cape Foulweather. North of the Oregon or Columbia river the soil is productive and the timber invaluable, its coast approachable, with propitious and inviting Bays.

Our right to the territory is the bone of contention between the two nations. We claim by contiguity—by priority of discovery of the Columbia River by Capt. Gray of Boston, in 1791, and its interior exploration by Lewis and Clark, afterwards in 1805, and priority of settlement, all indefeasible and indisputable legal grounds of ownership by the law of Nations. The British have no tenable claim, and they assert none but the natural right of appropriating unappropriated soil—that she is the first comer. Both Nations now occupy the Country by virtue of a treaty concluded in 1828 between the United States and Great Britain, which provided that neither Government should occupy it to the exclusion of the other during the period of the Convention which either party might renounce upon giving twelve months notice. The President in his late message recommended the giving of such notice—and the Western Senators are firing the cauldron of agitation, and favoring the notice; and Calhoun is pouring on the oil of paification and opposing it.

How the project is received in the House may be judged from the course of one of the greatest men and statesmen of the age and world—one who undoubtedly possesses a better knowledge of the History of our Country and our rights to Oregon, than any man living—the Hon. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. His counsel will not be unheeded by the people of his Country. In closing this article to show his course, we give the following from the Boston Courier by its correspondent:—

"IMPORTANT UPON THE OREGON QUESTION.—The most important proposition came from Mr Cunningham of Ohio, who moved a suspension of the rules, for the reception of the following preamble and resolution:—

'Whereas the rejection, by the British Government, of the liberal proposition lately made by the President of the United States, to compromise and settle the respective claims of the two countries to the Oregon territory, has terminated all negotiation on that subject;

And whereas, by the extraordinary and inadmissable demands of the British Government, it is made manifest that no compromise, which the United States ought to accept, can be effected:

And whereas the title of the United States to the whole of the Oregon country included within the parallels of 42 deg. and 5 1-2 deg. 40 min. north latitude, and extending from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, is "clear and unquestionable," and that any further attempt, on the part of the United States, to settle such title by a surrender of any portion of said country would be a surrender of the honor, the dignity, and the true interests of the American people: Wherefore, be it

Resolved, That it is the imperative duty of Congress to adopt, immediately, such measures as will fully protect our citizens, who now do, or may hereafter, inhabit that country, and effectually maintain our just title to the whole of the territory of Oregon.'

The House refused to suspend the rules to receive these resolutions—ayes 75, noes 89. Mr Adams, however, voted for the suspension; and upon another question, at the close of the day, produced a most profound impression by the character of his remarks. The Committee on Military Affairs had reported a bill for raising two regiments of mounted riflemen, and to give the President discretionary power for adding a few more to each of the regiment of infantry, dragoons and artillery. The mover of the bill asked that it should be made the special order of the day for Tuesday next. Objections were raised, and at a late hour, in consequence, a most important debate arose upon the merits of the question. Mr Douglass of Illinois made the first allusions to war, and said that, for the Canadian possessions of Great Britain, she would strike a blow against us to-morrow. He was for extending military and civil jurisdiction over the territory at once, and called upon the committees who ought to have charge of this subject to act at once. Mr Holmes of South Carolina argued that the one year's notice would result in war, and that, if the notice was given, he should at once vote twenty millions for the defence of the country. Mr C. J. Ingersoll expressed the belief that no such result would come from the notice; and here Mr Adams rose, and all was silent as death. I have no time, before the mail closes, to give you a brief sketch of his speech, and can only allude to it, with the remark, that it has created a most profound impression here, and has been hailed by the Western members, and particularly those of the dominant party, with almost a paroxysm of joy. Mr Adams said that he was for giving the one year's notice at once,—to-day, if it could be done; that he would have given it at the beginning of the session, if he could. At the end of the 12 months, alluded too the treaty, he was for taking possession of the whole of Oregon. He had voted to give the notice last year, and he was ready to give it now. Nor did he believe that war would follow from the notice; but if war did—which, he hoped in God would not—with the hearts of the people united in our defence, and a united hand, he had no fear for the consequence. The time of it would be short, and we should soon be left in the quiet possession of Oregon; but until the notice is given, said Mr Adams, such is my respect for treaties, that I will not vote for one cent for fortifications, or for the army or navy.

The House adjourned, as Mr Adams closed."

The Telegraph between Springfield and Boston, is now completed from Springfield to this place. The wokmen are putting up the wires east of here, and will probably complete it to Worcester in a week from this time.

☞ Governor Steele, of New Hampshire, has appointed Thursday, the second day of April as the day of fasting and prayer.

Not much trade now in the big cities, and money has not been so tight for more than a year. The Brokers indeed find much to do—and out-door sales of money at 1 to 1 1-2 per cent. per month. Sometimes even worse than that; a price at which no trader can live and do business. The man who pays 2 per cent a month for money is sure to "blow up" in the long run. It is thought among knowing ones that the pressure in the money circles is temporary. We hope and think it may be so.

A correspondent informs us that the banks of New York are indebted to the banks of Philadelphia about $500,000. The banks of Boston 100,000; and the banks of Baltimore about 80,000.—*Sat. Courier.*

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

An English paper mentions in the list of reasons for resisting the United States in having the whole of Oregon—"The monopoly of the fur trade with China, and other commercial facilities, should the Americans obtain Oregon, and the certainty of the Americans possessing California, and the ultimate conquest of the West India Islands by the Americans." They begin to think the United States is 'a great country.'

The Times is, and is *to be* much more spicy, than it has been for many weeks since Du Solle went across the ocean. It has luckily got back from Pittsburg, Mr T., who says in his melange—We heard yesterday of a new mode of getting rid of the duplicate attentions of a tiresome lover. The young man called, as he is wont of a Sunday afternoon, and the young ladies being *en dishabille*, sent down word that one of the family had the small pox. The *ruse* took, and the disconcerted beau had the satisfaction of listening to a half suppressed titter as he bolted out.

The Turks keep on board each ship of war a buffoon, or fool, whose duty it is to keep the crew in good humor. A country editor says, when he looks over his list of readers who don't pay promptly, he wishes the Turks would send him a clown to keep him in good humor. If they have any *such* buffoons in Turkey, he's satisfied it must be "a great country." Come, Turkies, see what you can do for your native land.—Send him a fool.

Somebody, who has evidently got into the world through some mistake, has written this:

"What are another's faults to me?
I've not a vulture's bill
To pick at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.
It is enough for me to know,
I've follies of my own—
And on my heart the care bestow,
And let my friends alone."

There are fifteen hundred and fifty-five newspapers and periodicals in the United States, and but eighteen hundred and ninety one in all the world beside.

BARRE RAILROAD.—The route for a Railroad from Acton to Barre is now under survey. It is proposed to start from the Fitchburg road at Acton, and thence through Lancaster, Holden, and other considerable towns to Barre.

Two men fired at an eagle at the same time and killed him. An Irishman observed that they might have saved their powder and shot, for the fall would have killed him.

Diligence is the mistress of success.—Constantly pursuing his task, the mouse [illegible]

The following is a gem from some unknown Homer:—

It is "werry sweet;"
the moon shines dimbly
behind the chimbly
the cats is now a squalin
old bose in the yard
is a tryin hard
on them for to be fallin.

A Yankee has invented a new drilling machine. It is said it will not only drill iron, tin, rocks, and wood, but it is also useful in drilling military companies!

An eastern paper states that there is a man living on Cape Cod, who has drank 91,980 glasses of rum within thirty-six years, and isn't satisfied yet.

Twenty-four barrels of spirit were transported through the town of Rochester, on *Sunday*, 16th ult. So says the Strafford Transcript.

OLE BULL.—This distinguished violinist, who has been two years in this country, has returned home, and is supposed to have received near $80,000, and expended in various ways $30,000.

LARGE FAMILY.—A lady in Marion Co., Ohio, has given birth to twins four times—in 1842, '43, '44, '45; six girls and two boys, all living and doing well. Ohio is a great State.

The St. Louis Reville says—A gentleman fell through the ice into the river, on Sunday, and as he was sinking, had the presence of mind to draw a large pocket-knife which, when he came up again to the surface, he stuck in the ice, and by that means was enabled to sustain himself until assistance arrived.

A Chinese journal, announcing the death of the Emperor Vera, said, "On the 27th of the month, his Imperial Majesty *set out to dwell with the immortals.*"

In Barbadoes they had a law which enacts that "whosoever shall swear or curse, shall pay down, if a freeman, 4 lbs. of sugar; if a servant, 2 lbs. of sugar, or be put in the stocks.

A gentleman was eating some oysters in New Orleans, when he found one peculiarly gritty. On examination of the cause, no less than twenty pearls were taken out of the oyster. Wasn't that a *cud*.

Backentos, the Morman Sheriff of Hancock county, Ill., is now on trial at Peoria, for the murder of young Worrell, in Sept. last.

The town council of Edinburgh, Scotland, has carried a motion for the abolition of all capital punishment, by a majority of 12 to 5.

The crown revenues of France now amount to $21,841 per day, or $660 per hour or $11 each minute.

Victor Audobon, son of the celebrated Ornithologist, is now in New Orleans, on his way to Rio Grande Country. The object of his expedition to Western Texas and the parts adjacent, is to procure specimens of the animals which inhabit that region, for the great work on Natural History upon which he and his father are now engaged. He is a most estimable gentleman, and a distinguished artist.

Barnum, of the Museum, who is travelling with Tom Thumb, states, in his last letter to the Sunday Atlas, that Carter, the lion tamer, has a little dog, about half size of a man's fist, which he carries in his bosom, and his head serves for a breastpin. This is the greatest tale. Send him the knife.

They are passing away. Capt. James Sever, of Revolutionary memory, has departed this life at Kingston, Mass. He was first commander of the ship Congress, the oldest commissioned officer of the Revolution in Massachusetts, and the President of the Cincinnatti Society of that State.

We notice that the Paris Journal des Debats, in a long article, takes a view of the Oregon question, from which it may be inferred that the French Government is disposed to accept the office of arbitrator between the British Government and that of the U. States of America, if offered.

In 65 years, Great Britain made in wars a total expenditure of $8,982,120,000, in our currency. This enormous sum, extorted from the taut, strained sinews of labor, would have constructed fifteen railroads around the globe, allowing $25,000 per mile.

Prince Louis Napoleon has been set at liberty on condition of his leaving France for the United States. He is coming with Chevalier Wykoff, the former travelling companion of Fanny Elssler. What a fluttering we shall have among the would-be-fashionables to see a live Prince.

The Volunteer has it that a judge in N. C. has decided that speaking or bowing three times to a girl, is ebuivalent to an engagement, and that if the gentleman does not ask his hand in marriage, she can sue for a breach of promise, and recover heavy damages.

We regret to learn by the newspapers that the small pox prevails in several places to a great extent. In Pittsburgh, they have been under the necessity of erecting a temporary hospital. There have been a number of cases in Philadelphia. We also learn that there has been several fatal cases in Cambridge and the vicinity of Boston.

Mr Slidell, our Minister to Mexico, arrived at vera Cruz on the 30th ult. It is said he is here, to purchase the Californians. Is it so?

STILL THEY GO.—The Galveston (Texas) Civilian of the 25th ult., estimates that there was an accession of 1000 people to the population of their city the day previous. With one of the finest climates in the globe, no imagination can tell its probable increase in a few years.

The first in rank in China is the literary class—and next to them the agricultural. It may well be supposed, therefore, that learning and agriculture are held in great repute among the Chinese.

This is the season that whole entries are despoiled of hats, coats, and cloaks. A night latch is no protection. Keep your doors bolted.

Good for Clerks. In New York, a large portion of the merchants close stores at 8 o'clock. That's right.

In Wisconsin, a lady obtained $500 for breach of promise of a faithless lover, and the next day married another. Cheap mending of hearts there.

SOMNAMBULISM—A few nights ago, a young woman of this town, (says the Bradford Herald) got up in her sleep, and, with a pair of scissors, cut off the whole of her ringlets, and retired to her bed again without being conscious of what she had done. What is the more remarkable, she had taden more than usual pains with her hair the night before.

A POETIC CLIMAX.—The Address of the Carriers of the U. S. Journal to their patrons on New Yoar's day, commences thus:

Where goose creek rolls her shallow flood,
O'er gravel, chips, and yellow mud,
The Capitol of Freedom towers
Like a huge washbowl deck'd with flowers.

Edgar A. Poe has disposed of his interest in the Broadway Journal.

Herr Alexander is astonishing and delighting the Baltimoreans at present.

HEATHEN SUBSCRIBERS.—A Sandwich Island paper says that for a whole year, it has had but one delinquent subscriber!—The Major says that he knows of some editors in this civilized land, who would like to have a few such "Heathen" subscribers! Query—is a man who pays the printer a heathen?

The fat girl of Ohio, is in Washington. Dixon H. Lewis is said to be thin compared to her.

Boston owes over one million of dollars. She's able to owe it.

At last advices, cold at Montreal 21 degrees below zero, and elopements, for matrimony not numerous.

Richmond, Va., is to be lighted with gas—a Philadelphian, it is said having contracted for that purpose.

Deaths in the city of Philadelphia last week, 187. Small pox 12, consumption 27

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AMERICAN MACHINERY SHIPPED TO MEXICO.—GUADALJARA!—Our townsman, Col. William Boardman, has just shipped, for Vera Cruz, Mexico, on board schooner Delaware, 726 packages of machinery for the use of the Guadaljara Spinning and Weaving Company. Col. Boardman has furnished us with a brief "invoice" of the machinery. It consists of a water-wheel complete, 38 feet diameter, 11 feet length of bucket, and supposed to be the most powerful wheel, considering the length of bucket, that has ever been built in New England. Also, machinery for a Cotton and a Paper Mill for the same company. The Cotton Machinery was built at the shop of Otis Pettee, Esq., Newton; the Paper Machinery at the shop of Messrs. How & Goddard, Worcester; and the Water wheel was built by Col. Boardman, in Nashville. The aggregate weight of the whole, is supposed to about 140 tons. It is to be transported across the country, through the city of Mexico, on mules and wagons, a distance of 800 miles, to the city of Guadaljara, there to be put in operation by Mr Charles W. Holbrook, formerly of this town, who has been employed there for several years in the erection of a Cotton and Paper Mill, and in the superintendence of the former as a manufacturer.—These Mills are located in the Village of Atemajac, on a tributary of the mighty Santa Angua, a turbulent River of more than four times the capacity of our own Merrimac. The operatives employed in these works are Mexicans—that is to say, a mixture of Spanish and Indian blood—are native, intelligent, and manifest a strong desire to promote, as well the interest of their employers, as that of their own. It is not an uncommon occurrence for a female to weave upon two looms 100 yards of 39 inch sheeting in 12 hours. At the end of that time, they will, by permission leave the mill, go to the Banyers—the place for bathing—and take a comfortable bath, and on the following morning return to the mill, *temperano*, as joyful as a Mexican "summer's morning." The operatives are mostly from the middling classes of respectable families from the cities of Guadalajara, Taheeler, Sabatlan and others of less magnitude. The first named city is the capital of the State of Jalisco, and numbers about 90,000 inhabitants. The city is situated upon a beautiful swell of land, the most populous part of which has a southern aspect, and when approached from the east, through the principal avenue leading to the city, its monuments, its almost innumerable domes and spires of Spanish antiquity, projecting from almost every square, the city being laid out in squares at right angles, presents not only a very imposing, but connected with the lofty mountain scenery in the distance, a very picturesque view. The streets are in straight lines, about fifty feet wide, and well paved. They are swept every morning, by prisoners belonging to the chain gangs, who are taken from the prison in companies of about 12 each, in charge of a file of *Soldardos*, who escort them throughout the principal streets. They are made to gather the filth in baskets, and to take it upon their heads and deposite it in some depot assigned for that purpose. After having performed their task, they are returned to the prison to receive their reward, which is a small measure of *skillagalee*.

The city is watered by acqueducts extending from the mountains. These works are the production of the old Spanish Government, and are permanently constructed; are supported upon arches for miles, and made of stone and hydraulic cement, with which the country abounds. The water is distributed throughout the city, and projected through stone statuary, erected in every public square, (of which there is not a few) into large stone basins from twenty to forty feet in diameter. To these basins, the inhabitants resort with their *oyers*—a brown earthern vessel which will contain about three gallons—for the supply of water for daily consumption.

We hope to get some interesting facts in relation to Mexico, by and by, for publication, furnished by "one who has been there."—*New Hampshire Telegraph.*

DREADFUL STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—We learn by the New Orleans papers that on the night of the 18th ult., the steamboat Belle Bane, Capt. Brazier, while on her way from Zanesville, Ohio, to that city, struck a snag about 12 miles below White River, on the Mississippi, and immediately turned bottom up. It was 12 o'clock when the accident occurred, and the night was bitter cold. At the time of the disaster, of course the passengers were all asleep in their berths, and so suddenly did the boat careen and go over that such as made out to release themselves were only able to snatch a [illegible]uket or a counterpane from their beds [illegible]y had no time to save, much less put [illegible]eir clothing.

[illegible]e names of those lost could not be [illegible]tained further than that of Charles Bowen, (formerly of Boston,) lady and child, of Zanesville. There were 5 ladies on board, all of whom were fortunately saved, except Mrs. Bowen.

The boat and cargo are a total loss. Of the cargo were 250 barrels of flour, the property of Mr Bowen. The latest accounts of this melancholy disaster states that [illegible] number of persons who were [illegible] him, it [illegible] or died from exposure, is from 16 [illegible] minister.

THE EMIGRATION TO OREGON.—The N. Y. Globe calls the immediate attention of Government to the fact that there are now between two and three hundred men in that city who desire to emigrate to Oregon. Most of them are said to be from New England—young, hardy and enterprsing.—Among them are skilful farmers and mechanics; but as they have not yet money enough for the land journey, the Globe thinks that the Government should enable them to go by sea. The British Government, it says, always enables emigrants to reach Oregon through the Hudson Bay Company.

We learn from the Newburyport Herald that there is an effort now making in that town to get up an expedition to Oregon. A young shipmaster, of that place, who has accomplished two voyages to Oregon, and who is perfectly acquainted with the coast, and with the navigation of the Columbia and Williamette rivers, is projecting a trading expedition to Oregon and the Sandwich Islands. A merchant, who has already a large amount of property invested in the settlements in Oregon, has offered to take an interest in the voyage, and three or four thousand dollars only is required to ensure the sailing of the vessel.—It offers a rare opportunity, for these New York emigrants, which may not soon again offer.

A Belgian brig had arrived at Oregon city, 1st of August, having on board a number of nuns and several Roman Catholic priests, from antewerp, on a missionary enterprise. People were coming into the country very fast.

One of the settlers writes—"Come on brother Yankees, and make Oregon another New England."

The accounts brought from Oregon are of the most encouraging and interesting character. The colony in the valley of the Williamette numbered about 8000 souls.—The market is represented as remarkably equable and salubrious, and the soil deep, strong and fertile. The water is said to be remarkably pure, and the water privileges abundant.

If nothing else were done, the United States would possess Oregon by settlements in 15 years.

SINGULAR WILL—VAST FORTUNE.—In two or three years, (1848,) a man, by the name of Thelluson, who will then be 28 years of age, will come into possession, in England, of 42,000,000 sterling.

Peter Thelluson, the testator, was settled at Broansworth, in the county of York, in England. He died July 27, 1797, having, by will, dated April 2, 1796, after giving large legacies to his family, devised the residue of his property, consisting of lands of the annual value of £4500, and a personal property of £600,000, to trustees, for the purpose of accumulating during the lives of the survivors of them; then the estates directed to be purchased with the produce of the accumulating fund to be conveyed to the eldest male descendant of his three sons, with the benefit of survivorship.

Peter Thelluson left three sons—Peter Isaac, George, and Charles. George died without leaving male issue, and Charles died without any issue.

Peter Isaac had four sons born before the death of the testator, all of whom died childless, and one, William, born on the 6th of January, 1798, and of course, within due time after the decease of Peter Thelluson.

Singularly enough, this person, William, born within the prescribed words of the will, is the person whose son is to inherit this vast estate. William married in 1826, and in 1848 his son, being 21, will take the property.

The property will be enormous. As long ago as 1827, before the birth of the son William, it was calculated it would probably amount to thirty-two millions sterling before any portion of it could be alienated.

STARTING IN THE WORLD.—Many an unwise parent labors hard, and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives, is like tying bladders under the arm of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim and he will never need the bladder. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to laws which govern man; and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive them of. The earlier you learn him to depend upon his own resources the better.

MORE LOVE AND MURDER.—The Indiana Democrat of the 12th ult., contains an account of a recent tragedy in Decatur Co., in that State. John Muldoon was anxious to marry a daughter of Mr N. Fetic, bnt her parents forbade the union. Muldoon subsequently broke into the house, and, being opposed by the young lady's mother, assailed her violently. Young Fetic, hearing the disturbance, rushed into the room, and after repeated efforts to remove Muldoon from the premises without success, shot him through the breast. M. died in a few minutes, and Fetic was arrested.

THE WEATHER—Is warm and pleasant.

WORK FOR CHILDREN.—There is no greater defect in educating children than neglecting to accustom them to work. It is an evil that attaches mostly to large towns and cities. Children suffer much from it. The parent never considers whether the child's work is necessary to the child or not. Nothing is more uncertain than their future independence and comfort—much depends on being accustomed to work—accustomed to provide for the thousand constantly recurring want that nature entails on us.

If this were not so, still it preserves them from bad habits; it secures their health; it strengthens both the mind and body; it enables them better to bear the confinement of the pent-up school-room; and it tends more than anything else to give them just and proper views of life.

It is too often the case that children, provided they spend half a dozen hours of the day at school, are permitted to spend the rest as they please. Thus they grow up in the world, without any knowledge of its toils and cares; they view it through a false medium; they cannot appreciate the favors you bestow, as they do not know the toils they cost; their bodies and minds are enervated, and they are exposed to whatever vicious associations are within their reach.

The daughter, probably, becomes that pitiable, helpless object, a novel reading girl. The son, if he surmounts the consequences of your neglect, does it probably after his plans and stations for life are fixed, and when knowledge, for one of its important objects, comes, alas! too late.

No man or woman is fully educated if not accustomed to useful labor. Whatever accomplishments they possess, whatever their mental training, a deduction must be made for ignorance of that important chapter of the world's great book.

GREAT COMMOTION AT NAUVOO—A CHANGE OF PARTNERS.—The Warsaw Signal, of the 12th, gives the following account of the state of things at Nauvoo:—

Just as our paper was going to press, we received intelligence from Nauvoo, that the Lord has accepted the Temple, and that the long and promised endowment, for which the Saints have been so long preparing, is now being received.

This endowment consists in an abrogation of all existing marriages, and every good saint is at liberty to cast away his present wife and take any other who may suit him better. The consequence is, all Nauvoo is in commotion, and the Saints are running about, perfectly wild with excitement.

The reason why the Lord concluded to endow his saints in this singular manner, was because some husbands were willing to go to Oregon, and their wives objected, and *vice versa*; so, they being mismatched, the Lord concluded to prevent difficulty by giving all willing ones a chance to select new partners for the expedition.

O. P. Rockwell, who was charged with an attempt to murder an Ex-Governor of Missouri, obtained the lawful wife of Amos Davis, in the late exchange of partners.—Rockwell went to the residence of Davis and stood at the door, with pistol in hand, while his new partner entered the house and took from it such furniture as she desired. This was in open day light and in the face of the whole city.

☞ All communications must be directed to "*Palmer Depot*," as there are two or three Post Offices in town. Will our exchanges bear it in mind.

ALBERT J. TYRREL—the alleged murderer of Maria A. Bickford, at Boston, in October, was recently arrested under the name of James Beckwith, at New Orleans. He was taken upon a warrant before the city recorder, who asked him his name to which he replibd "*Albert J. Tyrrel, Sir!*" We were struck with the apparent indifference of the accused as exhibited by his reply—begotten, as evidently it was by a stoical unconsciousness of his condition. One less desperate would find it difficult to summons to his lips the proud, independent spirit exhibited by him at such a crisis. A striking parallel however is found in the answer of Sir James Tyrrel to King Richard III., who, wishing to dispose of the Richmonds—"the ghosts of the *two young princes*" that rose in his dreams—and to whom before him the crown belonged, sought of his page one

"——whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death!"

The page well knowing the character of Tyrrell, considering "gold as good as twenty orators to tempt him to any thing" took him into the presence of the King as one fit for the bloody act—the piteous massacre—the murder of the bastards in the tower, and on being asked by Richard his name replied "James Tyrrell, and your most obedient subject"—"prove me my gracious Lord." At the instance of Sir James Tyrrel two Richmonds were killed, but the crown of Richard tottered upon his head—he found six Richmonds in the field, "five had he slain but not the *real one*." His power was shaken from him and he a murderer with vengeance upon him.

Albert J. Tyrrel disposed of her whom he feared would expose him to the just punishment of his many misdemeanors, but the grand monitor of his crimes, his conscience, lives;—and, he according to latest advices is reaping the rewards of his enormities—dejected, cast down by remorse.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.—This body assembled on Wednesday of last week. The House was organized by the choice of Mr Walley of Roxbury—whig, in opposition to Mr Byington of Stockbridge, democrat, as Speaker, and Mr Story, whig, in opposition to Mr Bolles, dem. of Boston, clerk. The Senate, numbering eleven Senators elected was organized temporarily by the choice of Mr Gray, as President, and Charles Calhoun, clerk—after the usual preliminaries, on Friday the Senate was filled by the election in joint ballot of the gentlemen whose names were on the regular whig ticket at the last fall election—making that body whig entire.—On Saturday, Mr Calhoun of Springfield, was elected President of the Senate and Charles Calhoun chosen clerk.

On Monday George N. Briggs was elected Governor by the Senate; and on Tuesday his address was delivered to both Houses. No business of importance for publication has transpired, except

THE SPEAKER announced the Standing Committees of the House as follows:

On the Judiciary—Messrs. Bell of Boston Byington of Stockbridge, Hartwell of Montague, Giles of Boston, Morris of Springfield, Nims of Greenfield, and Saunders of Grafton.

On matters of Probate and Chancery—Messrs. Barton of Worcester, Washburn of Boston, Stevens of Andover, Bragg of Milford, Holmes of Fall River, Whitney of Stow, and Blanchard of Lowell.

On finance—Messrs. Sturgis of Boston, Drake of Easton, Howe of Brookfield, Staples of New Bedford, Wilson of Natick, Dwight of Springfield, and Lewis of Barnstable.

On bills in the third reading—Messrs. Bayley of Boston, Beal of Kingston, Wetherbee of Acton, Dearbon of Methuen, Sanderson of Phillipston, Allen of Palmer, and Day of Templeton.

On engrossed bills—Messrs Sargent of Cambridge, Dikeman of Northampton, Jenkins of Yarmouth, Stevens of Rehoboth Loring of Great Barington, Willis of Boston, and Bradley of Blanford.

On County estimates—Messrs. Everett of Foxboro', Houghton of Sterling, Bartlett of Boston, Barrill of Sheffield, and Stacy of Concord.

On the pay roll—Messrs. Norton of Chelsea, Denton of Boston, Reed of Abington, Knight of Marblehead, and Davis of Truro.

On change of names—Messrs. Baker of Dennis, Leonard of Marshfield, Osborn of Boston, Fox of Westfield, and Skiff of Tisbury.

On leave of absence—Messrs. Crane of Boston, Wadsworth of Duxbury, Hager of Newton, Harris of Nantucket, and Lane of Lunenburg.

On Public Buildings—Messrs. Rand of Winchendon, Tremere of Boston, Winslow of Middleboro', Hall of Dorchester, and McCune of Springfield.

On Printing—Messrs. Huntress of Lowell, Wells of Boston, Bearse of Barnstable, Legg of Upton, and Benson of Sandwich.

We shall in future give a full report of Legislative and Congressional proceedings.

THOUGHT TO BE A PIRATE.—The editor of the Turk's Island Gazette learns that there is much talk at St. Thomas, of a strange and suspicious sloop which had been in the port of Carthagena, under British colors, commanded by an Indian, who had exchanged franc dollars, seventeen of which he gave for a doubloon, and was reported to have $15,000 on board.—Before matters could be investigated by the authorities at Carthagena, she left the port.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH is constantly improving in its practical operation. A *stenographic* system has now been prepared, by which intelligence may be transmitted as rapidly as it falls from the lips of a speaker, or from the pen of a rapid writer. —*Daily Mail.*

MARRIAGES.

In Springfield, on the 7th inst. by Rev. Dr. Peabody, Mr John L. King, of the firm of John Curtiss & Co. to Miss Caroline M. daughter of Chester Harding, Esq., all of S.

At Chicopee Falls, on the 1st inst. by Rev. R. C. Mills, Mr James M. Loomis, of Springfield, to Miss Charlotte W. daughter of Mr John W. Belcher, of the former place.

DEATHS.

At Cabotville, Dec. 29th, George Edwin, youngest son of Asa C. Adams, aged 13; on the 28th, Mr John Kahalaan, aged 50; on the 29th, Catharine Shehan, aged 4.

At Wales, Dec. 1, Mr Joseph C. Boyce, aged 77.

In Hollis, Dec. 27th, Capt. Reuben Flagg, aged 77. Printers in Mass. and Ohio, please notice.

A. BLODGETT,
Watch Maker and Jeweler,
3 DOORS WEST OF THE PALMER HOTEL,
North side of the Railroad,
PALMER DEPOT, MASS.
Watches and Clocks of all kinds carefully repaired and warranted.

Fresh Oysters!
Direct from New Haven by Railroad Express!
CONSTANTLY on hand, and furnished in any quantity at the lowest prices, by
A. BLODGETT.
Palmer Depot, Jan. 14, 1846.

MUFFS and other Furs are selling at the depot store, at the manufacturer's prices.
McGILVRAY & CO.

Wanted!
IN exchange for goods or cash,
1000 bushels Corn;
1000 " Rye;
3000 " Oats;
for which the highest prices will be paid.
McGILVRAY & CO.

Boots.
THICK and thin Boots, and Brogans, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & Co.

LIST OF LETTERS
REMAINING in the Post Office, at Palmer Depot, January 1st. 1846.

Adams Jacob A 2	Lamb Philip
Burbank George H	Leland Josiah 2
Brennan Michael 2	Lisbon Henrietta
Beasor Mr	Merrick Eli M
Bliss Gideon	Moore Harry
Ballou Welcome	Moore Mr
Baldwin Matthew	Mason Maria
Burbank George A	Moulton Daniel E
Bassett Austin	Nutting Isaac
Bridgman Erastus	Palmer Rosanah
Crowley Dennis	Phipps Selinda
Canterbury Mary	Roche Michael
Colgrove David	Reagin Rick
Collins Franklin	Stanford Sarah
Fleming S C	St. John Orson
Gordon Charles	Smith Austin
Hale Franklin	Smith Moses
Hale H G 2	Stimpson Noah
Henry Marcia L	Thayer Arnold
Hancock Eliphalet	Trumbull Louisa
Hastings Chester	Truesdell Pearly
Houghton Eli	Wood Mary 2
Kellog Elliot E	Woodward A C

N. B. Persons calling for any of the above letters, please say *Advertised.*
JOHN BOWLES, P. M.

DR. TAYLOR'S
BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!
FROM 375 Bowery New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.
Read the following certificates.

NEW YORK, March, 6, 1845

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy publicly to state, for the information of every body, the wonderful effects of your TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT, 375 Bowery, on myself. About five years since, all my acquintances about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being cured, I was so much relieved by it. In my case it acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well, and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery, and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the Democratic Advocate, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly, A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured entirely by one bottle of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) ISAAC P. BALDWIN.
Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.
H. C. TOWNER, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which age had materially impaired, felt that I could not much longer baffle the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARNEY.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly, J. & A. SNYDER.

N. B. Price reduced. Large bottles, $1.50—small bottles, $1.00.

Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Nye, Belchertown; W. N. Packard, Monson. 1y1

JOHN BOWLES,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
BOOTS, SHOES, LEATHER,
—and—
Ready made Clothing, &c., &c.
All of which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest, and as good as the best.
N. B. All those indebted to the subscriber, will please call at the Captain's office and settle. Palmer Depot Post Office.
Jan. 12, 1846.

J. D. BARBER,
Fashionable Tailor,
PALMER DEPOT, MASS.
Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.
Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Garment is to be made out of the shop.
Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

J. S. & C. D. BAILEY,
—Dealers in—
JAPANNED & BRITANNIA WARE,
Stoves, Stove Pipe, Pumps and Zinc.
ALSO, MANUFACTURERS OF
Tin, Sheet Iron & Copper Ware.
Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846.

JOSEPH HODGES,
LAND SURVEYOR,
Near the River Bridge, between the Depot and Three Rivers,
PALMER, MASS.

Salt.
TURK'S ISLAND, Liverpool and Dairy Salt, for sale at the Depot Store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

Flour.
200 BBLS. Genesee Flour of the best brands, for sale at the Depot Store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

Sugars.
BROWN HAVANNA, St. Croix, Porto Rico, New Orleans, Lump and Crushed Sugars, for sale at the Depot Store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

Molasses.
12 HHDS. superior Molasses, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

500 GALLS. Eng. Linseed Oil, for sale at the Depot store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

White Lead.
GROUND AND DRY in various qualities, for sale at the Depot store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

3000 LBS. TOBACCO, of the most approved brands, for sale by
McGILVRAY & CO.

Glass.
WINDOW GLASS of nearly all sizes and qualities, for sale at the Depot store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

50 China Tea Setts,
OF new styles, for sale low at the Depot, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

200 PRS. LADIES' KID SHOES, for sale low at the Depot store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

Ball's
300 Hundred Doz. for sale low
SPOOL THREAD, of 200 yds. each, at the Depot store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

BUCK WHEAT FLOUR, for sale at the Depot store, by

Job Printing!

Palmer Depot Printing Establishment.
SOUTH OF THE WESTERN RAILROAD DEPOT.

The subscribers, having an extensive assortment of materials in the

Jobbing Department,

are now prepared to do all kinds of

BOOK & JOB PRINTING,

in the neatest style, such as

CATALOGUES, HANDBILLS,
SERMONS, BILL-HEADS,
TOWN REPORTS, CIRCULARS,
TOWN RECORDS, LEGAL BLANKS,
BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS, &c., &c.

Managers of Balls and Parties will be supplied at short notice, with

CARDS OF INVITATION,

in style superior to anything of the kind heretofore executed. The Materials of this Establishment are all new and of the latest City styles.

☞ All Orders for the Paper, or Job Work, sent by Mail, Stage Drivers, or otherwise, will be faithfully executed, at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms. The subscribers having at their command as good an assortment of Type as in the County, they flatter themselves they will receive a good share of the public patronage.

WHITTEMORE & TENNEY.
Palmer Depot, Mass., Jan. 1846.

TO THE PUBLIC.
THE undersigned grateful for the past liberal patronage which they here acknowledge to have received at the hands of the public, are happy in again announcing that their

STOCK OF MERCHANDISE

is complete, and they are now as ever, ready to sell Goods at such prices as will enable them to sustain the reputation they have already secured to themselves by selling Goods *cheap*. It is not their purpose to assert that they will sell Goods less than any other concern, but nevertheless *know* that they possess facilities for selling some goods which others do not. Keeping as they do almost every article that the people require and getting a small advance on each article sold, affords them ample remuneration for their sevices, at the same time operating beneficially to the purchaser. Another thing which is very essential, which should also be taken into consideration, our goods have all been purchased during the past four months, and as every one must be aware that many goods are much lower than they formerly have been, it becomes an incontrovertible fact that they can afford to sell at much less prices, than those who having already a stock on hand so large as will not admit of an extension at this season of the year, consequently have not availed themselves of these extra advantages. We do not pretend to say but that others are in many respects able to compete with us on prices. But at present we have confidence to believe that we can offer as great inducements to the community for trade as any other House in the country, and all who may favor us with a call are assured that they will not go away dissatisfied. For particulars see our advertisements.

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.
Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846.

Depot Cabinet Warehouse.
THE subscriber would inform his patrons that he still continues to manufacture all kinds of Cabinet Ware, and would invite all those about to purchase any article in his line to call and examine his assortment. Among which are the following—

Grecian, Work, Card, Centre & Dining Tables; Work, Wash and Light Stands; Grecian, French and Common Bureaus; French and Common Bedsteads; Grecian, Cane and Wood seat Chairs, &c., &c. His Furniture is of the best MATERIALS AND WORKMANSHIP, and his prices will be found to be as low as at any other establishment in the county. Call and examine and satisfy yourselves.

Thankful for the liberal patronage with which he has thus far been favored, would solicit a continuance of the same.

N. B. All kinds of Job Work done at short notice.
A. H. LONGLEY.
Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846.

Depot Store.

THE subscribers have recently received some very rich and beautiful styles of shaded Ombres, M. de Laines, to which the special attention of the Ladies is invited. The above recent arrivals together with our former stock comprises as extensive an assortment of

New and Fashionable Dress Goods,

as can be found at any other Mercantile establishment. In addition to the above we have all the requisite trimmings, such as Velvet Ribbons, Gimps, Fringes, &c., &c.

Our stock of Prints is among the largest in the country—all of which are new and desirable and will be sold on the most favorable terms. A large invoice of Shawls—comprising some very rich wrought and printed Cashmere, Robroy, Girondle, and other shawls—which we are enabled to sell at much less prices than ever before offered in this market.

Our stock of Alpaccas, Orleans Cloths, Alpines, Robroys, is large and will be sold at a great reduction from former prices.

HOSIERY, GLOVES, MITTS, LADIES' and Gents.' Fancy Cravats, Scarfs—Rich Bonnet Cap and Taffata Ribbons—Tabs, Artificial Flowers, &c.—Broad and narrow Linen, Lisle and Cambric Edgings, White Goods, &c., &c.

Brown and Bleached Sheetings, Shirtings, Tickings, Burlaps, Furnitures, Counterpanes, &c.

To our stock of Woolens we solicit the attention of all Gents. who have not yet supplied themselves with Garments—as we have now on hand

A LARGE ASSORTMENT,

all of which we will sell until the opening of Spring, at a very small advance from cost.

Carpetings, Rugs, Buckings, &c.

A very extensive variety constantly in store at a very small advance from cost, and we pledge ourselves that we purchase on as good terms as any other HOUSE.

To those persons commencing house-keeping, we have to say that our facilities for selling all furnishing Goods, is second to none in Hampden or Worcester Counties. D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.
Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846.

FRESH TEAS.
YOUNG and Old Hyson, Ningyong, Souchong, Hyson Skin and other Teas of the best qualities, for sale low at the Depot Store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

GRAIN.
CORN, Rye and Oats, for sale at the Depot Store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

RAISINS.
BOX AND CASK RAISINS, of nice quality, for sale low at the Depot Store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

COFFEE.
OLD JAVA, St. Domingo, Portocabello, Ground and unground Coffee, for sale low at the Depot Store,
McGILVRAY & CO.

Lard.
FRESH LARD and Lard Oil, for sale at the Depot Store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

Fish.
PRIME Salmon, Mackerel, Halibut, Sword and Cod Fish, for sale at the Depot Store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

Spices.
CITRON, Mace, Nutmegs, Cinnamon and other spices, for sale low at the Depot Store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

Nails.
OLD COLONY, Weymouth and Boston Nails—in assorted sizes, for sale low at the Depot Store, by

POETRY.

From the Ladies' Companion.

THE FOREST FREE.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

They tell us, as we wander
Through the city's sounding ways,
Of a Freedom old men struggled for,
In red and weary days—
Of a great and priceless Liberty,
When Father fell for son,
And a nation harness'd to the cry,
"Forth! for the day's begun!"

We tell them as they wander
Through the forest and the hill,
That Freedom walk'd them like a god,
Ere rang the rushing mill—
That through the lone grass and the glade,
Strong as the lifting sea,
Ere bow'd an oak to gleaming blade,
We walk'd—the Forest Free!

The Forest Tree—our helmets
Were our long and shadowy hair—
The shield that nerv'd our brazen arms
The bow that dangled there—
The charter that we pointed to,
Was trac'd upon the sky,
Above the cloud where eagles flew—
The golden page on high.

'Twas not the trumpet anthem,
The cannon's tribute sound,
That told our empire's story,
'Mid the echo's of our ground!
It was the voice unbroken,
That rang from tree to tree—
Clearer than blast of bugle, then—
Voice of the Forest Free!

The Forest Free—our thunder
Found deep-mouth'd thunder then,
From crag and valley all untrod,
Save by the forest men!
Its herald flash leapt then from cloud,
Which, charg'd with fire divine,
Sail'd where the storm went quick and loud,
Round the rejoicing pine!

That tree which told of Freedom
So every far-voic'd band
That swept, like gush of mountain wave
The green and silent land!
The tree, that like some flag of power,
Topping a giant sea,
Stood forth, a token and a tower
Over the Forest Free!

The Forest Free! Oh, never
To charters made by men,
Shall yield that nobler Liberty
That link'd and led us then!
'Twas not a thing which sire to son,
Pass'd downward like a vow—
The PAST, with *them*, had but begun—
Their FUTURE was but NOW!

But now we are all pilgrims—
We mark the steps of power
In the thunder of your cities,
The roaring ship, and tower!
But never can the monument
God built not bow our knee
Like the pine, whose shadow was a tent
Over the FOREST FREE!

HUMOROUS.

HEALTH AND MONEY.—The latter is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; the former the most enjoyed, but the least envied. Yet there are those who would part with health for money, while the rich man would gladly part with all his money for health.

"I would give half my fortune," said a wealthy man the other day, "could I perspire as that laborer does." "Labor as I do," was the reply, "and you will."

A lawyer down east advertises for a boy who can write a legible hand and read illegible writings! He wants to use him in his office.

A country paper speaking of a blind wood-sawyer, says: "Although he can't see, he can saw."

"My dear Julia," said one pretty girl to another, "can you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr Snuff?"

"Why, my dear Mary," replied Julia, "I believe I could *take him at a pinch*."

"Do you like novels?" said a Miss Languish to her up-country lover. "I can't say," answered he, "for I never ate any, but I'll tell you what, I'm tremendous on young 'possums!"

GRAMMATICAL WITTICISM.—We don't know who originated the following, but it's a good one at all events:—

"Baby, what is steam?"

"Boiling water."

"That's right, compare it!"

"Positive, *boil*; comparative *boiler*; superlative *burst*."

"Class in grammar may come to the floor. Now, John, commence:—

"All the world in de Parse world."

"World is a general [illegible]un, common metre, objective case, and governed by Miller."

"Very well. Sam, parse [illegible]."

"Debt is a common noun, [illegible]pressive mood, and dreadful case."

"That'll do. You learn mighty [illegible]."

EPITAPH ON A TAILOR.

Here lies below a tailor dead,
His name was Edward Prim,
He cabbaged buckram, cloth and thread,
Till Satan cabbaged him.

"Doctor," said a wag to his medical adviser, one day, "isn't there a disease called *shingles*?"

"[illegible]," replied Galen.

"[illegible]," said the [illegible]

AGRICULTURAL.

Milking Cows.

The owners of cows should pay particular attention to milking. Children should not be trusted with this business, and there are many grown people, who never milk well, though they have been brought up to the business.

If you would obtain all the milk from the cow, you must treat her with the utmost gentleness: she must not stand trembling under your blows, nor under your threats. She may at times need a little chastisement, but at such times you need not expect all her milk.

Soon after the bag has been brushed by your hand, and the ends of the teats have been moistened a little with milk, it flows in rapidly, and all the veins or ducts near the teats are completely filled. Then it must be drawn out immediately, or you will not get the whole. You must not sit and talk—you must not delay one moment, if you would have all the cow is then ready to yield.

The udder should be moved in every direction at the close of milking, and the hands may beat it a little, in imitation of the beating which the calf gives it when he is sucking. An expert milker will make the cow give one quarter more in better that a majority of grown milkers will.

One season at Framingham says an experienced writer, we kept four cows in the home lot; there was but little difference in the quantity of milk given by each. We had a very steady hired man of forty years of age; he had carried on a farm in New Hampshire, and had always been used to milking; but he was so slow the cows had no patience with him.

We milked two of the cows, and he the other two, and were but little more than half as long as he in milking, though we got the largest mess by about one quart.—On our remonstrating, that he did not draw out all the milk, he said his cows would not yield so much as those milked by us.—We then made an exchange; he milked our two, and we milked his. In three weeks' time the case was reversed; our mess exceeded his nearly by one quart.—He never failed to strip his cows to the last drop; but his intolerable moderation prevented his obtaining what an active milker would have done.

Young learners may practice on cows that are soon to be dried off. They should be taught at first how to take hold of the teats, and they will remember it; but how common it is to let each child choose his own mode of milking! Learners should know that the hand should be kept very near the extremity of the teat, if they would milk with ease. The left arm should always press gently against the leg of the cow; for if she is inclined to kick, she cannot, with any force; she cannot strike an object that leans against her; but if she raises up her foot, as she often will when her teats are sore, the milker will be ready to ward off and keep it from the pail, much better than when he sits far off from the cow.

If heifers are made tame and gentle by frequent handling when they are young, they are not apt to kick the milker; their udders should be rubbed gently before calving; it is quite as grateful to them as carding, But if they are suffered to run wild till after they have calved, they cannot be expected to be gentle when you first attempt to milk them; they often acquire bad habits, and are not broken of them through life.—*Emigrant's Handbook.*

Learning Steers to Back.

The following appeared in the Maine Farmer, several years ago, with the signature of "A Teamster:"—

"I have observed that very little attention is paid by our farmers to learn their steers to back; but as they become able to draw a load forward, they are often unmercifully beaten on the head and face, because they will not back as large a load, the drivers forgetting that much pains have been taken to learn them to draw well forward, but none to push backward. To remedy the occasion of this beating and trouble, as soon as I have learned my steers to be handy, as it is called, and to draw forward, I place them on a cart where the land is descending in a small degree. In this situation they will soon learn with ease to back it; then I place them on level land, and exercise them there; then I learn them to back a cart up land a little rising; the cart having no load in it thus far. When I have learned them to stand up to the tongue as they ought, back an empty cart, I next either put a small weight in the cart, or take them where the land rises faster, which answers the same purpose. This in a few days they can be learned to back well, and know how to do it, which by a little use afterwards, they will never forget. This may appear of little consequence to some, but when it is remembered how frequently [illegible] want to back a load, and how commo[illegible] it often is to have cattle back well, [illegible] could we not learn them for the time [illegible] save want them thus to act? Besides, consider[illegible] blows and vexation. I never [illegible] air of oxen well broke, until [illegible] with ease any reasonable [illegible] load, [illegible] 'd give a very considerable [illegible] ke of oxen thus tutored, [illegible]ere not."

MISCELLANEOUS.

What shall we do with our Sons?

This is a question that American parents cannot ask too earnestly or too frequently. It is a question of infinite importance to them and to their country; and it is a matter which should occasion universal amazement, that so few persons take it into consideration.

One of the most alarming signs of the times to every patriot, is, this growing dislike to agricultural and mechanical pursuits, and a desire to rush into the already over-crowded professions, where not one in ten are ever able to become independent. Young men who are sent to our anti-republican colleges, soon imbibe a distaste for any useful calling; their whole aim is to live without labor; *that* was only intended for slaves and beasts of burden—so they foolishly seem to imagine. This melancholy infatuation is leading our land to ruin, and our colleges are the primary cause of the overwhelming evil.

We have extracted the following excellent observations from the *Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"PROFESSIONS.—We recently alluded to some capital remarks made by the Hon. J. S. Skinner, in the course of an address delivered at Wilmington, in which he complained of the disposition so prevalent, not only in large cities, but in country towns and villages, for fathers to urge their sons to abandon agriculture as an employment, with the object of becoming lawyers physicians, merchants, &c. The complaint is well founded, and we are glad to see that the subject is exciting due attention. The profession of the law, it is admitted on all hands, is over-crowded, while even if it were not, the chances of eminence in that difficult and arduous vocation, are scarcely equal to one in a thousand. The Boston Transcript says that the 'number of undergraduates at the Cambridge Law School, amounts to about 160, who are to branch off in various directions, more than half of whom, we doubt not, will be glad enough to relinquish the profession, if chance may offer a more lucrative employment. It seems that at a recent session of the Supreme Court of Ohio, at Columbus, no less than eighty applicants were admitted to practice, and at Cincinnati, immediately subsequent, upwards of one hundred! At Utica, New York, there were recently seventy-one admissions to the bar, and by late enactments by several of the State Legislatures, entire commonwealths have been admitted to the privileges and prerogatives of Attorneys at Law, with the simple and single qualification of 'correct moral deportment.'

"The editor of the St. Louis Gazette says that even in that city, the bar is over-crowded, and asks—'if it be not worthy of some little consideration with 'candidates for admission,' whether the law, after all, does exhibit those brilliant attractions to whose allusions they have been accustomed, in fancy, to yield? Is it not worth their while to ask the question, whether one of two natural qualifications are not absolutely and indispensably requisite to success.—1st. An absorbing taste for the technicalities of the law for its own sake, amounting almost to passion, and indomitable, industry, perseverance, and endurance; or, 2d. A splendid endowment of talent and genius, qualifying its possessor to achieve the most magnificent trimnphs of oratory and argument.' He goes on to add, that 'unless one or the other of these qualifications may be claimed, together with undoubted hereditary and constitutional health, and a 'heart' which years of 'hope deferred' cannot 'make sick,' it is his decided conviction, all things considered, that agriculture, the mechanic arts, commerce, manufacturing, civil engineering, or any honest means of livlihood to which attention may be turned, or a term has been applied—is preferable to the law.'

"This is all sensible and to the purpose. The bar is not only over-crowded, but the case is similar with the medical profession. Although we must remember that in this latter, a large number of those who seek to obtain a degree, do not attend to practice. Still, the fields of competition in these politer professions, as they are called, are completely thronged. The affection and ambition of parents, induce them to prefer arduous and elevated paths for their children, and in some cases too, when the minds and tastes of the youthful aspirants are better suited to other pursuits, and when moreover, such pursuits hold out far superior chances of personal independence, worldly prosperity, peace of mind, and general happiness. All see the error in the cases of neighbors and friends, but are apt to be blind to their own partiality and weakness. All, moreover, are apt to fancy that their children are endowed in a peculiar manner with lofty qualities of intellect, which only require to be directed, to the most arduous paths of literature, science and the arts, to secure distinction and glory. The mistake, we repeat, is in the majority of cases, one of affection, and although often mingled with vanity and pride, it is also frequently associated with a most laudable kind of ambition. Far better, moreover, to make a boy of limited or feeble capacity, a lawyer, or doctor, than to bring him up to no calling whatever—or, in other words, to make him a candidate for the almshouse, or worse. Only the other day we heard of the case of a good-hearted mother, who had petted and spoiled her boy to such an extent, that on her sudden decease, the youth who was in his twentieth year, found himself almost helpless, without a trade, calling or profession and surprised as well as appalled, when told that for the future, he would be compelled, in a great measure, to depend upon his own efforts. This latter evil is one of so serious a nature, and appears to be increasing so rapidly in this country, that we hope to see it discussed in an enlightened and liberal spirit, and with the object of exciting inquiry and reflection, and of thus leading to a reform.

"In this country, while parents should endeavor to give their sons as good an education as possible, they should hesitate in permitting them so readily to abandon the pursuit of agriculture, which is a noble, industrious, and elevating employment, for the purpose of visiting cities, and becoming lawyers or doctors, with little or no prospect thereafter. In the cities and towns it would be better for many lads who are now aiming at higher pursuits in one sense, to acquire a thorough mastery of some trade, business, or occupation, by which they might at all times, if industrious, obtain an honest livelihood, and the knowledge of which would by no means retard the devolopement of any peculiar genius they might possess, or spirit of enterprise by which they might be animated. Franklin was a printer, but he was not the less a philosopher. Sir Richard Arkwright, whose inventive genius gave such an impulse to the cotton manufacture, was for many years a barber. James Watt, whose agency in improving and perfecting the steam engine has immortalized his name, was at the age of eighteen an apprentice to a mathematical instrument maker. So with many other of the great ones of the earth—the eminent and the deathless in reputation.

"The parent who neglects to qualify his child for independence and ability to earn a livelihood at the age of twenty-one, neglects his most important duty towards that child. Instead of making him a useful and serviceable being, one who can by his hands and his head take care of himself as well as provide for a family, should he have one, said parent, by inculcating habits of idleness or notions of false gentility, without the ability to sustain such notions in a practicable manner, positively unfits him for his duties as a citizen, and exposes him to temptations and trials, which under other circumstances he would altogether escape or successfully resist."

A Secret worth knowing.

"*Truth is strange—stranger than fiction.*"

Under this heading the Long Island Star publishes an interesting tale, for the extended details of which we cannot find room, but must content ourselves with giving the leading facts in a condensed form, for the benefit of our readers.

A young grocer of good character and correct habits, commenced business in a good and improved neighborhood. His stock was small, as were his means, and stock of customers were still smaller. His sales hardly met his expenses, and he was evidently going "down hill," and an old grocer on the opposite corner predicted that he would soon be at the bottom.

That the young grocer had reason to regret this opinion of the old grocer will appear. The latter had a daughter who had won the heart of the former. He offered himself to her and was rejected. It was done however with the assurance that he was the man of her choice, but she acted in accordance to her father's commands.

Assured of the affections of the woman of his choice, he sat himself about removing the only obstacle in the way of their union the father's objection to his pecuniary prospects.

A year had elapsed and lo, what a change. The young grocer was now going up hill with the power of a steam locomotive; customers flocked to his store from all quarters, and even many had left the old established stand on the opposite corner, for the younger favorite. There was a mystery about it which puzzled the old grocer sorely, but which he could not unveil. He at last became nearly sick with losses and aggravations, and vain attempts to discover the secret of his neighbor's success.

At this junction, Angelica—for that was the daughter's name—contrived to bring about an apparently accidental interview between the parties. After the old man had become, through the intervention of the daughter, tolerably good humored, and he inquired with great earnestness about the young man, how he had contrived to effect so much in a single year, to thus extend his business and draw off the customers from the older stand.

The young man evaded an answer—but inquired if he had any further objections to his union with Angelica. "None," replied he, "provided you reveal the secret of your success." This the young man promised when his happiness was made complete.

The old man commended his prudence on this point. The affair was all settled and the marriage soon took place.

The friends of the young couple were all assembled, and among them many of the customers of both stores. Angelica and Thomas looked as happy as well could be, and the old gentleman was, if possible, happier than they. The bridal cake was about to be cut, when the old man cried out for "THE SECRET."

"Ay, the secret, the secret," exclaimed fifty others.

"It's a very simple matter," said Thomas, "I ADVERTISE!!!"

The old gentleman was very, *very* old-fashioned, and while he shook Thomas heartily by the hand, and kissed Angelica fifty times over, he merely muttered,

"Why the dickens didn't I think of that!"

Tit for Tat.

An incident occurred on board a steamboat some time ago, illustrative of the ridiculous pride and affectation of the would-be-fashionable, and excruciatingly-polite of the world. At supper, a lady sat down to the table with something of the flourish and ton of the head, expressive of her contempt of all on board. An honest, queer-looking, but genteel-dressed young man seated himself opposite, and not being in the mood of waiting long, helped himself to a piece of bread, and with his own knife also took a piece of butter to keep it company. The lady bridled up, and showed by her manner that something unusual had occurred.

"Waitah!" said she, "waitah! take away that battah—that rude man has had his knife in it."

She was obeyed, and the butter vanished to her great relief. The poor fellow blushed to his shirt-collar, and felt sufficiently embarrassed. Before the supper was over, his politeness and laudable desire to retrieve his error, prompted him to pass the lady a plate of dried beef very nicely cut up. She reached out her hand very politely and took some on her plate with her fingers. Jonathan instantly started up, and with a loud voice cried out,

"Waiter! take away this smoked beef—that rude woman has had her fingers in it."

It was now her turn to blush. She was fairly done.

The Lantern.

It is perhaps not generally known, that we are indebted to Alfred the Great for the invention of that useful article, the lantern. In the life of Alfred, by Asserius, we have the following account:—

Before the invention of clocks, Alfred caused six tapers to be made for his daily use; each taper, containing twevle pennyweights of wax, was twelve inches long, and of proportionate breadth. The whole length was divided into twelve parts, of which three would burn for one hour, so that each taper will be consumed in four hours; and the six tapers being lighted one after another, lasted twenty-four hours. But the wind blowing through the chinks of the walls of the chapel, or through the cloth of his tent, in which they were burning, wasted these tapers, and consequently they burnt with no regularity; he therefore designed a lantern, made of ox or cow horn, cut into thin plates, in which he enclosed the tapers, and thus protecting them from the wind, the period of their burning became a matter of comparative certainty.

Advice to Young Men.

Let the business of every one alone, and attend to your own. Don't buy what you don't know want; use every hour to advantage, and study even to make leisure hours useful, think twice before you spend a shilling, remember that you will have another shilling to make for it; find recreation in looking after your business, and so your business will not be neglected in looking after recreation; buy low, sell fair, and take care of the profits; look over your book regularly, and if you find an error, trace it out; should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in trade, retrench—work harder, but never fly the track;—confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance, they will disappear at last; tho' you should even fall in the struggle, you will be honored; but shrink from the task and you will be despised.

Love and Pride.

Many a man has seen his choice for a partner in life, in the humble girl, far beneath him in the opinion of the world, and although love and pride might have struggled with him for a while, yet pride triumphed, and he sought one from higher walks of life. In all the vicissitudes of social existence nothing can be capable of inflicting more certain misery than is sure to follow such a course. It distracts the general harmony of our days, mis-shapes our ends, shortens the length of life, lessens the stature of manhood, and is contrary to the plain destruction of reason, for it declares that where love is, there is peace, plenty and thriftiness. Every thing good is sure to follow a happy union. Let no pride interfere in this matter.

☞ A young lady being severely censured by her mother because she had permitted a young man to give her a *kiss*, replied, "La, mother, if you will say no more about it, I will give it back to him to-morrow.

"A play upon words," as the boy said when he kicked the dictionary up and down the school-room.

Mechanics' Wives.

Speaking of the middle ranks of life, a good writer observes:—

"There we behold woman in all her glory; not a doll to carry silks and jewels, not a puppet to be flattered by profane adoration; reverenced to day, discarded to-morrow; always jostled out of the place which nature and society would assign her, by sensuality, or by contempt, admired but not respected; desired but not esteemed; ruling by passion not affection; imparting her weakness not her constancy, to the sex she could exalt; the source and mirror of vanity; we see her a wife, partaking the cares and cheering the anxiety of a husband, dividing his toils by her domestic diligence, spreading cheerfulness around her, for his sake sharing the decent refinements of the world, without being vain of them, placing all her joys and happiness in the man she loves. As mother, we find the affectionate, the ardent instructress of the children whom she has tended from their infancy; training them to thought and benevolence; addressing them as rational beings, preparing them to become men and women in their turn. Mechanics' daughters make the best wives in the world."

Generally—as a general rule it is perfectly true; but there are exceptions. We have some Mechanics' daughters who were too fond of aping the worldless classes who do nothing, and who never learned to do anything, ever to make good wives.

Woman.

Great indeed is the task assigned to woman; who can elevate its dignity? Not to make laws, not to lead armies, not govern empires; but to form those by whom laws are made, armies led, and empires governed; to guard against the slightest taint of bodily infirmity the frail yet spotless creature whose moral no less than physical being must be derived from her; to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments which generations yet unborn and nations yet uncivilized shall learn to bless; to soften firmness into mercy and chasten honor into refinement; to exalt generosity into virtue, by a soothing care to allay the anguish of the body and the far worse anguish of the mind; by her tenderness to triumph over sense; to cheer the scholar sinking under his toil; to console the statesman for the ingratitude of a mistaken people; to be compensation for friends that are perfidous, for happiness that has passed away. Such is her vocation. The couch of the deserted friend, the cross of the rejected Saviour—these are theatres on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny; to visit the forsaken, to attend the neglected; when monarchs abandon, when counsellors betray, when justice prosecutes, when brethren and disciples flee, to remain unshaken and unchanged and exhibit in this lower world a type of that love, pure, constant, and ineffable, which in another world we are taught to believe, is the test of virtue.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Good!---Read it!

The ladies of New York, have resolved to marry no man who does not take the newspapers—and furthermore, they won't allow a fellow to look at them who owes the printers for more than one year's subscription.

Well, I don't wonder. A family without a newspaper are always half an age behind the times in general information. Besides, they can never think much, nor find much to talk about. And then there are the little ones growing up in ignorance with no taste for reading. Beside all these evils, there's the wife, who when her work is done, has to sit down with her hands in her lap, and nothing to amuse her, or divert her mind from the toils and cares of the domestic circle. Oh, dear!—be on your guard, girls, imitate the example of the noble and thoughtful ladies of New York.

A Good Story.

If not true, truth *like*—is told in the Phil. Eagle, of a landlord, who finding that the refrigerator in his yard, in which he was accustomed to put woodcock and other niceties, for cool keeping, was occasionally opened, and the choice things abstracted, substituted one night some big snapping turtles for the smaller game, and then watched the result. In due time the epicurean thief arrived, lifted the lid, quietly inserted his hand in the accustomed spot, and lo! it was instantly gripped by a snapper. The marauder roared with pain, the snapper held on, and the landlord on the watch roared with laughter, till finally by exclamations "I've caught him, I've caught him," collected his boarders, he led them into the yard, and there they found the wo-begone epicurean philosopher, with the snapping-turtle still at the end of his finger! It was only by cutting off the head of the captor that the captive, well admonished, was released.

☞ Some men are courageous, and some are not, but we should like to see the man who would deliberately [illegible] a woman to catch him making [illegible] baby.

The Mayor of New York [illegible] arrest of all pickpocke[illegible] found.

The Palmer Sentinel.

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SELECTED TALES.

Visits of the City Cousins.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

THE house of the widow Mehitable Haynes was in the most retired part of a retired country town; it being situated at the extremity of a winding road which communicated with the main road at the distance of half a mile, and which, at some indefinite period, was intended to be carried through various fields and pastures, so as to meet another road at about the same distance. Pages would be insufficient for a minute description of the thrifty orchard, the rich pastures, the luxuriant meadows, the fruitful fields, and the fine woodlands composing the widow's farm, all of which were properly appreciated by her and the family; or of the quiet and beautiful scenery which met the eye on every hand, and which it never entered their heads either to praise or admire, if we except Olive Mervyn, an orphan, and a daughter of Mrs Haynes, who was now sixteen. Simon Haynes, the widow's son, who performed a great part of the labor done on the farm, himself, although he knew very well how to distinguish a good yoke of oxen, a first rate cow, or a fine flock of sheep, thought nothing of the two fine old elms that gracefully nodded their heads in the morning breeze, as they looked down upon the farm house, or of the beauty of the cascade that gleamed in the sun like silver, as it fell down the side of a craggy rock, much less did he think of regarding the flowers, snowy as his own flock after the spring ablution, which grew in clusters on the margin of the brook, fed by the falling waters, and which supplied a pure and never failing draught to oxen, cows and sheep. But Olive Mervyn thought of all these, and at the risk of being called a romp by her maiden aunt, Miss Patty Haynes, would often steal away to the fields to gather wild-flowers, or to the woods, where, seated on the gnarled roots of a giant oak, whence her eye could catch the gleam of the waterfall, she would dream away hours listening to its music as it blended with the rustling of the green leaves, which to her imagination, formed an almost spiritual accompaniment to the wild and varied strains of the mocking-bird, and the occasional gushes of song, which, rising from almost every tree, formed a rich and full chorus.

The widow Haynes, although more than sixty, was still in the enjoyment of unbroken health, which enabled her to perform the domestic duties of the household, with the assistance rendered by Olive, with the same order and neatness for which she was remarkable in her youthful days. It would probably be different now, but in those days of simplicity, the homespun copperas color and white gown, and the apron with wary of white and woof of blue, which she wore during the performance of her domestic labors, were considered as suitable and becoming; while, for an afternoon dress, a gown of the same material, only more recently from the loom, and a linen apron of blue and white check, were looked upon as sufficiently genteel. Mrs Haynes, in every respect a pattern of order and neatness, was frank and cordial in her manners; Miss Patty, the daughter, verging hard upon forty, was preciseness personified—the neighbors called her very set—and Olive, the grand daughter, a most lovely creature, had a graceful negligence about her, excessively annoying to her aunt. As for Simon, he knew how to manage the farm admirably, could write and cipher equal to the schoolmaster, and liked to appear as smart as his companions, when he attended meeting on the Sabbath. He quietly submitted to wear his wide cotton collars starched sufficiently stiff to suit the taste of his sister, although he had, on more than one occasion, been made sensible that they were rather dangerous neighbors to his ears; this, however, she told him, was because he did not hold his head high enough, and he subsequently realized the most happy results from bearing in mind what she said. Yet, had it not been for Betsey Redstreake's black eyes, which had, of late, proved highly fascinating to him, it is probable that by the time the minister arrived at the tenth or twelfth division of his sermon, his head would have involuntarily sunk down in the attitude in which he had often, in spite of the stiff collars, experienced a kind of dreamy solace. Simon submitted with less docility to the infliction of the roll of pomatum, than the wide, stiff collars. His dark hair clustering in short curls round his brow, was, he knew, in Betsey Redstreake's eye, one of his chief attractions, and when he saw Patty approaching with the pomatum, which she used so liberally as to take out the curl, making his hair resemble the quills of the "fretful porcupine," he generally made his escape, turning a deaf ear to her calls for him to stop, as she followed him with extended arms, ready to commence operating upon the noxious curls, should he choose to obey her call. Her lessons on gentility, too, were as good as thrown away upon him, for which reason, she had for some time past, abandoned them, much to Simon's satisfaction. One day, however, when he had been toiling from sunrise to noon, and had obeyed the sound of the tin trumpet, which summoned him to dinner, with unusual alacrity, he perceived, after they had all seated themselves at table, by the prim expression of Patty's features, and the even more than customary stiffness of her attitude, that the spirit of gentility was strong within her. Simon said nothing, but speedily commenced doing justice to the nicely-prepared repast, especially to some fine green peas. Miss Patty, in the mean time, with much solemnity, conveyed a single pea to her mouth at a time, and the other food in proportionate quantities.

"Simon," said she, at length, with considerable sharpness, finding that her example was unheeded, "what do you suppose our cousins from Boston would say, to see you eat so?

"I am unable to tell," replied Simon.

"Well, I know what they would say—they would say that you are no gentleman."

"Likely enough they would, and I never think of trying to be one, only on a Sunday or so."

"The more shame for you. Now you know, Simon, that William and Harriet are over to uncle Jacob's, and are coming over this afternoon, and I do wish that you and Olive, too, would behave as if you had some bringing up."

"I mean to, Patty, and the way I shall do it, will be to treat them cordially, and make them welcome to the best there is in the house, and I know marm will do the same."

"To be sure I shall," said Mrs Haynes, "for I shall be right down glad to see them. I always set as much by brother Jo, their father, as any brother I had, and though he went through college, he was just as free and sociable as if he had been brought up to farming, and I have no doubt that William and Harriet will be so too."

"I don't know as to that," said Miss Patty. "I expect they will be struck dumb with astonishment, when they find what ungenteel folks they have got amongst."

"Poh," said her mother, "they have been over to Jacob's these two days, and they are no more genteel than Simon and Olive, or I either, and they will, of course, expect us to appear pretty much as they do."

"They do as well as they know how," replied Patty, "but we have had a chance to learn better. I remember, though none of the rest appear to, how Miss Stiles behaved when she was here, five years ago. I have made her my pattern since, for she had been to Boston and staid a week, which gave her a good opportunity to learn city manners. Simon, you have no ambition, or you would try as hard as I do, to appear well, and then you might aspire to the hand of cousin Harriet Parkman."

"It will do well enough for me to aspire to Bets Redstreake's hand."

"Why Simon, she knows no more about gentility than a wild Indian,"

"May be so, but she knows how to make butter and cheese, and can cook as good a meal as I wish to sit down to—she is equal to marm for that."

"Come," said Mrs Haynes, rising from the table, "you have talked enough about gentility this time, and we had better be up and stirring, for, Patty, you know if they should come before we should get our calico gowns on, you would feel awful ashamed. We have every thing nice for tea, except some drop-cakes, and I omitted making them on purpose, so as to have them hot from the oven."

All were duly arrayed in their calico gowns, and Olive, who had, with some difficulty, by the interference of her grandmother, escaped the pomatum, for her hair, like Simon's had a propensity to curl, had, according to her aunt's directions, put on her silver thimble, one of baser metal answering the purpose on ordinary occasions and seated herself with a piece of muslin in her hand, when two chaises were seen approaching.

"You may know that they are genteel," said Miss Patty, "for they have got a bellows-top chaise."

"Some of brother Jacob's folks are in the other chaise, I suppose," said Mrs Haynes. "Olly, your eyes are young and sharp; can you see whether it is brother and his wife, or some of the young folks?"

"I believe," replied Olive, "it is Abner and Sally."

In a few minutes, the forward chaise, a clumsy, square-top vehicle, that nodded like the image of a chinese mandarin at every step taken by the horse, stopped before the door, showing the occupants to be the same as Olive had conjectured.

"Now if Abner hasn't got on his best wine-colored coat, and Sally, her plumb-colored silk, and her best morocco shoes," said Miss Patty. "I almost wish I had put on my red and green striped Italian, and you, Simon, had better by half run and pull off that thin jacket, and put on your best full-cloth coat."

"I should look pretty much like a fool, dressed up in a woolen coat, thick as a board, this warm day, and I shall do no such thing," replied Simon, as he hastened out to assist William and Abner to unharness the horses.

In the mean time Mrs Haynes received Harriet and Sally with much cordiality, and Miss Patty with equal formality.—Harriet Parkman, a very agreeable looking girl, was soon on the most sociable terms with her aunt, and Olive, and as far as she was able, with her cousin Patty.—William, who was two years older, than his sister, had a countenance full of vivacity and expression, and a high white forehead, shaded with the dark, curling hair which distinguished Simon and Olive. He conversed very affably with Abner and Simon, about the oxen, cows and sheep, the prospect for and against a good crop, and informed them respecting the Boston prices for the various articles of country produce, inwardly admiring all the while, the beautiful eyes of Olive, her clear, snowy brow, and her cheeks, which were like the sunny side of a peach.

"What a perfect little Hebe that girl is," said he to Simon, as he went with him and Abner to look at the fields of corn and potatoes.

"He—bee," murmured Simon to himself, struggling between a smile and a laugh—but instantly checking himself, he replied, "yes Olive, is as you say a perfect bee, for she is generally as busy as one from morning to night. The only idle time that I knew her to spend, is on some uncommon pleasant day, when she will stroll away into the fields and woods to gather a parcel of flowers not worth the snap of your finger, and to hear the birds sing, as she says. But upon the whole, she is right down smart girl—can spin and weave, and knows how to make complete drop-cakes."

Before they returned to the house, Miss Patty had ascertained from Harriet that steeple-crowned bonnets and picked-toed shoes were no longer fashionable in Boston, and had time to exhibit a fan that had been her grandmother's, on which were represented beaux in powdered wigs, and belles with hoops and marvellously high-heeled shoes, together with various hat-pins, with green and blue and white heads, of glass and porcelain, that her mother had worn in the days of her youth. She moreover informed Harriet, that she had succeeded with great difficulty, in keeping Olive from running about in the fields and woods, after she had done assisting her grandmother, long enough to learn her lace-stich, stair-stich, cross-stitch, and pocket-book-stich, and that she knew a dozen more that she intended to learn her as opportunity presented. Olive unconsciously drew a long sigh at this announcement, but expressed no repugnance to complying with her aunt's determination. Soon afterwards she left the room to assist her grand mother to prepare for tea.—In less than an hour they all sat down to a table, which might have been spread by Lady Bountiful herself, but the dough-nuts, sweet-cakes, and the various kind of pastry, which the good housewives of the town thought indispensable on occasions like the present, if they would escape the imputation of meanness, were scarcely tasted by Harriet and William, while Mrs Haynes began secretly to regret that she had not provided a still more liberal supply of drop-cakes. This was indeed an article which she and Olive had always better luck at making than any body else, probably because they did not spare the eggs and cream, more than on account of the secret skill which was conceded to them by universal consent. Miss Patty, who expected them to sit and cheat their appetite as she did her own—a kind of penance in which she imagined consisted the very quintessence of gentility, was, as she had expected them to be on a different account, struck dumb with astonishment to see them eat with a relish, which had, undoubtedly, been partly acquired by exercise and the pure country air. Simon did not fail to find an opportunity, when unobserved by the others, to hint to William that the drop-cakes had been made by Olive. As William and Harriet were going to remain all night, immediately after Abner and Sally took leave, Miss Patty took her mother aside, and held a long and solemn consultation upon the propriety of their all appearing in their calico gowns in the morning, a point upon which she had fully made up her mind before her cousins came, but upon which, now, since they had, in her opinion, shown themselves so little genteel, she wavered, exceedingly, between needlessly impairing the gloss of the garments, and her still lingering desire to appear becomingly attired.

"Well, now, Patty, you may do as you have a mind to," said her mother, "but as we don't have company very often, and especially from such a distance, I shall put on my calico gown in the morning, and so shall Olly. I am as fond of saving as anybody, on proper occasions, but I have no idea of trying to save the gloss on my gown and lose the gloss of civility by the means."

Patty, who had a secret leaning to this decision, acquiesced more readily than she was accustomed to, upon a subject that was debatable. On returning to the "best room," and finding it vacant, she looked out of the window and beheld William and Harriet, Simon and Olive, in an adjoining orchard. William was bending down an apple-tree limb to give his sister and Olive a peep at the eggs contained in a robin's nest, which was half screened by a canopy of blossoms and green leaves. Simon, in the meantime, was waiting at a little distance with some impatience, to point out to them the beauties of a favorite cow, quietly grazing in an adjacent pasture.

"I guess Bets Redstreake wouldn't stand looking so long at a parcel of robin's eggs," said Simon, half audibly, "when she could, by taking half the pains, have a chance of seeing a cow like White-face, that, in the height of feed, will run a ten quart milk pail over."

By the time Simon had finished his soliloquy, they were ready to attend his praises, not only of White-face, but of Rose and Bug-horn, and the great red heifer.—When Harriet and Olive returned, Miss Patty bridled her indignation with some difficulty, being strongly tempted to call them both romps. She concluded within herself, that although Harriet had always lived in Boston, which she had, herself, considered was enough of itself to make a lady of anybody, she could never have associated with people as genteel as Miss Stiles did while there; nor did she doubt the justness of her conclusion, 'till in answer to some minute inquiries, Harriet described the mansion where they resided, the furniture contained in some of the apartments, and mentioned several persons of distinction who were in the habit of visiting them.

The next day, soon after dinner, William and his sister took leave, delighted with the frankness and cordiality of their aunt, amused with the formality and preciseness of Patty, and pleased with the habits of thrift good sense, and good nature and rusticity of Simon. With Olive they were charmed. "She is a queen of graces," said Harriet, "a—"

"A Hebe," said William, interrupting her, and he then related Simon's laughable mistake.

The Boston Belles, however charming and attractive they might have been, never had the power of blotting the sweet image of Olive Mervyn from his mind, and she, when she stole to the woods and seated herself at the foot of her favorite tree, often forgot to listen to the music of birds, from thinking of William Parkman.

The ensuing winter, one day about sunset, a horse and sleigh drove up to the door, and a young man springing lightly from the vehicle, threw a blanket over his horse.

"That is William Parkman's horse, I know," said Simon, and Olive was as quick sighted as he, in perceiving that the driver of the high-spirited animal was William Parkman himself.

"I wonder who it can be?" said Miss Patty, for she had none of the power attributed to Love, of penetrating disguises, and William's thick overcoat and fur cap, were, to her, a most effectual one. The entrance of William put an end to her conjectures, though why he should have made them another visit so soon, awakened her surprise. The conversation which passed between him and Olive during his short sojourn, was never precisely ascertained, but she was certainly known, afterwards to refuse an offer from the squire's son, and one from the minister's son, and one from the doctor himself, who was a bachelor of about five and forty.

About two years after this, Mrs Haynes took Simon aside the Monday before Thanksgiving, and told him, that, as there would be a great deal more cooking to do than common, he had better take the horse and sleigh, and go and get Betsy Redstreake to assist a little. Simon, with a knowing nod, proceeded to obey his mother's request, and she and Olive soon had a most active ally. Long rows of Thanksgiving pies were soon seen in every place convenient for their reception, but these, except on account of their numbers, excited little admiration, compared with a large plum cake, frosted according to a recipe sent by Harriet Parkman. Miss Patty, who had a genius for dress making, while the other females were thus engaged, was busily employed in altering her best silk gown according to a recent fashion.

"Simon, do run to the door," said Mrs Haynes, the evening before Thanksgiving, "I certainly heard a sleigh stop."

Olive blushed deeply, stole a look at the glass to see if her curls were becomingly arranged, and Betsy Redstreak's black eyes gave a knowing sparkle.

"Go right in, William," Simon was heard to say without, "and don't stop to help take care of the horse, for by this time, you would like to have the sight of a good fire," and the next moment William Parkman and his sister Harriet were added to the smiling and happy group within. Thanksgiving-day, the clergyman, instead of returning home after the close of the customary religious services, proceeded to the residence of the widow Haynes, and performed the ceremony which united William Parkman and Olive Mervyn for life.

Miss Patty, who never heartily forgave Olive for refusing to marry the minister's son, to show that she did not countenance the present proceedings, never, for a moment during the performance of the marriage ceremony, withdrew her eyes from an old tree that extended its leafless branches towards the window; but the present of a dove-colored silk shawl from William, and a pair of gloves of a corresponding color from Harriet, operated as an emollient upon her mind, and when the young married pair and their sister were about to take leave, she united with her mother and brother in inviting them to make them an early visit. The invitation was accepted a few months afterwards, on the occasion of Simon's marriage with Betsey Redstreakes, who proved to be a good wife, and an exemplary daughter-in-law.

Wolfboro', N. H.

The Rich Merchant.

BY MRS. JANE WESTON.

It was night, the streets were nearly deserted, the more especially as it was snowing fast. A single traveller, however, might have been seen wrapped in a thick overcoat, urging his way against the tempest, by the light of dim lamps. Suddenly as he passed a ruinous tenement, the figure of a girl started up before him.

"Please sir," she said, "if it's only a penny, mother is sick and we have had nothing to eat to-day."

The first impulse of the moment was to go on, the second to stop. Her face was thin and pale, and her garments scanty.—He was a man of good impulses, so he put his hand towards his pocket, intending to give her a shilling. But the traveller had forgot that his overcoat was buttoned tightly over his pocket.

"It is too much trouble," said he to himself, "and this wind is very cutting. Besides these beggars are usually cheats. I'll warrant this girl wants the money to spend in some gin shop." And, speaking harshly, he said, "I have nothing for you! If you are really destitute, the guardians will take care of you."

The girl shrunk back without a word, and drew her tattered garments around her shivering form. But a tear glistened on her cheek in the light of the dim lamp.

The man passed, and, turning the next corner, soon knocked at the door of a splendid mansion, through whose richly curtained windows a rosy light streamed out across the storm. A servant obsequiously gave him entrance. At the sound of his footsteps the parlor door was opened, and a beautiful girl, apparently about seventeen, sprang into his arms, kissed him on the cheek, and then began to assist him in removing his overcoat.

"What kept you so long, dear papa?" she said, "If I had known where you were I would have sent the carriage. You never stay so late at the office."

"No, my love, I was at my lawyer's, busy, and all for you," and he kindly patted her on the cheek. "But now, Maggy, can you give me some supper?"

The daughter rang the bell and order the supper to be served. It was a just an one as an epicure would delight like the supper for a traveller on that.

"Pa," said the daughter, when it was finished, "I hope you are in good humor, for I have a favor to ask of you," and she threw her arms around his neck, and looking up in his face with that winning smile and those beautiful dark eyes of hers. "I wish to give a ball on my birth-day, my eighteenth birth-day. It will cost, oh! a sight of money; but you are a kind, good papa, and I know you have been successful or you would not have been at your lawyer's."

"Yes my darling," he said, fondly kissing her, "the cotton speculation has turned out well. I sold all I had of the article this afternoon, received the money, and took it to my lawyer's telling him to invest it in real estate. I think I shall give up the business."

"O! do, do, papa. But you will give me this ball, won't you?"

"You little tease," said the father, but he spoke smilingly; and putting his hand in his pocket-book, he took out a note of five hundred dollars and placed it in his child's hand.

"Take this; if it is not enough you must have another, I suppose. But don't trouble me any more about it."

The next morning broke clear, but the snow was a foot deep, and lay here and there in huge drifts, blocking up the doorways. At ten o'clock the rich merchant was on his way to his counting room. He turned down the same street up which he had come the preceding evening. A crowd had gathered round the open cellar door of a ruined tenement. The merchant paused to inquire what was the matter.

"A woman, sir, has been found dead below there," said one of the spectators; "she starved to death, it is said, and they have sent for a Coroner. Her daughter has just come back, after being out all night. I believe she was begging. That is her moaning."

"Ah!" said the merchant, and a pang went through his heart like an ice-bolt, for he remembered having denied a petitioner the night before. A girl cowered over an emaciated corpse that lay on a heap of straw in one corner of the damp apartment. It was the same girl he had feared it would prove. The merchant was horror struck.

"My poor child," he said, laying his hand on her shoulder, "you must be cared for: God forgive me for denying you last night. Here, take this!" and he put a bill into her hand.

The girl looked up, and gazed vacantly at him; then she put back the proffered money.

"It will do me no good now," she said; "mother is dead," and she burst into hysteric tears.

The merchant at that moment would have given half his fortune to recall her to life.

The lesson thus learned he never forgot. The merchant personally saw that a decent burial was provided for the mother, and afterwards took the girl into his house, educated her for a high station in life, and on her marrige, presented her a proper dowry. He lived to hear her children lisp their gratitude.

Advice to the Girls.

Do you want a good husband? Who that possesses common sense will be seen with a female who takes pride in saying that she never does housework, and cannot bear the sight of mechanics? So long as you turn up your nose at the honest and industrious, and take particular pains to tell your friends that you are not obliged to work, and know nothing about the kitchen you will be shunned by the best portion of young men who will esteem it a privilege to have you pass by them without uttering a word. Your company may be courted by whom? The well fed and dressed pauper, and feathered fop, and by them alone. Cease then girls to make fools of yourselves. Work more, and gab less. Read and study during your leisure hours, and labor to improve your nature.

Two travellers having been robbed in a piece of woods, and tied to trees at some distance from each other, one of them in despair exclaimed,

"Oh! I'm undone."

"Are you?" said the other, "then I wish you'd come and undo me."

"What you staring at sir, may I ask?" said a whiskerinaled mustached "blood" to a "Hoosier" on a Mississippi steamboat, who had been watching him as a cat watches a mouse, for some fifteen minutes.

"*I thought* so," exclaimed the "Hoosier" the moment the other spoke; "I *said* you'd got a mouth, and I only want'd to be *sartin* about it, to *ask* you to "liquor." Stranger what'll you *drink*? or had you rather *fight*? I don't care which, *myself*." The odd matched pair were left touching glasses.

THE GOVERNOR'S ADDRESS was delivered to the two branches of the Legislature, assembled in Convention, on Tuesday. The most material parts of it may be found below, with an abstract of the portions omitted.

In the commencement he alludes to the fact that the past year has been one of general prosperity and health to the people of this Commonwealth. He then proceeds to state the condition of the State finance as follows:—

"The state of our finances for the past year, as I learn from the Treasurer of the Commonwealth is as follows:—

The receipts amounted to	$519,358 32
The expenditures to	550,191 59
Excess of payments over receipts,	30,833 27

The above amounts of receipts includes,

Cash on hand Jan. 1, 1845,	$10,677 59
Balance of State Tax of 1844,	62,325 50
This sum,	73,002 09
deducted from whole receipts,	519,358 35
Leaves	$446,356 26

as the ordinary receipts for the year.
The amount of expenditures includes

Temporary loan for 1844,	$85,000 00
And the 5 per cent. stock of 1842, paid in 1845,	46,550 00
This sum,	$131,550 00
deducted from expenditures,	550,191 00
Leaves us the ordinary expenditure of the year,	$418,641 59

To meet excess of payments of 30,833 27, the Treasurer will have the balance of the State Tax of 1845, amounting to $65,000, and though not payable till Feb. 1846, was designed for 1845.

That sum will not only pay the above named balance, but will be nearly sufficient to pay the $37,140 of the 5 per cent. stock of '42, which falls due in '46.

It is confidently believed that no State Tax will be necessary to enable the Treasury to meet the demands upon it for the coming year.

To this end, I recommend a most rigid scrutiny into every branch of expenditures, and if any item is found not called for by the public interest, that it be curtailed.

Liberal appropriations of money for meritorious objects, within the appropriate sphere of legislative provisions, and not a dollar for a useless office, or any unnecessary purpose, is true economy.

When the remaining $37,140 of the debt of 1842 shall have been paid, no other debt against the State will fall due before 1857. At that time, the scrip for $995,000 issued by the State in payment of its stock in the Western Railroad Corporation, will be payable.

The sinking fund set apart to meet that debt, now amounts to $359,141 25. This sum, with the accruing interest, thereon, with the yearly amount from the sales of the public lands, in the State of Maine, which is appropriated by law for the same purpose, with the annual interest thereon, will amount, in 1857, to a million of dollars.

The amount, whatever it may be, with the stock itself, will constitute the assets of the state, at that time, to meet its scrip for $995,000.

The State has lent its credit to various railroad companies, to the amount of $5,049,555 56.

One million and fifty thousand dollars of this amount of scrip loaned to the Eastern Railroad, the Norwich and Worcester railroad, the Andover and Haverhill Railroad, and the Boston and Portland Railroad Corporations, will be due in '57—9. None of the residue falls due before 1868. These roads are all in successful operation, and the companies pay the interest on their several debts as they fall due.

The payment and fulfilment of the obligations of the bonds, which the State holds against these several companies, are secured by Mortgages on the indebted roads.—In addition to the mortgage on the Western Railroad, the state holds in trust, a fund, now amounting to $290, 610 61, and which is yearly increasing, by accumulating interest and additions to the principal, for the same purpose. Without some unexpected contingency, which no sagacity can foresee, there is no probability the state will ever becalled upon to pay one dollar of these liabilities.

With a character for punctuality unsullied by a failure to meet any one of her pecuniary engagements, and with a credit equal to bullion, for any purpose that she may choose to use it, there is nothing in her indebtedness or liabilities, either on her own account, or to aid others in carrying on the great works of internal improvement, with which her mountains are pierced, and her valleys striped with railroad iron, that needs alarm the most timid financier, or give a moment's uneasiness to the most cautious of our citizens. * *

There is now in successful operation within the limits of Massachusetts, 700 miles of railroad. These have cost about $28,000 000. The average cost is above par, and their stock is above par, and their dividend exceed 6 per cent. The average of their dividends shows the wisdom of the investment of the capital which built the and the amount of business done upon them, and their great public utility. The railroad from this city to Albany, across the Green Mountains, is one of the great achievments of the age. Altogether, they furnish evidence of the resources, the enterprise, the perseverance and the prosperity of our people.

Among other important topics introduced into the late communication of the President of the United States, to both Houses of Congress, that of the tariff occupied an important place.

The people of Massachusetts are deeply interested in the protective policy. In it, their labor, their capital, and their prosperity are essentially involved.

For more than a quarter of a century after the adoption of the constitution, their capital was mostly engaged in commerce. But the course of national legislation has induced them to withdraw a large portion of that capital from commerce, and invest it in manufacturing establishments. Massachusetts has at this time $60,000 00 invested in manufactures. * * *

By existing Statutes, there are 4 crimes punishable with death: Treason, Murder, Rape, and burning a dwelling house in the night time.

If the penalty attached to the violation of a law is, in the public opinion, too severe, two consequences will manifest themselves in its administration. First, a difficulty in procuring convictions: and secondly, if convictions take place, the pardoning power will be strongly urged to interpose, and mitigate the punishment. Wise and judicious legislators should endeavor to avoid both of these consequences. They are grave and serious evils.—For a Jury to hesitate to find a fact, because by such finding, too heavy a blow in their opinion, will fall upon the head of a fellow-being, against whom it should be found, would tend to weaken the public confidence in that important and sacred tribunal. Those who are acquainted with the history of judicial proceedings, must be aware that such cases do sometimes occur. * * * *

So far as legislation can prevent it, the commission of a greater offence should never be presented to the mind of a criminal as a means of avoiding detection in the commission of a lesser one. In reducing the penalty for the robbery of the person, and for breaking and entering a dwelling-house in the night time, (the burglar being armed) from death to confinement in the State Prison, I apprehend our own Legislature were influenced, at least to some extent, by this principle. I am persuaded they acted wisely in so doing.

In a sister state, where such a change has taken place in the law applicable to robbery, it is said, that the number of murders has diminished, the number of robberies has not increased. In one of the counties of our own Commonwealth, within the last year, a person has been executed, under the most aggravated circumstances, the double crime of rape and murder.

In another of our counties, a man was hung several years ago, for the murder of a female whom he had first violated. In the confession of his crime, I am informed he declared that the thought of committing murder did not enter his mind until after the perpetration of the first offence, when the poor victim told him he would have to be hung for what he had done. He said that it then instantly occurred to him that the only way of escaping detection and death, was to put the witness of his guilt out of the way. With the desperate hope of saving his own life, he seized a club, followed and killed the wronged and flying female, How many such cases there may have been, Omniscence alone can tell. If a single one has been known to exist, does not that one furnish a sufficient reason for removing the temptation for its repetition? I recommend to your calm consideration, the propriety of reducing the number of capital offences now existing in this Commonwealth. * * *

The Massachusetts School Fund now amounts to $810,493,60. The annual interest of this fund is distributed among the towns for the benefit of the Common Schools. The past year, the towns raised, for the support of Common Schools, $576, 556, 62, being an increase over the preceding year of $28,000. The Secretary of the Board of Education, in his report for the year, states that the amount raised by the towns in various ways, "for Common Schools, will exceed one dollar apiece for every man, woman, and child, in the State." The people of Massachusetts expend annually for the purposes of Education, more than a million of dollars. The returns from the towns for 1844—5, show the number of scholars in ths state between the ages of 4 and 16 years, to be 194,984. The whole number of public schools is 3382. Incorporated academies, 66; unincorporated academies, private schools, and schools kept to prolong public schools, 1167, making schools of all kinds, 4615. The number of teachers in the public schools, including winter and summer is 7,267. Of these, 2523 are females, and 4774 males. These returns also show several improvements gratifying to the friends of Education.—The Secretary says, "the average length of the schools has increased a full month each." * * * *

Gentlemen of the Senate, and of the House of Representatives:

The legitimate object and end of all good government and right legislation, is, to give protection to property, safety to the person and reputation, to labor to secure a fair reward, and to elevate and improve the physical, intellectual, and moral condition of

neflu legislators lose sight of these beed wiurposes for which they are clothactuatever, and allow themselves to be

ere party or partial consid-

erations, they pervert the trust committed to them, degrade their true dignity, and do great injustice to those who have given them their confidence.

Let us proceed in the discharge of the duties assigned us. Strictly observing the injunctions of the Constitution, which we are sworn to support, looking for aid and direction to Him who gives wisdom to those who sincerely ask it, let us do all in our power to promote the lasting prosperity of our Commonwealth.

COUNCIL CHAMBER, Boston, Jan. 13, 1846.

A DOUBTFUL CASE.—A county Justice, who had been late invested with the title, was just trying his first case, when his wife, thinking that she too was included in the office, came and very gravely seated herself by the side of her husband. She listened very attentively to the witnesses for the plaintiff; and by the time they had concluded their testimony, she had, in her own mind, fully decided the case in their favor. But the evidence for the defendant gave the question quite a different color; and, doubtful what decision ought to be made under existing circumstances, she turned to her husband with a perplexed look, and, with a very counsellor-like tone and manner, asked, "*Dad what are we going to do in this case?*"

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 22, 1846.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—A no inconsiderable portion of the citizens of our State and States around us for a few years past, have exhibited, in our opinion an inconsiderate zeal for the abolition of capital punishment. The subject has been discussed in our Legislatures, and in conventions, and most extraordinary efforts have been made to abolish entirely from our Statutes the penalty of death. The Governor of this Commonwealth in his recent message, devoted a portion in recommending the abolition of capital punishment in all cases excepting for murder in the first degree.—His reasons are plainly given and are such as are presented by the friends of the movement generally;—that when men are charged with an offence punishable with death it is difficult to convict, that juries to save the prisoner from a punishment which they believe disproportioned to the offence compound with their consciences—that witnesses are reluctant to give evidence, and consequently the great object of criminal jurisprudence, certainty of punishment, is defeated; adopting the maxim of Beccaria that it is the *certainty* of punishment, not the *severity* which deters men from crime. There is, we admit much truth in this reasoning, but there is more fallacy in the hope that the abolition of capital punishment will reduce the number of capital offences, as the Governor is disposed to reason that it will. We know that the friends of the movement are ready, as is the Governor in his address to show that in some *neighboring* state, where the *species* of offences punished by death are lessened there is *fewer* executions, but the same reasoning would *hold good* in saying where there are no crimes punishable by *death* there are *no legal* executions; but it would not tend to show that crimes are fewer or less heinous as the friends of capital punishment pretend.

As the severity of punishment is reduced crime increases in all ages and in all countries. Human nature is the same every where. To fortify our position we must be permitted to extract from Blackwood's Magazine the table which follows with its remarks:

"Since the year 1[illegible], when regular tables of commitments first began to be kept in England, commitments have increased *six fold*; they have swelled *from five to thirty-one thousand*. During the same period population has advanced about sixty per cent.; in other words, detected crime has advanced FOUR TIMES AS FAST AS THE NUMBERS OF THE PEOPLE."

"Unwilling as we are to load our pages with statistical tables—which attractive to the thinking few, are repulsive to the unthinking many—we must yet request our readers to cast their eyes to the bottom of the pages, where these appalling truths are demonstrated by the parliamentary returns. In Scotland and Ireland the returns of commitments have not been kept, until within the last twenty years, with such accuracy as can be relied on; but they exhibit an increase still more alarming. Ireland, as might be expected, exhibits a growth of crime which has fully kept pace with that of England during the same period: but Scotland exhibits a change which fairly outstrips all the others in the race of inquity. In 1806, Lord Advocate Hope said in Parliament, that more crime was tried at one Quarter Sessions at Manchester than over all Scotland in a whole year; and the proceedings of the criminal courts to the north of the Tweed, at that period, amply demonstrated the truth of his assertion. In the year 1805, eighty-nine criminals were brought before the whole tribunals, supreme and inferior, in Scotland; but in the year 1842, the committals for serious offences were nearly four thousand—in other words, serious crime, in less than forty years, had augmented in Scotland above *thirty-six fold*. During the same period population has advanced about fifty per cent., viz.: from 1,800,000, to 2,660,000; so that in moral, staid, and religious Scotland, serious crime, during the last forty years, has risen *twenty-five times* as fast as the number of the people.

Years.	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.
1895	4605	89	3600
1806	4346	101	3781
1807	4440	97	3522
1808	4735	124	3704
1809	5330	Chasm.	3641
1810	5146		3799
1811	5337		4162
1812	6576		4286
1813	7164		Chasm.
1814	6390		
1815	7818		
1816	9091		
1817	13,932		
1818	13,567		
1810	14,254		
1820	13,710	1486	
1822	12,241	1691	13,251
1823	12,263	1733	14,632
1824	13,698	1802	15,258
1825	14,437	1876	15,515
1826	16,164	1999	16,318
1827	17,924	2116	18,031
1828	16,564	2024	14,683
1829	18,675	2063	15,271
1830	18,107	2329	15,794
1831	19,647	2451	16,192
1832	20,829	2431	16,056
1833	20,072	2564	17,819
1834	22,451	2691	24,381
1835	20,731	2867	21,205
1836	20,984	3922	23,891
1837	23,612	3126	24,804
1838	23,094	3418	25,723
1839	24,443	3409	26,392
1840	27,187	3872	23,833
1841	27,760	3562	20,796
1842	31,309	3884	

At this period, says the Magazine—

"Humane principles were triumphant. The labors of Sir Samuel Romilly and Sir James Mackintosh, aided by the cautious wisdom and experienced ability of Sir Robert Peel, produced a total revolution in our criminal jurisprudence. The old stain has been removed: we need no longer fear a comparison with the laws of Draco. For the last fifteen years so many offences, formerly capital, have had the dreadful penalty removed, that the law in Great Britain, as now practically administered, is probably the mildest in Europe. Death is scarce ever inflicted except for murder; in cases of house-breaking, even when attended with personal violence, it is never thought of. The executions in Great Britain now range from twenty-five to thirty-five only a year, instead of a hundred and fifty and two hundred, which they formerly were. And what has been the result? Has the promised and expected diminution of crime taken place, in consequence of the increased certainty of punishment, and the almost total removal of all reasonable or conscientious scruples at being concerned in a prosecution? Quite the reverse. The prophecies and anticipations of the Liberal school have been falsified by the result. Crime, so far from declining, has signally increased; and its progress has never been so rapid as during the last fifteen years, when the lenity of its administration has been at its maximum. An inspection of the returns of serious crimes already given, will completely demonstrate this."

In support of any doctrine *facts* are better than *theory*. It is pleasant to argue against the penalty of death. There is something so revolting in the thought of depriving a fellow creature of life, that our nature remonstrates against it and revolts at the seeming cruelty, of depriving man of that we cannot give. But inexorable justice speaks for the blood of the murderer, the blood of the victim demands it,—and till an entire revolution in man's nature takes place so long must the law of blood for blood exist, as it has from Mosaic times. We award to His Excellency all the benefit of his argument against capital punishment;—but we never shall become a friend of the measure till he can make it appear that the safe-guards of existence, are stronger without the penalty of death than with it—that crime is diminished by lessening the severity of punishment and that humanity, and reason demands it.

"HADLEY"—a writer in the Amherst Express, says that Brooms can be transported from Hadley to Boston, via Palmer and the Western Railroad, $2,00 cheaper per 1000, than by way of the Northampton Railroad. The writer gives the facts in figures, and if he is correct in his team freightage, and the Express knowing the writer, has full confidence that he is, the difference is $2,15 cents in favor of the Palmer route. We present these facts that our friends North may not be unmindful of their interests. We can assure them that Palmer Depot is not only the most advisable place to take the ears, or freight their productions, but that they will find it much before Northampton for purchasing goods, and the transaction of all other business. They will find that in life and business, civility and good manners the Depot village is as superior to Northampton, as the agile pace of a city life is swifter than the swaddled step of "Sleepy Hollow."

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.—We devote a considerable portion of our paper to the publication of the Governor's Message, giving all that relates to our State financial affairs which exhibits them in a very flattering light. The parts of the Message excluded treat principally upon the tariff, capital punishment and Normal schools. It is unusually brief, very clear and some of its recommendations, are very good and we hope to see followed out by the Legislature.

He neglected to put his name to the document which is an unusual omission.

For the Palmer Sentinel.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Much pleasure was afforded me by the perusal of the 1st. number of the "Sentinel"—and I congratulate the subscribers to your interesting journal, whose names I trust will soon be *legion*, that they are so highly favored as to have so good a local paper for a small price. You have entered the newspaper arena to compete with some ten or twelve others now established in this flourishing county—and I am of the opinion, from the appearance of your first issue that you will do so *successfully*. My wishes that you may succeed you can *guess* at,—being Yankees.—In this yet very young and flourishing village it speaks well for them that sufficient inducement has been offered you to embark in your present enterprise—and I doubt not that their aid and support will always enable you, to speak well of them.

One other enterprise has been the subject of much conversation here, during the last week and that is the erecting of a meeting-house for religious worship, at *this* or some other place near by.

The question has not been "Can we have a Church with or without a *Bishop*" or a Church without a *steeple*?—but, "shall we build a meeting-house?" And the opinions upon this subject seem "*very various.*" I am not about to give you any advice in this matter but merely speak of it to call your attention, which yet may not have been arrested, to the subject and have *you* deal out to them some wholesome advice.

Shall it *long* be said that the fine village of "Palmer Depot," which supports *handsomely* four or five fine mercantile establishments, two large Hotels,—a large Foundry, Lawyers, Doctors, &c., &c.,—does not also support the stated, regular preaching of the Gospel? We well know it now can *truly* be said of it, and the only religious meeting I have heard of, as having been held here of late, was one by the "Mormon brethren" which unfortunately was disturbed by the appearance of an intoxicated human being—who had to be forcibly removed—leaving the brethren to lament the death of *poor* "Joe Smith" in quiet. Apropos of this—

Query? What has become of those 12 Mormon Elders who were not long since indicted by a Grand Jury, for being engaged in counterfeiting and circulating "American coin?" Do you hear the answer of *—echo?*

I trust the residents of this village will not long *slumber*, while the above question can only be answered as I have answered it—but that they will come out and manifest that liberality and enterprise in the matter, that all (or nearly all) New England villages boast of, and are justly celebrated for. As this meeting-house question has absorbed the entire attention of this community for the past week—of what else can you expect me to write?

The wires for Morse's Electro Magnetic Telegraph, have been quietly stretched on the poles by this place during the week, and I learn that the Springfield and Worcester section of the route, (from Boston to N. Y.) will be completed in about ten days—wind and weather permitting. And to finish the work and give a clue to the offspring of this epistle, a wild snow storm reached here to-day, which has sent every body into the house to busy themselves.—Thus you have the secret and only cause for the receipt of this heterogenous mess from your anonymous friend.

JOHN.

The Amherst Express in an article speaking of the direction the Railroad along the Connecticut River, has taken, and the natural, consequent diversion of trade from Boston to New York, says—

"It is not, indeed, too late for the Directors of the Western Railroad, or the Vermont and Massachusetts Road, to remedy the matter. It might be done in either of the following modes:—

1. If the Western Railroad were to send up a branch from Palmer through Belchertown, or from Jenksville through Ludlow and Granby, to Amherst, they would draw most of the business from this whole region, and in my opinion not a little even from the west side of Connecticut river, to Boston."

This is the first time we have seen the project of a Railroad from this place, to Amherst publicly announced—though it has been a subject considerably discussed, in private business circles. In the grand mania for Railroads in Massachusetts many will be constructed affording less prospect of profit and success than either of the above proposed routes. Independent of the bias of our location we should speak more encouragingly of the feasibility of a route from this through Thorndike, Bondville, and Belchertown to Amherst, than from Jenksville through Granby, not only in regard to the feasibility of constructing a road, but from the greater certainty of profit to the stockholders in consequence of the incalculable amount of freight, the new mills in Bondville and Thorndike erected, erecting and to be erected, would afford a road through these villages. We move that our Belchertown and Amherst friends agitate the question, till they are more than rewarded for the injustice done them and the citizens of Hadley, from the unwarrantable assumption and exercise of power by the Court of Common Pleas, in changing the location of the Valley Road, from the east to the west side of the Connecticut.

PALMER DEPOT.—This village, which has grown up around the Railroad station in Palmer with great rapidity, is one of the most beautiful and thriving little places we know of in this vicinity. The buildings are mostly new, are located with an eye to order and regularity, and as a general thing are very neat and tasty in their style of architecture. There is an air of business activity about the place also, which indicates that it is not of mere mushroom growth, like the thousand villages which spring up occasionally in various sections under the momentary fever of wild and uncertain speculation, to fall to dilapidation as the excitement that first produced them passes away. On the contrary there is every reason for the belief that the rapid growth of the place is fully warranted by its locality. There is already a press established there, from which the first paper was to have been issued yesterday, and efforts are making with every prospect of success, for the erection of a large and commodious church during the coming summer.—*Hampden Post.*

A little vanity prompts us to copy the foregoing complimentary paragraph of our village. We acknowledge its truth,—and have only to add, that so enterprising a village of its years,—one of so much trade, commercial business, life and activity does not exist elsewhere in New England. It is not four years since the first store building was erected in the place, there are now five, doing an incalculable business in general trade besides, shoe stores, merchant tailors, jewelers, a stove warehouse, &c., with a fair, certain prospect of additional shops the coming season. We have also two of the best Hotels, commodious and well kept in the country. There is a Foundry which engages from ten to fifteen men;—a Machine Shop for the manufacture of cotton machinery employing a like number, in fact the Depot *"is one of the most beautiful and thriving little places we know of in this vicinity;"* all that is wanting to make it almost a paradise, is summer weather, a *little less* pride on the part of some and more on the part of others, the devotional spirit of a Butler, and "the regular stated preaching of the Gospel."

SNOW.—We have not had any snow for three or four weeks, till last Friday night. The weather has been very mild and warm almost like Spring till the snow came, and then it set in, O, shivers how cold it was. Monday we believe, was the coldest day we have had this winter. We have not ascertained how the thermometer stood.—Our paper was frozen in the morning, and we could not work off our first side until it was thawed. Tuesday, the weather has moderated greatly.

FROM TEXAS.—The steamers Galveston Capt. Wright, and Alabama, Capt. Windle, arrived yesterday from Galveston, which port they left on the 7th inst., bringing papers up to the day of sailing.

Complete returns of the election had not been received. It is certain that General Henderson had been elected Governor, and there seems to be scarcely a doubt of the election of Gen. Darnell, as Lieut. Governor. In Robinson county, H. J. Jewett has been chosen Senator, W. L. Cook and G. W. Adamas, representatives. In Harris county, —— Brashear has been elected Senator. In Harris county, W. T. Scott has been elected Senator, and James McCown, Edward Clark and Spearman Holland, representatives.

Every part of the country, according to the accounts published in the papers, is fast realizing the benefits anticipated from annexation. Large numbers of emigrants were, it is said, daily arriving in Gonzales and the neighboring settlements, and the German settlement near Seguin was rapidly improving. Bexar is also said to be improving with rapidity, and to exhibit more evidences of prosperity than it has since the war. The trade of this town with the Mexicans of the Rio Grande, it is supposed will in a short time rival that of Corpus Christi.

Majors Chase and Ogden, of the United States engineer corps, had arrived in Galveston. The *News* says they have been ordered there, for the purpose of making a thorough survey of the whole coast of Texas. They were waiting the return of the cutter Woodbury to that port.

The Houston Telegraph states that a company of gentlemen of Mobile intend to establish a regular line of steam packets between that city and Galveston, connecting the line with Houston by a line of light draught boats, which, they expect, will in a great measure monopolize the conveying of emigrants, and will perhaps be employed in carrying the United States mail. —*N. O. Bulletin, Jan. 10.*

FROM MEXICO.—We gave some important details, in last evening's Union, from the New Orleans Picayune, (via Tampico) of the revolutionary movements in Mexico. We understand that these statements are substantially confirmed by the official accounts. A rumor has gone forth in the streets of Washington to-day, which these accounts do not confirm—viz.: that Mexico has declared war against the United States. War may ensue, but it has not yet been declared, as far as we are advised. Mexico may be mad enough to resort to this extremity, or to reject all our demands for justice, as they will probably be urged by Mr Slidell. The result of such a

course, on her part, may compel us to resort to more decisive measures for obtaining justice. We will not undertake to predict the result, but Mexico must be infatuated in her councils to resort to a species of policy which will call for some active measures on our part to obtain the settlement of our legitimate claims. We shall wait dispassionately, but with no little impatience, for the final result of the contemploted negotiation. The Senate has yet to act on the nomination—in all probability before any denouement can take place at Mexico.

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

GOOD STORY — AND A TRUE ONE.—A few pays since, a farmer and his wife from a neighboring town, came into Northampton to do a little shopping. Having never seen a railroad, they concluded to improve the opportunity, to gratify their curiosity, by visiting the Depot. So the farmer hitched his horse to one of the posts on shop row, and with his "better half" went down to the Depot,—surveyed the premises a little while, and then entered the passenger car, and quietly took a seat in one of its elegant *slips*. It was an elegant *meetin'us*, and the happy couple were highly delighted with their situation. Pretty soon the bell began to ring, and the people began to flock into *meeting*. Of course, there was nothing alarming in all that. So far *it seemed perfectly nat'ral as could be*; but the joys of life are *transient* and *fleeting*, as the worthy farmer and his spouse soon discovered; for they had not ceased to be astonished at the things their eyes beheld, when they found themselves moving with "*railroad speed*" towards Springfield! The "iron horse" was on a full run, and there was no stopping him; and so they contented themselves till they arrived at Cabotville where they stopped, with a view of returning in the afternoon train. In the mean time, they improved the opportunity to look at the wonders of the manufacturing establishments; and such was their interest in the marvellous exhibitions there, that before they had fully gratified their curiosity, the cars had left for Northampton! Of course, there was no other way to do, than wait for the evening train. They did so,—and arrived at Northampton safe and sound, at ten o'clock in the evening! They then proceeded to Shop-Row, and found *old dobbin* "at his post," just as they had left him!—*Hamp. Herald.*

A NEW WAY TO RAISE THE WIND.—One of the lawyers in Hillsborough county, N. H. has recently prosecuted several of the towns for neglecting to provide guideboards at the intersection of roads agreeably to the Revised Statutes. They are liable to a fine for each neglect, and we are sure from what we know of those roads that if he gets the fines he will make a fat job of it. Hillsborough county is not the only one, where such a speculation could be successfully carried on.—*Strafford Transcript.*

John Quincy Adams has written a letter to Dr Cox, against the use of tobacco. He says:

I have often wished that every individual of the human race afflicted with this artificial passion, could prevail upon himself to try but for three months the experiment which I have made! *sure that it would turn every acre of tobacco-land* into a wheat *field and add five years of longevity to the average of human life.*

Albert J. Tyrrel has written a letter to the editor of the New-Orleans Picayune, denying he ever attempted to commit suicide, or that he as any intention to do so, and protesting his innocence of the charge brought against him.

Messrs. Goodwin, of Canaan, Me., lost a span of horses by breaking through the ice on Lobster Pond, a few days since.

The clergy of Alabama have called a sabbath Convention, to be held in Mobile, on the 26th of February, 1846. Similar conventions have been called in other South-Western States.

It looks bad to see a man borrowing his neighbor's newspaper because he is too stingy to take one himself.

In a single century four thousand millions of human beings appear on the surface of the earth, act their busy parts, and sink back into its peaceful bosom.

The road ambition travels is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, and too dark for science.

There are three printers in the U. S. Senate, Messrs. Cameron, Westcott, and Niles.

In London a coal whipper testified that he and his wife had quarrelled, and parted *forever*, more than *twenty times*.

A Western genius has in contemplation an eight day clock, to run sixteen days, and give two quarts of milk daily.

WARM WALKING.—The following toast was given at a Western celebration, on the 4th of July, 1839. It can do no harm to repeat it in 1846.

"The wretch who would refuse to defend the liberties of his country—shod with lightning, may he be condemned to wander over a desert of gunpowder."

"Delays are dangerous," has been defined by a wag, who was the sufferer, to mean when practically applied, "*Delias are dangerous.*"

PREYING UPON OUR LAW MAKERS.—On Tuesday night a blue beaver cloth surtout was stolen from the Franklin House, the property of Zebulon Allen, Esq., representative from Nothfield. Mr Allen is the 3d member of the general court who has been robbed within the week. A few more such operations will have a tendency to incline the legislature to favor the project of meeting in some interior town, remote from the dangers of a large city.—*Post 15th.*

SENTIMENTAL—WERRY.—The following toast was recently given, by a young gentleman of high function, a scholar, and a man of different languages, at a Temperance supper in Ware:—

"*Florence Bonnets*—May they ever cover the faces of pretty girls."

Poor fellow! we *feel* for you, but we can't feel as bad as you do.

Among the ancient Romans there was a law kept inviolably—that no man should make a public feast, except he had before provided for all the poor of his neighborhood.

In its new dictionary the Sunday Mercury thus defines *critic*—a person who, having neither the talent nor genius for writing himself, condemns the work of others; one who finds it easy to pull down a magnificent temple, but lacks the gumption to put up a pig-pen.

Recollect, sir, said a tavern-keeper to a gentleman who was about leaving his house without paying his reckoning, recollect, sir, if you loose your purse, you didn't pull it out here!

DROWNED.—We learn by a slip from the Wilmington (Del.) Republican, that an accident of a fatal nature occurred on Wednesday evening, on Brandywine creek, about one mile and a half above the city, near Jones' old Snuff Mills. Four individuals were attempting to cross the Snuff Mill Dam in a small flat bottomed boat, when, on account of the great freshet, they were all drowned.

DREADFUL.—On Friday of last week, a Mrs Eaton, of Exeter, Me., was found by her husband, burnt almost to a cinder. Mr Eaton had been married but *twenty-four hours*, and having occasion to leave his house on business, returned in about three-fourths of an hour, and found his wife, whom he had just before left in good health and spirits, in the dreadful condition above described. She was but 19 years old. So says the Bangor Whig.

SANTA ANNA.—A correspondent of the Picayune says—The health of Santa Anna is good, but he seldom comes into Havana from his country residence, except when the steamer Vera Cruz is in the offing, when he comes in and waits with all a despot's impatience at the British Consuls', for his despatches, which, it is said, are neither few nor small in bulk.

A worthy carpenter in giving evidence in case of fraud, said that he *plane-ly saw* that the defendant's object was to *chisel* the plaintiff out of his property, etc., and for his part he liked "fair play and no *gouging*."

Which is the left wing of a turkey, Ned? Neither, Joe, if both are eaten.

It is rumored that Mr Gough will shortly change his vocation as a temperance lecturer to that of the Orthodox Congregational minister. He intends to spend the remainder of this winter in the South.

Thomas, indicted for the murder of Frederic Edwards, at Boonville, about a year ago, was recently tried at Chilcothe, and convicted of murder in the first degree. He was sentenced to be hung on the 4th of March next.

A poor inebriate having come to his death by intemperance, in a small village in Maine, four rumsellers were selected as bearers to carry him to the grave.

MONDAY, JANUARY 19—11 P. M.

Four Days Later From Europe.

Arrival of the Packet Liberty.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

By the arrival of the packet ship Liberty we have advices from Liverpool to Dec. 13th.

The news is important. The Peel Ministry has resigned, and a new Cabinet has been organized by Lord John Russell.

Parliament was prorogued to the 30th of December.

The price of cotton has advanced.

RESIGNATION OF THE MINISTRY.

From the London Herald, Dec. 12th.

Sir Robert Peel's Government is at an end. All the members of the Cabinet yesterday tendered their resignation, which her Majesty was pleased to accept.

It will be easily believed that we regret this determination on the part of her Majesty's advisers; but we should much more regret their unanimous determination to sacrifice the industry of the country by stripping it of all protection.

The important fact now announced proves how completely wrong the Times was when it stated that the Government had decided upon proposing to Parliament, as a Cabinet measure, the repeal of the Corn Laws.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

From the London Sun, Dec. 11.

Immediately upon the refusal of the Duke of Wellington, on Friday last, to carry out what he had agreed to do—namely, to propose a repeal of the Corn Laws in the House of Lords—it became apparent that resignation of office by Sir Robert Peel must follow. Lord John Russell was recommended to be sent for, and a messenger dispatched on Saturday last to command his attendance at Osborne House.—His arrival there was expected yesterday, and Sir Robert Peel expected to have met him. Sir Robert, however, returned last night without having seen Lord John.—This morning Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel had an interview of an hour's duration, after which Lord John Russell left town for Cowes. He had an audience of her Majesty, and has returned to town this evening, having had full power given him to form a government. He has sent for Lord Palmeston, and is taking, it is believed all the necessary steps to form an Admiuistration.

From the Liverpool Mail, Dec. 13,

The nation, by resignation of ministers, is in a much more serious dilemma than many seem to think. Sir Robert Peel, it is rumored, differs from the majority of his colleagues on a measure that touches the vitality of the country; and finding himself so situated, he throws up the reins of government and retires. The landed interest, as it is called, would have almost insurmountable difficulties in forming an administration to carry out their views.

Our opinion is, judging by the obscure light in which the defection is yet placed, that a dissolution of Parliament must be the result, followed immediately by a general election. In this case the nation at large will be called upon the great question at issue. Much inconvenience to many parties must ensue, particularly to those connected with railway bills; but we are far from believing that the inconvenience for delay for six or eight weeks, may not be salutary to the country generally.

LONDON CORN EXCHANGE, Dec. 12.—For the past week our market has been completely paralysed by the statements made in the Times as to the intention of ministers to propose an immediate repeal of the corn-laws. The trade is still kept in perfect suspense, in consequence of the resignation of ministers. In the late interval of absence of demand, almost all grain has lost value, but it is difficult to say to what extent, as sellers cannot promote business by any reasonable concession to buyers. We are, therefore, unable to make any other report than very great depression and the prices nominal.

Congress.

MONDAY, Jan. 12th.

In the Senate, Mr Fairfield, from the committee on Naval Affairs, reported a bill for providing ten steam vessels of war, five frigates, three sloops of war, and two smaller vessels; for repairing vessels in ordinary, and completing those on the stocks; for procuring ordnance and other supplies; for appropriating $5,600,000 for carrying this into effect; and for repealing the Act of '43, which limits the number of men in the naval service to 7,500.

The Joint Resolution in relation to Oregon was called up, and its further considerations postponed to the tenth of February.

The Senate then went into executive session.

Jan. 13.

Mr Allen gave notice of a Joint Resolution declaratory of the principles which governed the United States in regard to the interference of the European powers in the political affairs of independent American nations.

The House was engaged in receiving resolutions, reports, &c.

Jan. 17.

The Hon. Wm. Taylor of Va., died suddenly about 3 o'clock, this morning, at his lodgings in this city,—probably of disease of the heart.

In the House, Mr McConnell asked leave to introduce a bill to repeal the duties on salt and iron, but it was rejected.

Mr Dromgoole arose, and in an impressive manner announced the death of his colleague, Mr Taylor, of the Rockbridge District. The funeral will take place on Monday morning. The Senate did not sit to-day.—*Jour. Com.*

Massachusetts Legislature.

SENATE, Monday, Jan. 19.—The Senate was called to order at 11 o'clock. Prayer was offered and the journal read.

Various papers from the House were disposed of in concurrence.

A message was received from the Governor transmitting a communication from the Secretary of the Treasury designed to obtain the consent of the government of this State to the purchase of Governor's Island in Boston harbor, and a transfer of the jurisdiction of that island, with Lovell's and George's Island, in the same harbor, to the National Government.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—Monday, Jan. 19.—The House assembled at 11 o'clock; prayer by Rev. Amos Smith, Chaplain of the Senate.

Papers from the Senate were disposed of in concurrence.

The following were appointed as the Committee on the petition of the Western Railroad Coporation, viz.: Messrs. Ball of Boston, Byington of Stockbridge, Holmes of Fall River, Crawford of Oakham, and Bennett of Hubbardston.

On motion of Mr Taylor of Granby, it was ordered that the Select Joint Committee to whom was referred the petition of the town of Auburn for an amendment of the Constitution in regard to representation, be instructed to inquire into the expediency of so amending the third article of amendment of the Constitution of the Commonwealth, but a twelve months' residence in the Commonwealth, without the six months' residence in the town or city in which he claims the right to vote, shall be all the resident qualification necessary to constitute a voter for Governor and Lieutenant Governor of the Commonwealth; provided, however, that the claimant shall have taken up his abode in, or made the town or city in which he claims the right to vote, his place of residence.

At 25 minutes before one, on motion of Mr French of North Bridgewater, the House adjourned.

Palmer Depot Prices Current.

Flour,	$6 00 a 6 50
Rye and Corn,	83
Oats,	40 a 42
Butter,	18 a
Lard,	8 a 10
Eggs,	1 shil. doz.

Brighton Market.—*Monday, Jan. 19.*

[Reported for the Daily Advertiser.

At Market 350 Beef Cattle, 250 Sheep, and 50 Swine. 70 Beef Cattle unsold.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—A small advance only was effected. We quote extra 5 25 a 5 37 1-2; first quality 4 75 a 5; second 4 25 a 4 50; third 3 50 a $4.

Sheep—Sales at 1 50, 2 25, $3, and 4 50.

Swine—No lots sold. At retail from 4 1-2 to 6c.

HUNT'S LINIMENT.—This invaluable Remedy of the many "ills that flesh is heir to," continues to shed its untold benefits upon all classes of society. We have seen a Certificate from some of the most respectable, intelligent, and influential citizens of the county af Westchester, where the Proprietor resides, who are above all attempts to deceive or mislead the public in reference to any medicine, remedy, or preparation; and as this testimony is at once spontaneous and uniform in commending this truly excellent medicine, for Rheumatism, and various other diseases named in the advertisement, there can no longer be a reasonable doubt entertained of its extraordinary success and triumph over the maladies in question. It is to be had in this place of

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

MARRIAGES.

In Springfield, 14th inst. by Rev. E. Russell, Mr Milo Chapin to Miss Thirza Morris, daughter of Dr. D. Ufford, all of S.

In Monson, Dec. 26th, Francis A. Morley to Miss Dorcas Smith, both of Feeding-Hills.

In Springfield, on the 15th inst by the Rev. Mr Russell, Mr David S. Raddock, Printer, to Miss Mary Hawkins, daughter of Mr John Hawkins of S.

DEATHS.

In Feeding-Hills, Jan. 9th, Mrs Julia Maria, wife of George Dewey, aged 37.

In Amherst, Jan. 5, an infant son of Mr Charles Parmalee, aged 5 days. The infant was of remarkable size, weighing at its birth fifteen and a half pounds.

TAILORING.

Gentlemen! do you wish for a good and genteel

Fashionable Garment,

Please call on your old friend

THEODORE DENEKE,

MONSON CENTRE, MASS. 2-4†

VALUABLE REMEDY.

HUNT'S LINIMENT.

THIS CELEBRATED EXTERNAL REMEDY for the cure of Rheumatism, Cramps, Affections of the Spine, Pains in the Back and Chest, Swelled Limbs, Croup, Ague in the Face, Tooth-Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Issues, Ulcerated Sores, Salt Rheum, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Weakness in the Ankles, Nervous Diseases, Contraction of the Muscles, Burns, Corns, and Frosted Feet, is now almost universally acknowledged to be one of the Wonders of the World, and the BEST EXTERNAL REMEDY NOW KNOWN. And as a proof of the great celebrity which this remedy has attained, the following certificate, from gentlemen of the highest respectability, is offered. There has never yet been discovered an external remedy which has proved so universally successful in all cases where it has been applied.

SING, SING, May 18, 1845.

We, the undersigned, do certify that we have used Mr George E. Stanton's External Remedy, called HUNT'S LINIMENT, and have proved it to be fully equal to the character it gives it. Its healing properties are truly extraordinary; and we most confidently recommend it as one of the safest and most certain external remedies that has yet been discovered.

Caleb Roscoe, Editor Westchester Herald.
Isaac Birdsall, Inspector M. P. State Prison.
Albert Lockwood, Judge Court Common Pleas.
James Locke, the extensive Horticulturist.
James B. Swain, Editor H. R. Chronicle.
M. Churchill, Principal of the celebrated Boarding School for Boys.
Samuel F. Reynolds, Supreme Court Commissioner.
R. R. Yoris, District Attorney.
Theodosius Clark, Pastor M. E. Church.
Robert Wiltse, late Agent M. P. State Prison.
Aaron Ward, late Member of Congress.
Munson L. Lockwood, Clerk of the County.
Wm. H. Feck, Agent M. P. State Prison.
B. C. Morse, Pastor of the Baptist Church.

Benjamin Moore,	Samuel Trowbridge,
Abraham Kipp,	Pierre Van Cortland,
Stephen Marshall,	Abraham Miller,
John Stran,	Gilbert Miller,
Philip G. Yan Wack,	Edmund Blunt,
Benjamin Washburn.	

The following letter from the highly eminent Physician which has been attached to the Mount Pleasant State Prison for many years, is the best evidence of the value of this celebrated Liniment:—

SING SING, Dec. 26, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR—I received your note of yesterday, asking my opinion in relation to Hunt's Liniment, as prepared by Mr George E. Stanton. Knowing its composition, and having frequently used it, I can commend it to you as a safe External Remedy, and, in my opinion, the best Liniment now in use

Very truly and respectfully yours,
A. K. HOFFMAN, M. D.

Col. Pierre Van Cortland, Croton Manor.
I fully concur in the above opinion,
WM. N. BELCHER, M. D.

☞ Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all the principal Druggists and store-keepers throughout the country.

CAUTION.—Although this External Remedy has been but a short time before the public, counterfeiters have deemed it worth while to palm off a base and worthless article as the genuine. Be sure that each bottle has stamped on it the following: "Hunt's Liniment, prepared and sold by G. E. Stanton, Sing-Sing, N. Y." None other is genuine.

GEORGE E. STANTON.

Sing-Sing, June 5, 1845. 2-1y

AGENTS.—G. W. Callener, East Longmeadow; Samuel Leach, Wilbraham; Shaw & Chapman, So. Wilbraham; Norcross & Converse, Monson; J. C. Royce & Co. Wales; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; D. F. McGilvray & Co. Palmer Depot.

DR. TAYLOR'S

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 Bowery New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates.

NEW YORK, March, 6, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy publicly to state, for the information of every body, the wonderful effects of your TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT, 375 Bowery, on myself. About five years since, all my acquaintances about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being cured, I was so much relieved by it. In my case it acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well, and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery, and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the Democratic Advocate, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly, A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured entirely by one bottle of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) ISAAC P. BALDWIN.

Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.
H. C. TOWNER, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which age had materially impaired, felt that I could not much longer baffle the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those why are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARRET.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly, J. & A. SNYDER.

N. B. Price reduced. Large bottles, $1.50—small bottles, $1.00.

Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Nye, Belchertown; W. N. Packard, Monson. 1y1

NOTICE.

I HEREBY certify that I have given my son Amasa P. Holden his time, and shall hereafter claim none of his earnings, nor pay any debts of his contracting. AMASA HOLDEN.

Palmer, Jan. 14, 1846. 2-3t

Shaving Soap.

HALE'S Celebrated New York Almond Shaving Soap, for sale by McGILVRAY & CO.

A. BLODGETT,

Watch Maker and Jeweler,

3 DOORS WEST OF THE PALMER HOTEL,

North side of the Railroad,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Watches and Clocks of all kinds carefully repaired and warranted.

JOHN BOWLES,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

BOOTS, SHOES, LEATHER,

—and—

Ready made Clothing, &c., &c.

All of which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest, and as good as the best.

N. B. All those indebted to the subscriber, will please call at the Captain's office and settle. Palmer Depot Post Office.

Jan. 12, 1846.

J. D. BARBER,

Fashionable Tailor,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.

Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Garment is to be made out of the shop.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

J. S. & C. D. BAILEY,

—Dealers in—

JAPANNED & BRITANNIA WARE,

Stoves, Stove Pipe, Pumps and Zinc.

ALSO, MANUFACTURERS OF

Tin, Sheet Iron & Copper Ware.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846.

JOSEPH HODGES,

LAND SURVEYOR,

Near the River Bridge, between the Depot and Three Rivers,

PALMER, MASS.

Salt.

TURK'S ISLAND, Liverpool and Dairy Salt, for sale at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Flour.

200 BBLS. Genesee Flour of the best brands, for sale at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Fresh Oysters!

Direct from New Haven by Railroad Express!

CONSTANTLY on hand, and furnished in any quantity at the lowest prices, by A. BLODGETT.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 14, 1846.

MUFFS and other Furs are selling at the depot store, at the manufacturer's prices. McGILVRAY & CO.

Wanted!

IN exchange for goods or cash,
1000 bushels Corn;
1000 " Rye;
3000 " Oats;
for which the highest prices will be paid. McGILVRAY & CO.

Boots.

THICK and thin Boots, and Brogans, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & Co.

Sugars.

BROWN HAVANNA, St. Croix, Forte Rico, New Orleans, Lump and Crushed Sugars, for sale at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Molasses.

12 HHDS. superior Molasses, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

500 GALLS. Eng. Linseed Oil, for sale at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

White Lead.

GROUND AND DRY in various qualities, for sale at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

3000 LBS. TOBACCO, of the most approved brands, for sale by McGILVRAY & CO.

Glass.

WINDOW GLASS of nearly all sizes and qualities, for sale at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

50 China Tea Setts.

OF new styles, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office, at Palmer Depot, January 1st. 1846.

Adams Jacob A 2	Lamb Philip
Burbank George H	Leland Josiah 2
Brennan Michael 2	Lisbon Henrietta
Beasor Mr	Merrick Eli M
Bliss Gideon	Moore Harry
Ballou Welcome	Moore Mr
Baldwin Matthew	Mason Maria
Burbank George A	Moulton Daniel E
Bassett Austin	Nutting Isaac
Bridgman Erastus	Palmer Rosanah
Crowley Dennis	Phipps Selinda
Canterbury Mary	Roche Michael
Colgrove David	Reagin Rick
Collins Franklin	Stanford Sarah
Fleming S C	St. John Orson
Gordon Charles	Smith Austin
Hale Franklin	Smith Moses
Hale H G 2	Stimpson Noah
Henry Marcis L	Thayer Arnold
Hancock Eliphalet	Trumbull Louisa
Hastings Chester	Truesdell Pearly
Houghton Eli	Wood Mary 2
Kellog Elliot E.	Woodward A C

N. B. Persons calling for any of the above letters, please say *Advertised.*

JOHN BOWLES, P. M.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE undersigned grateful for the past liberal patronage which they here acknowledge to have received at the hands of the public, are happy in again announcing that their

STOCK OF MERCHANDISE

is complete, and they are now as ever, ready to sell Goods at such prices as will enable them to sustain the reputation they have already secured to themselves by selling Goods *cheap*. It is not their purpose to assert that they will sell Goods less than any other concern, but nevertheless *know* that they possess facilities for selling some goods which others do not. Keeping as they do almost every article that the people require and getting a small advance on each article sold, affords them ample remuneration for their sevices, at the same time operating beneficially to the purchaser. Another thing which is very essential, which should also be taken into consideration, our goods have all been purchased during the past four months, and as every one must be aware that many goods are much lower than they formerly have been, it becomes an incontrovertible fact that they can afford to sell at much less prices, than those who having already a stock on hand so large as will not admit of an extension at this season of the year, consequently have not availed themselves of these extra advantages. We do not pretend to say but that others are in many respects able to compete with us on prices. But at present we have confidence to believe that we can offer as great inducements to the community for trade as any other House in the country, and all who may favor us with a call are assured that they will not go away dissatisfied. For particulars see our advertisements.

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846.

Depot Cabinet Warehouse.

THE subscriber would inform his patrons that he still continues to manufacture all kinds of Cabinet Ware, and would invite all those about to purchase any article in his line to call and examine his assortment. Among which are the following—

Grecian, Work, Card, Centre & Dining

Tables; Work, Wash and Light Stands; Grecian, French and Common Bureaus; French and Common Bedsteads; Grecian, Cane and Wood seat Chairs, &c., &c. His Furniture is of the best

MATERIALS AND WORKMANSHIP,

and his prices will be found to be as low as at any other establishment in the county. Call ann examine and satisfy yourselves.

Thankful for the liberal patronage with which he has thus far been favored, would solicit a continuance of the same.

N. B. All kinds of Job Work done at short notice. A. H. LONGLEY.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846.

Depot Store.

THE subscribers have recently received some very rich and beautiful styles of shaded Ombres, M. de Laines, to which the special attention of the Ladies is invited. The above recent arrivals together with our former stock comprises as extensive an assortment of

New and Fashionable Dress Goods,

as can be found at any other Mercantile establishment. In addition to the above we have all the requisite trimmings, such as Velvet Ribbons, Gimps, Fringes, &c., &c.

Our stock of Prints is among the largest in the country—all of which are new and desirable and will be sold on the most favorable terms. A large invoice of Shawls—comprising some very rich wrought and printed Cashmere, Robroy, Girondle, and other shawls—which we are enabled to sell at much less prices than ever before offered in this market.

Our stock of Alpaccas, Orleans Cloths, Alpines, Robroys, is large and will be sold at a great reduction from former prices.

HOSIERY, GLOVES, MITTS, LADIES' and Gents.' Fancy Cravats, Scarfs—Rich Bonnet Cap and Taffata Ribbons—Tabs, Artificial Flowers, &c.—Broad and narrow Linen, Lisle and Cambric Edgings, White Goods, &c., &c.

Brown and Bleached Sheetings, Shirtings, Tickings, Burlaps, Furnitures, Counterpanes, &c.

To our stock of Woolens we solicit the attention of all Gents. who have not yet supplied themselves with Garments—as we have now on hand

A LARGE ASSORTMENT,

all of which we will sell until the opening of Spring, at a very small advance from cost.

Carpetings, Rugs, Dockings, &c.

A very extensive variety constantly in store at a very small advance from cost, and we pledge ourselves that we purchase on as good terms as any other HOUSE.

To those persons commencing house-keeping we have to say that our facilities for selling all furnishing Goods, is second to none in Hampden or Worcester Counties. D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846.

FRESH TEAS.

YOUNG and Old Hyson, Ningyong, Souchong, Hyson Skin and other Teas of the best qualities, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

GRAIN.

CORN, Rye and Oats, for sale at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

RAISINS.

BOX AND CASK RAISINS, of nice quality, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

COFFEE.

OLD JAVA, St. Domingo, Portocabello, Ground and unground Coffee, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

ard.

FRESH LARD and Lard Oil, for sale at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Fish.

PRIME Salmon, Mackerel, Halibut, Sword and Cod Fish, for sale at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Spices.

CITRON, Mace, Nutmegs, Cinnamon and other spices, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Nails.

OLD COLONY, Weymouth and Boston Nails—in assorted sizes, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

2 HUNDRED bushels White Beans, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

200 PRS. LADIES' KID SHOES, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

300 Hundred Doz. Kimball's

SPOOL THREAD, of 200 yds. each—for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

BUCK WHEAT FLOUR, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

POETRY.

From the Ladies' Companion.

THE SAILOR BOY'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

Alas! why did I leave
My pleasant home
A wanderer o'er the waves,
Afar to roam?

Ah! why was I the first
To rend apart
Those household ties that long
Bound heart to heart.

'Tis night; the waves are round,
The sky above,
Whence the bright stars look down
On those I love;

On those whose fondest thoughts
Will still be given
To me, whene'r they lift
Their hearts to Heaven.

For this yon beaming stars
Seem friends to me,
But soon on distant seas
My course will be—

Seas where a stranger host
Will meet my gaze,
That ne'er on those I love,
Poured their soft rays.

Then will there nought be left
Save mem'ry's chain,
To link my thoughts with those
Beyond the main;

But many a lovely flower,
Unheeded when
I mingled joys with them,
Will bloom again.

The sunny places where
The violet
Nestled amid the grass,
With dew still wet—

The fount, the mossy rock,
The old oak tree,
Will, in my night-watch, oft
Come back to me.

Oh for one hour with those
I left behind,
Whose voices in the night,
Borne on the wind,

Like the low wind-harp's notes
Oft seem to come,
Wafted from flowery fields,
Near by home.

Why did I leave the fount,
The rock, the tree—
The glades where wild-flowers bloomed,
And roved the bee?

Why did I leave my home,
And those I love,
O'er the wild, pathless sea,
Afar to rove?

HUMOROUS.

A coquette was once declaring the ladies ought to graduate as well as the other sex. To which a gentleman replied, "In that case, madam, you would probably take the degree of *mistress of arts*."

"Are you fond of tongue, sir?" "I was always fond of tongue, madam, and like it *still*."

"Say, Sam Jonsing! you're a literatum nigga, answer me dis. Why is apples like printer's type? Ah, you unenlightened brack man; it's coz they're offen in pie.—Yah, yah, yah!"

MODERATION AND ACCOMMODATION.—A physician of bath, (Eng.) was lately complaining in a coffee-house in that city, that he had three fine daughters, to whom he should give ten thousand pounds each, and yet he could find nobody to marry them.—"With your *love*, doctor," said an Irishman who was present, stepping up, and making a very respectful bow, "I'll take *two* of them!"

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.—Prentice, the Louisville wag, says, that another editor teazes him with questions, and then calls him a "*brandy barrel!*" "If he thinks so of us," retorts Prentice, "no wonder he's so fond of *pumping* us."

FEELING AND POLITENESS.—The New Orleans Advertiser tells us that a young widow there, being asked after her husband's health, answered smiling, "He is dead, I thank you."

YANKEE WIT.—A "notion seller" was offering Yankee clocks, finely varnished and gaudily colored, and with a looking glass front, to some one not remarkable for personal charms. "Why, it's beautiful," said the vender. "Beautiful, indeed! a look at it almost frightens me!" "Then, mister," replied Jonathan, "guess you'd better buy one that ha'nt got no looking glass."

REPARTEE.—"What can be more uncertain than the females!" sighed a jilted lover. "The *mails*," replies the editor of the New Yorker.

A LADY'S EYES.—"I live in Julia's eyes," said an affectionate dandy in Colman's hearing. "I don't wonder at it," replied George, "since I observed she had a *stye* in them when I saw her last!"

POETRY.—An English punster being asked why the best poets were obliged to write prose answered, "Because poetry is *prose-scribed*."

It is proposed by a certain "observer of the times," to have the laws printed on India rubber paper, so that they can be stretched a bit when a culprit is to be hauled over the coals.

AGRICULTURAL.

Garget in Cows.

This is a disease affecting the udders of cows. It appears to be caused by milk remaining too long in the bag, which becoming coadjutated there, produces inflammation and swellings, with hard tubercles. If not counteracted, ulceration ensues, and the disease results in a greater or less permanent injury to the bag. In most cases it affects at first but one teat, or one quarter of the bag only, the use of which is frequently lost; in other instances the injury extends to one-half, and sometimes to the whole udder, destroying the secretive glands. Great milkers are most subject to it, though it is thought to be more common in some districts than others. If this is so, it may be owing to the nature of the herbage—some plants necessary to the health of the cow may be wanting. It is a common belief in many parts of the country, that the poke-weed, sometimes called "cocum," and in some sections, "garget," is a complete antidote to this disease. It is certain that cows which have free access to this plant, will sometimes eat the tender shoots and leaves; and this may account for the fact that cows are, (so far as our observation extends,) comparatively exempt from garget in districts where poke-weed grows spontaneously.

As a medicine for cows affected with garget, we have never known anything so good as the root of poke-weed. It may be given by being cut in small pieces and fed to the cow mixed with meal or bran; or it may be given by splitting a potatoe, (a long one is preferable,) putting a thin piece of the root between the two halves, and letting the cow take the whole together from the hand. A couple of ounces of the fresh root may be given to a cow per day without injury, and in the early stages of the disease, two or three doses in connection with proper milking, and bathing the bag, (if much inflamed,) with cold water, will generally effect a visible change for the better.

In sections where from frost and snow it would be difficult to get the root in the winter season, a supply should be dug in the fall, cut in pieces and dried.

In some cases much good has been derived from a seton or rowel, made by inserting a piece of poke-root in the dew lap, just in front of the brisket. An incision an inch or two in length, is made with a knife through the pendant skin, the folds of which are then separated in a downward direction, with a stick of hard wood of the size of the little finger, having a round and rather blunt point, and a piece of the root, as large as opening will admit, is pushed in. The contraction of the skin will generally be sufficient to hold it, but a single stitch with a strong needle and thread, will be sure to keep it from coming out. In a short time the seton will occasion a large swelling, from which, if it is properly kept open, there will be discharged a considerable quantity of matter; and this seldom fails to relieve the bag, provided inflammation has not already proceeded so far in that organ that suppuration has commenced.

Our venerable correspondent, 'O. P.' of Stockbridge, Mass., mentions a case of garget or "swelled bag" in a heifer, which was cured by giving poke-root tea. Describing the case he says—"that the bag was so tender that she would not let the calf suck—she would not eat the cocummess—and all attempts to relieve her were, or seemed impracticable, and she was given over as a loss. I ordered 1 1-2 ounce of cocum boiled awhile in 1 1-2 pailful of water. A cooled pailful was set in the manger, saying 'drink or die.' The second day she drank it, and the third day she drank another pailful from the same root; and this was all that was done for her.—Before she finished the cocum, she seemed pleased to have the calf nose her bag, and she made a noble cow."

In cases where poke-root could not be had, we have used other remedies. If the inflammation was severe, we had recourse to bleeding, and giving at the same time a good dose of glauber salts. After this, we have given about half a table spoonful of saltpetre every alternate day, for six or eight days, in a mess of meal or bran—taking strict care always that the milk was entirely drawn off.

Mr Youatt recommends thoroughly rubbing the bag with the following ointment:

"Rub down an ounce of camphor, having poured a teaspoonful of spirit of wine upon it; add an ounce of mercurial ointment, and half a pound of elder ointment, and well incorporate them together. Let this be applied after every milking, the udder being well fermented with warm water, and the remains of the ointment washed off before the next milking."

We have spoken above, of bathing the bag with cold water to reduce the swelling, but if mercurial preparations are applied, warm water must be used.—*Albany Cultivator.*

CARROT CROP.—Mr Levi Hitchcock of Williamsburgh, Mass., raised the past season, on 20 rods of ground, 80 bushels of Carrots, weighing, after having been washed and dried, 54 lbs. to the bushel—being equal to 640 bushels, and, in weight, to 17 tons 560 lbs. to the acre—a return quite equal to the profits of manufactories.

Who was the first unfortunate speculator? Jonah, for he got *sucked in*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Book Keeping;

OR, THE RICH MAN IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

We are indebted to a friend for the following authentic anecdote of an old New York merchant, whose name, were we permitted to speak it, would sound familiarly in the ears of many of our metropolitan readers:—

In old times it was the custom of the merchants of the city of New York to keep their accounts in pounds, shillings, and pence currency. About fifty years ago a frugal, industrious Scotch merchant, well known in the then small mercantile community of that city, had by dint of fortunate commercial adventure, and economy, been able to save something like four thousand pounds,—a considerable sum of money at that period, and one which secured to its possessor an enviable degree of independence. His place of business and residence were, as was customary at that time, under the same roof. He had a clerk in his employment whose reputation as an accountant inspired the utmost confidence of his master, whose frugal habits he emulated with the true spirit and feeling of a genuine Caledonian. It was usual for the accountant to make an annual balance sheet for the inspection of his master, in order that he might see what had been the profits of his business the past year. On this occasion the balance sheet showed to the credit of the business six thousand pounds, which somewhat astonished the incredulous merchant.

"It canna be," said he, "You had better count up agen. I dinna think I ha had sae profitable a beesness as this represents."

The clerk with his usual patience re-examined the statement, and declared that it was "a' right," and that he was willing to wager his salary upon his correctness.

The somewhat puzzled merchant scratched his head with surprise, and commenced adding up both sides of the account for himself. It proved right.

"I did na think," said he, "that I was worth over four thousand poonds; but ye ha' made me a much richer man. Weel, weel, I ma' ha been more successful than I had tho't, and I'll na' quarrel wi' mysel' for being worth sax thousand instead."

At early candle light the store was regularly shut by the faithful accountant; and as soon as he had gone, the sorely-perplexed and incredulous merchant commenced the painful task of going over and examining all the accounts for himself. Night after night did he labor in his solitary counting house, to look for an error; but every examination confirmed the correctness of the clerk, until the old Scotchman began to believe it possible that he was really worth "sax thousand poonds." Stimulated by this addition to his wealth, he soon felt a desire to improve the condition of his household, and with that view, made purchase of new furniture, carpets, and other elegancies, consistent with the position of a man possessing the large fortune of six thousand pounds. Painters and carpenters were set to work to tear down and build up; and in a short time the gloomy-looking residence in Stone street was renovated to such a degree as to attract the curiosity and envy of all his neighbors.—The doubts of the man, however, would still obtrude themselves upon the mind, and he determined once more to make a thorough examination of his accounts.

On a dark and stormy night he commenced his labors with the patient, investigating spirit of a man determined to probe the matter to the very bottom. It was past the hour of midnight, yet he had not been able to detect a single error; but still he went on. His heart beat high with hope, for he had nearly reached the end of his labor. A quick suspicion seized his mind as to one item in the account. *Eureka!* He had found it! with the frenzy of a madman, he drew his broad brimmed white hat over his eyes, and rushed into the street. The rain and storm were nothing to him. He hurried to the residence of his clerk in Wall street, reached the door, and seized the handle of the huge knocker, with which he rapped until the neighborhood was aroused with the "loud alarm."

The unfortunate clerk poked his night cap out of an upper window, and demanded, "Who's there?"

"It's me, ye dom scoundrel!" said the frenzied merchant, "*ye've added the year of our Laird among the poonds!*"

East India Saw.

In so simple an instrument as this, one would have wondered if we had not already arrived at the desideratum of useful perfection. In India, it seems, the saw is made so as to cut while drawn towards the operator, instead of when pushed from him. This construction will have two advantages over our method.

1. It can be used with more efficient force; for, it is well known, that the strength of a man in pulling towards him, is much superior to that which he can exert in pushing.

2. It can be used with greater velocity, without bending, which will not arise from pulling, but which will happen in pushing it, where the greatest force is required in that portion of the operation. So much for theory; and we do not believe the theory incorrect. At least we recommend the trial; and if mechanics have not faith enough to warrant the construction of new saws on this principle, why they can at least fix the handles of their old saws on the other end, and so use them for experiment's sake.

It will be seen that this saw is more particularly applicable in sawing where the work is on a level with or above the arms of the operator; for in this case the pull is most effective, and the thrust, on the contrary, weakest.—*Boston Mechanic.*

The Boy and the Man.

A PROTRAIT FROM THE CROWD.

We always refer with pleasure to cases of worldly success, when they result from merit, industry, and perseverance. Such illustrations of the movements of life, of the fruits of energy, are well calculated to be brought forward as incentives and examples, as inducements to others to do likewise, with reference to the proper exhibition of the better qualities of our nature, and in the hope of accomplishing objects equally satisfactory. A word of encouragement is sometimes pregnant with mighty consequences to the fortunes of an individual. Hope and consolation whispered in the ears of persons apparently in the last agonies of death, have frequently, if we may be allowed the expression, rekindled the flame of mortal existence, and thus led to convalescence and full recovery. So also a well timed remark, and indication of sympathy, however trifling, an instance of happy results from commendable conduct, is frequently the cause of new efforts on the part of the dispirited and desponding, and they are thus saved, and induced to try again, even in the very moment of despair. When, then, still more forcible cases can be singled out—when we can point to instances in which the poor but enterprising and the ambitious have struggled and broken loose from the early difficulties which too often surround the indigent and the friendless, and attained position, influence, character and wealth—the lesson is a most valuable one. This train of thought passed through our mind a day or two ago, as we stood in Chestnut street and listened to one of our most estimable citizens, who is yet a young man, comparatively speaking, give directions to a builder in relation to a new and splendid store. The past flashed upon us like a vivid dream. Before us was an illustration of the value of worth, integrity and active business habits. The individual referred to is now the head of one of the most flourishing establishments in Philadelphia, and is the possessor of a large fortune. A few years back, and he was a poor orphan boy. We remember him well. Ever cheerful in spirit, and kindly in heart, he won many friends, even in childhood. As he increased in frame, with advancing years, he was induced, possibly, by the necessities of his situation, to accept a humble situation in an extensive mercantile house. His salary was small, but it was enough for his purpose at the time, and he devoted himself to the business of his employer with a degree of zeal and assiduity truly commendable.—Prompt, courteous and untiring, no duty was neglected, and while he informed himself thoroughly as to all the requirements of his position, he made himself not only useful, but in the course of a year or two, almost indispensable. Before he had attained the age of manhood, he had acquired for himself the character of being a first rate business man. He was amiable, gentlemanly and faithful, and at the same time active, gentle and efficient. These, we need scarcely inform the reader, are important qualities—qualities which are too seldom combined in the same individual.—Such was the condition of affairs, when the principal of a leading commercial house determined to retire from business, and to place his large stock and immense mercantile operations in the hands of his son.—But the health of this son was feeble, and and had been for many years; and the father being a man of experience in the world, immediately conceived the idea of selecting a partner—one who possessed the right qualities, and who was competent to assume the responsibilities of so heavy an establishment. He had, more than once, in the course of business, had his attention drawn to the many good qualities of the subject of our sketch; but inasmuch as he had a son of his own, his attention was not particularly engaged.

When, however, he determined to retire, and began to look about for an associate for his son, the image of our fatherless boy immediately presented itself to his mind. True, he was yet quite young, not more than twenty years of age, but on reflecting upon the subject and reviewing all the facts, he seemed to be just the individual, and the old merchant determined to make him the offer. It was accepted promptly, cheerfully, gratefully. The responsibilities were recognized at a glance, but they were assumed as calmly as possible. The partnership was entered into and announced to the world. The reputation of the firm now extends throughout the Union.—A more flourishing house, or a more honorable one cannot be found within the limits of Philadelphia. In this case, indeed, the boy has been father to the man. The habits of early life have been strengthened and matured, and the lad who, in his humble position, won friends by his cheerful looks, courteous words, vigilance and worth, is now cherished, esteemed an beloved as one of the most valuable citizens of Philadelphia.

This hasty sketch is not without its moral. Like causes produce like effects.—Start well and properly in youth—let the foundation of character be based in moral principle and business rectitude, and the result will not only afford happiness in this life, but prove a resource of cheering hope as relates to the world to come.—*Saturday Courier.*

Want of Confidence.

A little Frenchman loaned a merchant five thousand dollars when "the times were good." He called at the counting-house, a few years ago, in a state of agitation not easily described.

"How do you do?" inquired the merchant.

"Sick—ver sick," replied monsieur.

"What's the matter?"

"De times is de matter."

"*Detimes?*—what disease is that?"

"De malaide vat break all de marchants, ver much."

"Ah—the times, eh?—well, they are bad, very bad, sure enough; but how do they effect you?"

"Vy, monsieur, I lose de confidance."

"In whom?"

"In everybody."

"Not in me, I hope?"

"Pardonnez moi, monsieur; but I do not know who to trust at present, when all de marchants break several times, all to pieces."

"Then I presume you want your money?"

"Oui, monsieur, I starve for want of *l'argent*."

"Can't you do without it?"

"No, monsieur, I must have him."

"You must?"

"Oui, monsieur," said little dimity-breeches, turning pale with apprehension for the safety of his money.

"And you can't do without it?"

"No, monsieur, not von other lettle moment longare."

The merchant reached his bank-book—drew a check on the bank for the amount, and handed it to his visiter.

"Vat is dis, monsieur?"

"A check for five thousand dollars, with the interest."

"Is it bon?" said the Frenchman, with amazement.

"Certainly."

"Have you *de l'argent* in the bank?"

"Yes."

"And it is parfaitement convenient to pay de sum?"

"Undoubtedly. What astonishes you?"

"Vy, dat you have got him in dees times."

"Oh, yes, and I have plenty more. I owe nothing that I cannot pay at a moment's notice."

The Frenchman was perplexed.

"Monsieur, you shall do me one leetle favor, eh?"

"With all my heart."

"Vell, monsieur, you shall keep *de l'argent* for some leetle year longer."

"Why, I thought you wanted it."

"*Tout au contraire.* I no vant *de l'argent*—I want de grand confidance. Suppose you no got de money, den I vant him ver much—suppose you got him, den I no vant him at all. *Vous comprenez*, eh?"

After some further conference, the little Frenchman prevailed upon the merchant to retain the money, and left the counting-house with a light heart, and a countenance very different from the one he wore when he entered. His confidence was restored, and although he did not stand in need of the money, he wished to know that his property was in safe hands.

This little sketch has a moral, which the reader will do me the favor to explain for himself.

Weight of Great Characters.

On the ninth of August, 1783, the following persons were weighed at West Point:—George Washington, two hundred and nine pounds; General Lincoln, two hundred and twenty-four; General Knox, one hundred and eighty; General Huntington, one hundred and thirty-two; General Greaton, one hundred and sixty-six; Colonel Swift, two hundred and nineteen; Colonel Michael Jackson, two-hundred and fifty-two; Colonel Henry Jackson, two hundred and thirty-eight: Lieut. Colonel Huntington, two hundred and thirty-two; Lieut.-Colonel Cobb, one hundred and eighty-six; Lieut.-Colonel Humphreys, two hundred and twenty-one. It will be observed that the average weight of the eleven distinguished persons is two hundred and fourteen pounds, which will, probably, be found to exceed that of an equal number of any other nation.

WHISKERS.—"I cannot imagine," said Alderman H. "why my whiskers should turn gray so much sooner than the hair on my head." "Because you have worked so much more with your jaws than your brains," observed a wag.

BOSTON NOTIONS.—It is computed by Doctor Jackson, from an analysis of the water of Boston, that the citizens drink, annually, lime enough to make a column of marble, two feet in diameter, and forty-feet long.

As the heart thaws out things imbedded in ice, so does love unlock the secrets of the heart.

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OUR ELEGANT PARIS FASHION PLATES.

The splendid fashion plates, with which we shall adorn each number of "Graham" for 1846, have already awakened the jealousy of out contemporaries, and they show their annoyance by all manner of torture of the word PARIS. It seems to be both a charm and a bane to them. We have only to say that our December number contains a specimen of what "Our Paris Fashions" are and will be, and we must trust the eyes of the public to detect the superior value of these, "designed, engraved, printed and colored at the head quarters of the fashionable world," over the vapid imitations, which are got up here at least sixty days old, and palmed off as correct. In January we shall have a most elegant style of cloak patterns, and as it will be issued early, say by Dec. 10th, we advise our fair readers not to spoil their material by following the blind guides of last year, but to adopt the true fashions for 1846.

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SELECTED TALE.

From Graham's Magazine.

LOVE AND GHOSTS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

CHAPTER I.

It is really too bad in you, Mynheer Van Pelt, to think of marrying that pretty young niece of yours to that clown your son! And although, like the owl, you may with blinked eyes look upon him as the perfection of every manly grace and beauty, let me tell you, you are entirely alone in your opinion. Just raise your head, if you please, from that paper, over which you have been dozing for an hour or more, and look upon dear little Meeta—now turn your head to the left and view your stupid son Nicholas—now to your *inner man*, and demand if you are not insisting upon a deed for which already your conscience pricks you! But not wishing the reader to see with the eyes of the partial father, I will endeavor to limn this youthful pair, destined to become man and wife(Cupid willing! "ay there's the rub!") by the arbitrary decision of Mynheer Van Pelt.

The cheeks of Meeta were like the blush of a sunset cloud o'er beds of lilies—the complexion of Nicholas like the withered sun-flower. Meeta's lips were as twin rose-buds—his like mulberies. Her eyebrows like the young crescent moon o'erarching a star—his an incipient whisker placed longitudinally over eyes of that whitish gray usually considered more bedoming to *felines* than humans. The beautiful golden hair of Meeta, parted over a brow whiter than alabaster, fell below her waist in luxuriant ringlets—his, in color a dingy red, stood up "like quills upon the fretted porcupine," around a low forehead, seamed in the middle by the constant elevation of the eyebrows—aping wisdom!—Titania was not more graceful and delicate than Meeta—and for lankness, length and bone, commend we to Ichabod Crane for a *fac simile* of Nicholas Van Pelt. And to think of uniting *such* a pair, the complaisant reader will agree with me, was, to say the least of it, very absurd in old Mynheer Van Pelt.

Upon this particular evening a bright wood fire was blazing and crackling up the broad open fire-place of a large room, half kitchen half sitting-room, in an old-fashioned stone house, nestled amid the verdant Catskills, a genuine Knickerbocker both within and without. It was *very* old too, and like many other such ancient domicils, had the reputation of owning a *ghost!* which, in these degenerate days, when houses are built ghost-proof and wisdom has voted that respectable corps all to the shades, must certainly be considered greatly in its favor. The story went, that a spirited damsel of the race of Van Pelt, having been forced into a marriage by an avaricious father with a person whom she did not love, in a fit of passion committed murder upon the body of the unfortunate bride-groom, although she had probably never heard of the luckless Bride of Lammermoor, and then proceeded deliberately to hang herself upon a branch of the same old willow tree, which, though lopped and shattered by time, still bends over the merry stream which now, as then, leaps singing and laughing from rock to rock, until it joins the placid river below. Although deep in the ground, they were too airy spirits to be kept cramped within such narrow lodgings, and had often been seen by some late stroller from the neighboring ale-house sitting upon their own graves at midnight playing chuck-farthing; nor did they confine themselves within the precincts of the church-yard, but whisked, all in white, through the shady lanes, and went rumbling and groaning about the old mansion walls, oftentimes cutting many strange capers in the cellar and larder. I should be unwilling to contradict the voice *"o' a hale kintra side,"* nor would it be for the advantage of my story to do so.

But I had forgotten I left such a good fire blazing upon the hearth, and lighting up the exploits of Sampson as done in delf, sky-blue and white, the figures around the tiled chimney. Drawn up in front of this cheerful blaze is a large round table of black walnut, waxed until its glossy surface might well serve the need of mirrors. Upon this is placed two tall brass candlesticks, by whose light Mynheer Van Pelt is still poring over the weekly paper. On the opposite side sits Meeta, her fingers busily plying the knitting-needles, their cheerful *click, click*, forming a pleasing accompaniment to the crackling of the fire, whilst escorred in one corner, perfectly at his ease, which, interpreted, means that his elbows are resting on his knees, his hands supporting his chin, and his eyes on Meeta, is Nicholas; and I am glad for my own part she returns his would-be tender glances with so much coolness.

At length the old man throws down the paper—rubs his hands briskly together—then giving the blazing logs a *punch*, which sends a stream of sparks like miniature rockets flying up the chimney, he casts a roguish glance at Meeta, and then at his son, and, addressing the former, says—

"Well, Meeta, you rogue, it is the first of November, you know!"

The slightest possible shade of vexation rested on her sunny brow, but Meeta made no answer.

"Meeta, Meeta, did you hear! quoth Nicholas.

"I did," was the rather tart reply.

"*He! he! he!* Well, Meeta—"

"Yes, my dear," interrupted the father, the first of November is here, and on New Year, you know, you are to become—"

"*He! he! he! Mrs Nicholas Van Pelt*," added Nicholas.

"Be quiet," said the affectionate Van Pelt senior. Then turning to his niece he continued—"You are a good girl, Meeta, a very good little girl, and ever since your poor father and mother died, when you were no higher than this table, you have always been dutiful and affectionate, yes, you have—and you deserve the happiness in store for you, you do—yes, you shall be mistress of this fine farm, a better than which the whole state cannot show, and of this good substantial old homestead and all it contains, and the cows, and the sheep, and the geese, turkeys and chickens—yes, Meeta, and you shall be my own dear daughter—"

"And Mrs Nicholas Van Pelt!" again quoth the son.

Meeta arose and threw her arms around the neck of her uncle:

"You have always been a father to me, dear uncle—I am happy enough now, indeed I am—I do not wish to be mistress here—O no! Then let me still take care of *you*, and let cousin Nicholas find some other wife."

Nicholas unfolded himself, and looking very sentimental, rose from his seat, and striding round after the fashion children children sometimes set a pair of tongs, walking, stooped over Meeta and gave her a hearty smack cried—

"No, no, cousin Meeta, no wife but *you*."

Meeta was about to answer, when there came a knocking at the outer door, and before any one could say "come in," a tall, handsome youth had entered. Doffing his seal-skin cap, displaying a thicket of luxuriant black curls, a high, open forehead, and eyes black and sparkling with fun, he exclaimed—

"Well, good evening to you, good folks—passing by on my way to the village I tho't I would give ye a call."

"And you are heartily welcome, Roger Beekman," cried the old gentleman.—"Come, draw up a chair, man—why, Meeta, have'nt you a word to say to an old friend?"

But the eyes of both parties, having a language of their own, had already said a great deal, and, as it did not seem necessary for the lips to trouble themselves, Meeta only bowed.

"Well, Roger," said Mynheer, slapping him on the knee, "we were just having a little family chat; and as I know, from your long acquaintance with us, that you must feel an interest in all that concerns our little Meeta," (here a bright blush settled on the neck, cheek, and brow of Meeta, while a meaning smile curled the saucy mouth of Roger,) "you will be happy to hear that the wedding-day is fixed between her and Nicholas—yes, what do you think of New Year, Roger?"

"*The old Harry!* thought Roger, and just at that particular moment his heel ground very hard upon some queer substance.

"Oh! oh! my foot! my foot!" groaned Nicholas.

"Bless my soul, is that your foot! Beg your pardon my dear fellow!" cried Roger. "New Year's, eh!"

"Yes, New Year's," continued the old gentleman, "and I tell you what, my boy, if it is agreeable to you, I should like to have you stand up with Meeta—Nicholas I mean."

My dear Van Pelt," exclaimed Roger, glancing at Meeta, "you may depend upon it I will do so!"

In fact, I don't see how we could have the wedding without," added mynheer.

"Indeed I should be very sorry to have Miss Meeta married *without* me!" said Roger, bowing with great gravity to the bride elect.

"Yes, and so would she, too, I'll warrant—eh! Meeta!" rejoined the old gentleman. "But come, Nicholas, talking is dry work—let's have a mug of new cider, and a dish of those golden pippins."

And in the enjoyment of such good farmer cheer an hour passed off, during which Roger joked Nicholas, argued with Mynheer, and exchanged many a sly glance with demure Miss Meeta. At length he arose to depart, and shaking Mynheer Van Pelt warmly by the hand, he next held that of the pretty neice rather longer between his own that even Nicholas thought necessary, and then seizing the latter by both bony wrists he griped them with such a tight and friendly grip, that Nicholas, wincing under the infliction, exclaimed, as Roger closed the door—

"Hang the fellow—he has heels and paws like a bear!"

"Well, I'll to bed—it is past nine o'clock," said Mynheer.

"And so will I, too," echoed Nicholas; "good night, Meeta, remember New Years" And both father and son left the room.

Minutes rolled on and still Meeta sat by the fire, in what would seem a sort of April day meditation, to judge from the alternate sunshine and shadows which flitted over her countenance. The clock ticked steadily on its upright mahogany case, the cricket chirped merrily in the corner, and it was not until the decaying fire warned her of the latened of the hour, that Meeta prepared to retire to her little bed-room.—As she was about to leave the room, she was startled by a very gentle tap at the window—It was fortunate she did not think to scream, for almost at the same instant a well known voice whispered:

"It is only *me* Meeta," while, throwing up the sash, *me* leaped in, in the un-questionable shape of Roger Beekman!"

"Dear Roger how could you be so imprudent!" exclaimed Meeta.

"We will talk about that another time," answered Roger, "*now*, I want is to be done to put off ths hated marriage?"

"Oh, what can I do? I never, never will marry Nicholas, and yet to distress my good old uncle—thus to disappoint his fondest hopes—indeed, Rober, I cannot bear to think of it."

"If you will bit help me, Meeta, I have a project by which I am almost certain that stupid clown will not only refuse to marry you, but that your uncle will also give his consent to our union, dearest.—What do you think of such a plan as *that* now?" cried Roger dancing round the table and shaping his fingers.

"But how? In what way do you expect to work such a miracle?"

That her lover would have satisfied her curiosity there is no doubt, but at that interesting moment a step was heard in the passage. Roger quickly sprung through the window, which Meeta had softly but hastily closed, just as the door opened and Nicholas entered.

"Why Meeta, are you up yet?" he exclaimed have you heard any noises?"

"None," answered Meeta.

"Well, *I* have, a very queer buzzing noise."

"Perhaps it was me covering up the fire" said the naughty girl.

"No, I guess more likely the foxes have got into the hen-roost—I'll see."

"O don't Nicholas!" for reasons of her own cried Meeta.

"Yes I will, and if I catch them there, I'll come back and get my gun—I'll shoot 'em."

"Oh, cousin, don't."

But notwithstanding her entreaties, Nicholas broke away from her, opened the door, and stretching out his long neck peered into the darkness.

Something rushed violently past him, knocking his head with great force against th door-post, while a hollow voice close to his ear cried:—

"*Buzz-z-ze!*"

"Oh Lord! O Lord! what's that? exclimed Nicholas, paler than ashes, sinking down upon the floor! And now, although Meeta knew very well what it was, she never said a word, but clasping her hands and uttering a hysterical laugh, fled from the room.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning the right ear of Nicholas was of a changeable green and yellow, as if it had received some terrible bruise.

"It must have been a bat!" said Mynheer Van Pelt, looking at the swollen member.

"Yes, it must have been a bat!" said Meeta softly, "I've been told they will bite."

"*A bat!* Do you think a bat could bite like *that?*" exclaimed the indignant Nicholas, twisting his head quickly round, so as to display the injured ear to the eyes of his cousin. "No, I tell you, 'twas a *blow!* A *bat indeed!* could a bat make that horrible noise?"

"Pooh, pooh!" said the old gentleman, "you were only a little nervous—the bat flapped its wings in your face, you dodged, and in dodging you knocked your ear."

"But the noise?"

"Why that was only the buzzing in your own brain at the concussion."

Nicholas shook his head incredulously, made no reply, but after sipping his coffee took down his hat and without speaking left the house. He sauntered moodily on down the lane, never lifting his head, or taking any note of the charming scene about him. It was a lovely morning for the season—a silvery haze spread itself over the landscape, softening and beautifying every object:

"While every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seemed wrought in glass,
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
And through the ice the crimson berries glow,"

Nicholas had not proceeded far when who should he see coming rapidly up the lane but Roger Beekman. He now hastened his pace, and stopping his friend, related, with rueful face and truth-proclaiming ear, the occurrence of the last night.

Roger listened with a very grave countenance:

"Very strange! very singular!" he muttered. "Did you say it was *midnight?*"

"No, I don't think it was so late," replied Nicholas. "I had been asleep through when I first heard the noise."

"*Em—em—em*—singular!"

"Father and Meeta, however persist in saying it was nothing but a bat!"

"*A bat! ha! ha! a bat!* what, and leave such a mark as that?" Then, with a most incredulous look, he added, "but it *might have been!*"

"Then you don't really think it was, do you?" asked Nicholas.

"Hem—I wish I did!"

"Why, what *do* you think it was?"

Like Lord Burleigh, Roger shook his head three times solemnly—folded his arms over his breast—compressed his lips, elevated his eyebrows, and beat the "*devil's tatoo*," as it is called, with his fool upon the frosty leaves.

"What do you think it was?" again demanded Nicholas.

"I should be loth to say, rashly!" replied Roger, in a deep bass voice, "although my mind is made up!"

"Why—why—wh-at—you don't think it was—"

"A Ghost!" said Roger solemnly.

"A Gh-ost!"

"There is no one near is there!" continued Roger, looking around among the trees, "because there are so many would-be sensible people in the world, who, like egregious fools, deny the existence of—you understand—that I would not be overheard on any account—now, my dear friend," he added, drawing close to the gaping Nicholas, and speaking in a whisper, "I am not ashamed to own to *you* (you are sure nobody hears) that *I* am not so skeptical!"

The eyes of Nicholas expanded wonderfully.

"Dit it ever strike you that I always leave your house uncommonly early?" asked Roger.

(The fellow never left until absolutely *hinted* away by Mynheer.)

"Why, n-o—ye-s," replied the complaisant Nicholas.

"I thought you had; and now I'll tell you the reason," and here Roger whispered something in the ear of Nicholas, which set him shaking like an aspen leaf—then added, "you know the story!"

"Ye-s—and then you think it was the ghost of the murdered Von Snuffle that I heard and felt last night!"

"I have no doubt of it, my poor friend!"

"But why should he appear to *me?*"

"Aye, there's the mystery, replied Roger, then pacing back and forth, for some moments in deep thought, he at length approached Nicholas, and taking him by a button of his coat, said:

"You must excuse my frankness, my friend, but tell me, had you ever any reason to doubt the love of Meeta—in short, do you think she is equally as desirous of the marriage as yourself?"

"Why, you know, girls, always act contrary," replied Nicholas, "I guess she likes me though she never told me so."

"Did she ever say she did not?"

"Why, yes, to be plain with you, she has told me more than once that she did'nt want to marry me—but then father says that's woman's way, and I must not mind her!"

"Ah! that's it—that's it! I have found it out now!" exclaimed Roger.

"Found out what?" cried the puzzled Nicholas.

"That it's a *warning*—a *warning!* My dear friend, I pity you—you know the story—*the unwilling bride murdered her bridegroom!!* It's a warning. Good heavens, my friend, I pity you!" And having given his rival this "bitter fancy to chew, Roger walked rapidly away.

Poor Nicholas moved through mists and shadows that day, he scarcely dared to stir lest the ghosts of Van Snuffle might be at his elbow. Mynheer Van Pelt could not tell what to make of his son, and it happened most unfortunately that Meeta, little thinking she was harping upon the same string which had so jangled the brains of her lover, kept on talking about ghosts and goblins! Night came, and Nicholas went early to bed, hoping to outsleep the ghost. Vain attempt! For at the dead hour of midnight, what seemed a female figure glided slowly to his bedside—waved her arm solemnly above her head, cried "*Beware!*" and vanished.

Now, whether Meeta had any thing to do with this or not, I shall not pretend to say. All I know is, that about five minutes after the ghost disappeared, she disrobed herself of something strangely resembling a table-cloth, or a sheet, and laughed until her beautiful eyes swam in tears! While Nicholas, covered head and ears in the bed clothes, lay shivering till morning.

Never was Meeta more kind than in her inquiries at breakfast. Did not cousin Nicholas feel well? he looked pale she thought—did not uncle think so too? had his rest been disturbed? "*Oh these woman kind!*"

In the course of the morning Roger made his appearance, and was immediately led out to a corner of the barn by Nicholas, that he might unfold to him the terrors of the night, and it it needless to say that such comfort as Job received was his reward.

CHAPTER III.

It was perhaps a week after this that Meeta expressed a wish to visit a young friend, residing some two or three miles distant, and, as in duty bound, Nicholas accompanied her. The visit was undoubtedly a very pleasant one, and the hours slipped away so delightfully that the moon already silvered the tree tops, ere they set out upon their return. About half a mile from the family mansion, was a thick woods, some rods in extent, and as they entered its gloomy depths, which the rays of the moon had not yet penetrated, Nicholas, screwing up his courage, began to talk and jest loudly, and even ventured upon saying several very tender things to Meeta.

Suddenly was heard a hollow groan!

Nicholas dropped the reins, and his hair stood erect with terror.

Another groan still deeper.

"Meeta did not you hear something?" tremblingly asked Nicholas.

But, having a moment before commenced saying "Meet me by moonlight," she probably heard neither the question nor its cause, or she would undoubtedly have answered.

A tall white figure, with fiery eye-balls, now rushed suddenly across the road—bounded into the wagon—bounced Nicholas out head over heels—then quietly dropping into the vacant seat, uttered another tremendous groan, or rather howl, and drove rapidly away with Meeta!

And was not she almost frightened to death? Why, bless you, no, on the contrary, she laughed immoderately, and so did the ghost!

"Poor fellow!" she exclaimed at length, "I hope he is not hurt!"

"Never fear," cried the ghost, dropping off his head, and displaying in lieu the round roguish one of Roger Beekman, "I took good care to aim at a soft pile of dry leaves—but now tell me, dear Meeta, how does the plot succeed?"

"Oh, admirably Roger," replied the naughty girl. "I really believe at times he is afraid of me, for I have caught him looking at me in such a queer manner! I told him last night that as uncle willed it so, I supposed I must marry him, but that he might have cause to repent of it—I added, too, in a very significant manner, that strange things *had* been done within the walls of the old house, and *might be again*."

"Ha! ha! ha! good! well what did he say?"

"O turned pale, and left the room; and I believe has already hinted to uncle that he has altered his mind, and would rather look for another wife."

"And that he shall do pretty quick, by all my hopes of matrimony!" exclaimed Roger.

But we will shut our ears to the many tender vows uttered on the way home, and merely state that after leaving Meeta safe under the little trellised porch, Roger started homeward, meeting Nicholas about half way, plodding on pale, frightened and weary! *Of course*, Roger was much astonished at the encounter:

"Why, my dear friend, is it possible this *is you!* Why what is the matter? how pale you look—or is it the moon?"

Nicholas gasped out, "*It's the ghost!*"

"Ah! what again?"

And Roger listened attentively to a somewhat exaggerated account of the evening's adventure, throwing in at the right intervals all the proper "*ahs!*" and "*ahs!*" of astonishment.

"And Meeta, Nicholas—good heavens! what became of her!"

"I don't know, indeed! I could see nothing, but I heard the rattling of wheels, and what seemed to me shouts of fiendish laughter!"

"Is it possible! em—em—then the ghost must have driven off with her! Yes, yes, plain enough—plain enough!" added Roger half aside. "Nicholas, I tell you what it is," he continued, speaking with great emphasis, "unless you instantly render your marriage with that girl impossible, you are ruined body and soul—your case is dreadful!"

"But how! what can I do?" said the poor frightened fellow—"only advise me and I will do as you think best—for, Roger, you must know I—that is—I mean there is a look about Meeta sometimes which I do not like, and she has more than once hinted about—about Von Snuffle."

"Just as I thought! Now listen to me, Nicholas—"

"But hadn't I better go and look after Meeta first?"

"Don't trouble yourself about *her*—ghosts are not so polite to *some people* without a reason!" quoth Roger. "No, no, she is safe enough at home, I'll warrant; nay, more, I should not wonder if she should deny all knowledge of what has transpired, and insist upon it that you drove her home."

"Why, taint possible!" said Nicholas.

"Well, you'll see. But about this marriage—now, Nicholas, there is but one way, as I can see, for you to avoid it—*you must marry somebody else!*"

"Else!"

"Yes, you must—there's no help for it—and *soon!* about it. On your return home—think of all the girls you know, and decide upon the future Mrs. Van Pelt: no matter how homely, old, or ugly she is, anything to escape—*you know what*—I will see you to-morrow. Good-night, keep clear of that willow tree where the murderess hung herself—good night!"

And, sure enough, when Nicholas reached home he found Meeta sitting before a great fire eating walnuts, as comfortable as possible.

"Why, Nicholas!" she exclaimed, as he entered, "how long it has taken you to put out the horse! See, I have cracked these nuts for you since you have been gone."

Nicholas drew himself up close in the corner.

"Meeta, when did you get home?"

"Why, you know, cousin Nicholas, the clock was striking eight as we came in."

"*We* came in!" said Nicholas, turning very pale, "who came in!"

"Who came in! why, who should come in but you and I! What how wild you look—mercy on me, how your eyes roll!"

"Meeta, didn't you see something—an awful white thing—knock me out of the wagon?—and didn't that same dreadful shape drive you home?"

"Heavens, Nicholas, you are crazy!—What shall I do—what shall I do! I am frightened to death—I must run and call uncle!" and springing from her chair, and uttering a shriek as Nicholas attempted to rise she rushed out of the room.

But she forgot to call her uncle!

Whether Nicholas really loved Meeta, or whether it was the fear of displeasing Mynheer Van Pelt, I cannot say. Certain it is, however, that notwithstanding the entreaties and warnings of his best friend, Roger Beekman, and the insinuations of the bride elect, coupled too, with his own fears, he remained wavering and undecided in that momentous matter which *might* alone rescue him from premature death!

CHAPTER IV.

It was a disagreeable, dark, damp, dismal, drizzling evening of a Saturday night, about three weeks before the time appointed by Mynheer Van Pelt for the wedding, the wind howled and moaned around the corners of the old house—*patter, patter* came the sleet upon the fast thickening panes—the trees shook their icicled branches creaking and groaning over the low gambrel roof—in fact, it was exactly such a night as a ghost might choose to peep into the doings of us mortals. The old gentleman had gone to bed, partly because he was sleepy, and partly that the *lovers* might have a cozy chat by themselves. And thus Meeta and Nicholas were left alone before a huge fire.

"How dreadfully the wind roars—only

hark, Nicholas!" exclaimed Meeta, shuddering, and approaching her chair a little nearer to his. "I always think on such nights as *this* that beings from the other world are about us!"

"Do you really think so?" faltered Nicholas, in turn edging *his* chair nearer to Meeta.

"O don't ask me *now*!" she exclaimed—"*hark!* did you hear something?" and she drew her chair a little closer.

"N-n—o! did you?"

"*Perhaps* it was the cat!" said Meeta looking timidly around, "but now as we are alone, do tell me, Nicholas, if you really think that the spirits of Von Snuffle and his bride walk about this house?"

"Well, Meeta, I declare I almost do believe it!" answered Nicholas, now hitching his chair so close that their garments touched.

"Ah! she was a noble girl, wasn't she, cousin? but hark!—what noise is that!"

At this moment the wind blew a furious gust—there was a crashing around the windows—and then the outer door blew wide open—but no one entered! "*Darkness was there and nothing more!*"

"Sh-sh-ut the door, Meeta," cried Nicholas, terror overcoming his gallantry.

"O cousin, I durst not stir! you shut it quick—quick, or the wind will blow out the candle!" and, as she spoke, Meeta raised her little hand to guard it from the strong draft, but in her fright approached it so near that the light was extinguished.

In the meantime Nicholas had summoned courage to rise for the purpose of closing the door-but as he did so, he was prostrated by some invisible power! It was some seconds ere he dared to open his eyes and when he did so, no wonder he almost swooned with fright—for there in the very arm chair of Mynheer Van Pelt sat *Von Snuffle defunct!* according to custom all in white, with a crimson mark feom ear to ear, defining the skill of young Madam Von Snuffle—and behold, while the teeth of Nicholas were chattering, his eyeballs distended, and his whole frame quaking with terror, *another* ghost glided behind the chair and flourished around the ghastly brow of Von Snuffle a glittering blade!

Flesh and *blood* could stand it no longer! With a heavy groan poor Nicholas bade farewell to consciousness! When at length he recovered his shattered senses, he was alone—the fire was all out but a few fast decaying members—and the storm raged more furious than ever. How Nicholas survived *that* night he could never tell, but the morning found him a wiser man, as we shall presently see.

CHAPTER V.

At the bottom of a steep hill, about a mile from Mynheer Van Pelt's, stood the snug little house of Brom Dunderdeck, the miller. He had many goodly sons and daughters, but the oldest and prettiest was buxom Gatty. Such a pair of eyes—such rosy cheeks—and such a plump round figure, one does not often see, and as merry withal as she was comely. And Gatty it was whom in his night's meditation Nicholas had settled should become Mrs Van Pelt.

It was Sunday night, and all the family of the Dumderdecks, little and great, were seated around the supper-table, when the good dame, happening to raise her eyes to the window, exclaimed—

"What upon earth is that yonder, Brom?"

And well might she ask the question, for just at that moment Nicholas appeared upon the summit of the hill, mounted on a high raw-boned animal—his cloak fluttering behind him, and his long, lank frame lit up by the beams of the setting sun.

"Why, that's Nicholas Van Pelt, mother," quoth a youngster.

"That's him!" shouted another.

"Where upon earth is he going, and this Sunday night," said the miller.

But the matter was soon settled by the person in question stopping his horse before the miller's own door, and deliberately fastening him to a post.

"Sakes alive, Gatty, what *does* he want!" exclaimed the dame—but Gatty pursed up her pretty mouth, and tossed her little head, protesting *she* did not care what he wanted—not she!

And then such a giggling and whispering among the young ones, and so many sly pinches as those plump arms of Gatty had to endure, as Nicholas entered and drew up a chair to the table for all the world like one of the family! At length the mischievous rogues were sent to bed, and Dame Dunderdeck, giving the good man a significant wink, said—

"I reckon you may as well put out *that* horse!" almost pushed him before her from the room; and Nicholas and the blushing Gatty were left together.

Now Nicholas *was* bashful, and I cannot deny it, but the fear of ghosts proved stronger than the fear of a pretty girl—so, after much blushing and stammering, and many sage remarks about the crops, and the season, and the probable degrees of the weather next week; he at last managed to pop the question—"*Will you marry me Gatty?*" Good girl! she was none of your tantalizing damsels, who take days and weeks to consider for *themselves*, never once taking into view the cruel suspense they are inflicting upon their lovers—not she—so she frankly said "*Yes*," at once, and the kiss which sealed the compact was given in such right good earnest, that it awoke old chanticleer in the hen-house, who forthwith proclaimed *his* satisfaction by a long drawn "*cock-a-doodle-doo!*"

Dated from that Sunday night, the ghost finding his solemn warnings had produced the desired results, and considering his duty faithfully done, like a prudent and sensible ghost, who did not wish to trouble himself or others unnecessarily, suffered Nicholas to pursue the "even tenor of his way" unmolested. In consequence of which the young man grew exceedingly jocose and merry—a mood so strange for one of his calibre, as filled his friends with wonder. In particular when he witnessed the preparations going on for his wedding with Meeta, it would seem he could hardly restrain his mirth. There was evidently a good joke about to come off! And more than once when the *unconscious* Meeta, who had evidently made up her mind to submit to the will of her uncle, had innocently alluded to their future happiness—he snapped his fingers, brought his long legs round like a "dancing Jack," and ran out of the house to give vent to his mirth! Mynheer Van Pelt could only account for such extravagance by recurring to his own exuberant spirits when in his bachelor days he was about to receive the hand of the late lamented Dame Van Pelt!

Roger, in short, seemed to be the only one admitted to the confidence of Nicholas, and whatever the *joke was*, he did not appear a whit behind in its enjoyment, and having been invited, as the reader already knows, to assist at the wedding, almost took up his abode under the haunted roof.

CHAPTER VI.

The morning of the New Year dawned bright and glorious. It was the wedding-day—and long before the sun's golden disk had peered through the radiant curtains of the east, busy feet and willing hands were already astir in the old mansion.—Fires were kindled in every room, the best parlor, never opened except on state days, was now arranged in the order befitting so momentous an occasion—the coverings removed from the big-back chairs and diminutive sofas—the claw tables newly polished, and all around the low ceiling, and above the Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses guarding their flocks here and there upon the walls—were suspended wreaths of evergreens, intermixed with the bright scarlet berries of the mountain ash.

Mynheer Van Pelt himself, in buff small clothes, white silk stockings, (for he had donned his wedding suit,) high-heeled shoes, adorned with large paste buckles, sky-blue coat, and a gay silk waistcot, flowing and spangled, looked the fine old gentleman of olden times! To see how briskly he stepped from room to room, now rubbing his hands with glee, now breaking forth into a merry song, one would have thought Mynheer himself the happy bridegroom. But, by the bye, *where was the bridegroom?*

Roger had arrived betimes, and as the appointed hour drew near the neighbors began to flock in, aed along the snow-laden fences, and under the old shed, were fastened the horses of all the "*Vans*" for miles around. The Dominie arrived, and Meeta was there, blushing like a rose, and her pretty little bridemaid too, but that important personage the *bridegroom* had not yet made his appearance. The old gentleman grew impatient—it did not take him so long to dress when he was married—no, indeed! And at length, in a perfect fever of vexation, he threw open the door of Nicholas's bedroom, where he supposed him to be making his toilet. But no Nicholas was there! The memory of Roger seemed suddenly revived:

"Ah! yes—now I remember he told me he thought he should go after Gatty Dunderdeck."

"*Gatty Dunderdeck!* what the ——, excuse me Dominie, has HE to do with Gatty Dunderdeck?" But as no one seemed able to solve the question, it remained unanswered. And to be sure, in a few moments the best cutter of Mynheer whirled to the door, and in it sat side by side the same truant bridegroom and Miss Gatty!

"My dear sir, let *me* open the door," said Roger, intercepting the old gentleman as he was about to go into the hall.

It was some moments ere he returned, and then *consternation* sat upon his brow—he first advanced rapidly towards the bride—then turned and approached the Dominie—and at last striking his forehead, as if in great perplexity, he took the old gentleman by the arm, and leading him to a corner whispered a few words in his ear. Any one that has seen a chestnut burst from the glowing embers, may form an idea of the bounce with which Mynheer Van Pelt reached the centre of the room:

"*Married! married!* married *to Gatty Dunderdeck!* Where is he? let me come at him—*I'll marry him!*"

"Be not rash, my son!" said the Dominie.

"Be patient, neighbor!" added another.

"It can't be helped now!" sagely remarked a third.

Roger, who had quietly withdrawn, looking solemn as a tomb-stone, now re-entered with the offending pair.

Nicholas had been instructed by his *friend* to kneel and demand pardon of his old father—but ere he could double himself into the position required, he was suddenly *un*-doubled by a violent thrust from the exasperated parent, while Gatty, with cheeks as red as the ribbons which decorated her hair, dropped her little low curtesy.

The scene began to grow serious, when Meeta advanced, and taking the poor trembling little bride by the hand, besought her uncle to look kindly upon her, and forgive poor cousin Nicholas!

"There, there, neighbors," exclaimed Mynheer, looking around, "I always said Meeta was the best girl in the world—and now here is a proof! *cheated* of a husband—*another* Mrs Van Pelt staring her in the face; and yet here you see her not only begging my kindness for her rival, but the pardon of that—that—*yes, I will say it*—that stupid oaf, my son! But she *shall* have a husband—she *shall* be mistress here; and you Nicholas Van Pelt, and your buxom bride, may be off, and the sooner the better! Harkyee, Meeta"—and he whispered a few words in her ear—what they were I know not—but the obedient girl demurely answered, "If *you* wish, certainly uncle!" "And harkyee Roger," continued the old gentleman, whispering also to him. But there seemed some clause to be considered ere Roger would acquiesce in the wishes of Mynheer, whatever they might be; and apparently not very pleasing to the latter—he frowned—shook his head, and looked sternly upon Nicholas. Roger entreated, and Meeta also added a few words in a low tone. At length Mynheer yielded.

"Well, well, it cannot be helped, sure enough," he exclaimed, "and so I may as well forgive the boy."

"And now, Dominie," he continued, turning to that respected person, "unite this couple! *We'll have a wedding at any rate*, neighbors!"

The eyes of Nicholas opened wide at this announcement—and, as soon as the ceremony was over, with a most anxious countenance, he took the exulting bridegroom aside and whispered:

"You frighten me, Roger! *How dare you do so?* O remember *Von Snuffle!*—think of the dreadful warning *I've* had!"

"*Alas! my friend, I am a martyr to friendship!*" said Roger, looking exceedingly solemn, and giving his hand a tragic flourish.

Poor Nicholas then, with tears in his eyes, flew to Meeta, and begged of her to *love Roger* if *she could!*—for he was, altho' she might not think so, a most excellent young man!

And Meeta, with her usual readiness to oblige, promised she would *try!*

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 29, 1846.

Foreign News.

We are indebted to Mr Parker, the conductor of the evening train from Boston, for a copy of the Daily Mail Extra, on Friday evening, containing the news brought out by the Steamship Hibernia, which arrived at Boston at 8 1-2 o'clock of that day—bringing Liverpool dates to the 5th of January. In our last number we gave the particulars of the dissolution of the Peel Ministry, and the summons of the Queen to Lord John Russell to form a Cabinet for her Majesty.

It appears from the news of the Hibernia that the efforts of Lord John were not more successful than those of Lord Chatham in his day, of whom Burke said "he made an administration so chequered and speckled;—he put together a piece of joinery, so crossly indented and whimsically dove-tailed; a Cabinet so variously inlaid;—such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tasselated pavement without cement, here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers, kings, friends and republicans, whigs and tories; treacherous friends and open enemies, that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch and unsure to stand on." Such in fact were the efforts of Lord John Russell, he formed a cabinet of whigs and tories, friends of the corn laws and opponents of the corn laws, including that curse of the world Lord Palmerston as Foreign Secretary, whose appointment scattered the whig cabinet to its native elements. In this dilemma there was no alternative but to summons Peel who resumed his station, and called his former advisers to his aid. This done and the Peel ministry is restored—and the Queen permitted the quiet which her present delicate condition requires. The following condensed news we copy from the Mail:—

The President's Message was received at Liverpool on the 22d ult., per ship Sea, after a passage of 17 days. A special steamer employed by Wilmer & Smith, hailed the ship Sea off Point Lynas, 60 miles distant from Liverpool, and conveyed the Message to the city, arriving there at noon. It was expressed thence to London in six hours the same day. The editor of the European Times says: It is a State paper the arrival of which, in our twenty years' experience, never excited one half the interest which the Message of Mr Polk did this year.

Some of the English papers continue to assert that the extensive war preparations now making throughout the kingdom are merely precautionary, and intended only to guard against the possibility of a war with France. When all the new works are completed, the English coasts will be in no better condition of defence than those of France.

Upwards of 1000 men are now employed in the dockyards at Deptford, and all the works therein are proceeding with the greatest rapidity,

Although the famine panic has mostly subsided in the British newspapers, yet there are accounts from various parts of the country, of want and destitution, which sound strangely to American ears.

Accounts from Swedes and Norway represent that the aggregate supply of food is much short of what it has been in years past, even when the population was much less than it is now.

An explosion recently took place at the Mourillon of Toulon, by which eight persons were killed and several wounded.

Severe shocks of earthquake have lately been felt in the Greek islands, and at Smyrna, Cyprus, &c.

"The Leeds Mercury says—"The Message of President Polk to the Congress of the United States is of exactly the character which had been anticipated. In regard to the Tariff it is satisfactory; but in regard to the Oregon territory it prefers claims so extreme and uncompromising, and recommends a policy so peremptory that, unless Congress should decline to adopt the policy, it is too probable that a war will be the result."

FRANCE. *Paris, December* 30.—This day his Majesty Louis Phillippe opened the Session of the French Chambers with the usual formalities. His Majesty left the Tuileries in grand procession, accompanied by several high officers of State, functionaries of his household, the Prefects of Police and the Seine, several generals, admirals, &c., and very many persons holding high offices in different departments.

ITALY.—The great events in Italy of late, have been the movements of the Emperor of Russia. The principal thing has been, that he has had an interview with the Pope, in which the latter addressed him in terms of strong remonstrance against the cruel and abominable treatment of Catholics in Russia, and particularly in Poland.

From Wilmer & Smith's European Times.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—The first Message of President Polk to Congress has created, as may be readily supposed, a greater amount of attention in England than any similar document from the head of the American Union has done for years. Public feeling was directed to the Message long before it arrived, its tone, hostile or otherwise, formed abundant source for conjecture in the press, and even during the exciting time of the Ministerial crisis, journalists, overwhelmed by the importance of our relations with the United States, stepped aside to discuss the question, even in the absence of the President's views.—Well, the Message came to hand in the ordinary course, by the ship "Sea," which made an excellent passage. It was generally understood, we may state in this place, that the steamer which left Boston on the 1st of December, conveyed a copy of the Message to Mr M'Lane, the American Minister, but if the fact were so, care was successfully taken that neither the spirit or the substance of the Message transpired.

We have given elsewhere the spirit of the English press on this important document. Our transatlantic readers will be struck by the absence of all irritation in the remarks of the great organs of opinion in this country, relative to the Message; and this reluctance to avoid giving offence, arises altogether from the praiseworthy desire to heal, rather than to foment, the cause of difference between us and the U. States respecting the Oregon. Some of the articles we have given are able and comprehensive views of the question at issue, argued, of course, with an allowable amount of national feeling and prejudice, but presenting, on the whole, a just and generous standard of reason and logic.

One cause, perhaps, why the Message has agreeably disappointed expectation here is, the well-timed observations in which it indulges respecting a liberal tariff. If the Oregon is the bane, the proposed reduction of the tariff is the antidote in the new President's missive to Congress. The style of the document has elicited praise; and although Mr Polk has been snubbed by European publicists as a *nouvel homme*, he has given proof, in this much criticised document, of the possession of literary powers that command respect, if they do not always force conviction.

Since the Message came to hand, another arrival has brought us the correspondence laid before Congress between the British and American Ministers on the subject of Oregon. The misfortune of such documents is, that they are too voluminous for the perusal of the great world. The London Times has devoted a series of articles to the consideration of this correspondence, more particularly with reference to the two points upon which Mr Buchanan insists, namely, first, the title arising from prior occupancy, and, secondly, the cession of the Spanish claim to the United States. The paper in question endeavors to show that the maintenance of these two rights is incompatible; that if one is correct, the other cannot be sustained. "The prior occupation, and the after cession, may be cited as distinct facts, but they cannot confer one title. Two bad titles can no more make a good one, than two affirmatives can make a negative."—We should like to have presented our readers with these articles, as they are considered in this country to be able, if not unanswerable expositions of the subject, but as they appeared only a day or two preceding the sailing of the steamer, when our columns were crowded with the statistical information, to which we had previously pledged ourselves, we are reluctantly compelled to forego the pleasure.

Upon the whole, then, if the Message has not given all the satisfaction, in England, which the friends and well-wishers of America desire, it has its favorable point—that of Free Trade principles will, in all probability, be accompanied by a satisfactory adjustment of that bone of contention—the Oregon. Polk and Peel agree as to the necessity of the first—why not of the alternative?

From the London Morning Chronicle, Dec. 23.

[The London Morning Chronicle is the organ of the great Whig party, and has the largest circulation of any daily paper in that interest. It is conducted with consummate talent, and stands high in the estimation of all the educated classes in England.]

We received last night, by express from Liverpool, the Message of the American President, which has been looked for with so much anxiety by the British public. It will be found in another part of our paper.

One topic of the many adverted to in this document, will just now engross the attention of the English people—"What does Mr Polk say of the Oregon?" He recommends that notice be immediately given to terminate, at the end of twelve months, the convention of 1827, by which the two countries jointly occupy the disputed territory. "At the end of the year's notice," he adds, "should Congress think it proper to make provision for giving that notice, we shall have reached a period when the national rights in Oregon must be abandoned, or firmly maintained.

And long before the end of the year's notice, say we, "should Congress make provision for giving that notice," the two countries would be almost irretrievably committed to the calamitous issue of arms. From the day that England receives notice to terminate the convention of 1827, she must prepare "firmly to maintain" the rights that are thus menaced; and it would be folly to suppose that the Government of America would rest satisfied with the barren notification that they were about to terminate the joint occupation.

* * * * * * *

The policy of the Executive Government in America, is but the reflex of the opinions of the party or interest predominant for the time being, changing as these opinions vary, and necessarily adjusting itself to every difference as it arises. The great agricultural interest of the West, is at this moment in the ascendant, and Mr Polk is its type and its representative, both in its wishes and its resentments. The conduct of his Government, therefore, depends upon the views entertained in the West, and these views are susceptible of great modification, by the course which this country thinks proper to pursue.

From the London Times of Dec. 24.

The terms of the Message imply the alternative of war or conclusive negotiation. War is too monstrous to be thought of for a moment, except after every effort at a compromise has been exhausted. Britain and America must be too sensible of their mutual benefits, mutual dependence, and mutual respect, to peril the substantial blessings they now enjoy, and are daily multiplying in the relations of peace, for the bloody and precarious glories of war. It is all but impossible that two great and kindred nations, after healing so wide a breach, and helping one another to so great a common prosperity, should become again mutual and unnatural destroyers, for a mere point of honor, for a remote wilderness, separated from both by a journey of many months, by stormy seas, and almost impassable rocks and deserts. Unless Mr Polk is merely trifling with words, and secretly scoffing at the universal sentiments of humanity, he is himself incapable of so great an outrage and injury on the country of his ancestors, on the land of his birth, and on the whole race of man.

Doct. Stephen J. W. Tabor, has recently become editor and proprietor of the Northampton Democrat. Mr Tabor is a gentleman of high literary attainments—a terse political writer, and of much practical experience as the conductor of a public journal. His translations from the Italian, German and French, have been extensively published, and highly interesting to the general reader. If he will give the conclusion to the tale entitled "coffee," we in turn will give it to our readers. We tender our best wishes for the success and permanency of Mr Tabor, as publisher of the Democrat.

THE "OASIS," a paper printed at Nashua, N. H., has enlarged, and seems by the appearance of things to be on the road to prosperity. May that "fertile spot" increase in magnitude equal to our whole Universe!

The communication of Mr Kelley in our paper of to-day, we recommend to the consideration of our readers. We shall speak of Mr K.'s claim to the right of a hearing on the subject of Oregon, and the gratitude of the people in our next.

☞ Correspondents to ensure publication of their communications, must give their names, which will be kept confidential with us.

The communication of "M. P." is under consideration.

Look out for "The Coquette," which will appear in our next.

For the Palmer Sentinel.

Oregon.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Having in my possession some facts not generally known, relative to the question of American rights in Oregon, I feel it a duty to give them all possible publicity. I would, therefore, ask permission to communicate through the columns of your paper. The treaty making power as well as the sovereign people cannot be too well informed upon this important and exciting subject.

There are other facts on subjects connected with the history of that country, which together with the above, I would publish in a series of articles; and, propose them in the following order:—

1st. A brief *history of the title* of the United States to the Oregon territory.

2d. The *petition* of Charles Bulfinch and others, asking Congress to *acknowledge* the validity of their *titles* to certain *lands* purchased in A. D. 1791, by Capt. John Kendrick, of Indian chiefs; being most of the territory on the N. W. coast between the 47th and 51st parallels; and extending easterly from the shore of the Pacific to the eastern border of De Fucas sea.

3d. Some *account* of the *ancients* of Oregon—their derivation and character; and the disastrous consequences of the intercourse between them and the bloody men who for the last thirty-five years have roamed to and fro in their land.

4th. The *personal claim* of the undersigned to the merit of having colonized Oregon—of opening that dark territory to the benign influences of the light of useful knowledge, and planting in it the seed of liberal government, together with the vine of christianity; and also, of having planned for the intellectual and moral culture of the native population; and argued much with our citizens in their behalf—all with the hope of improving their social condition, and providing for them a fairer and happier home.

5th. The *vindication* of the *character* of the undersigned with a view to magnify that small importance in the cause of humanity which evil minded men have unkindly diminished, and to gain means and facilities for future usefulness.

It is my purpose to entertain your readers on all these topics; but ill health may oblige me to throw down the pen ere my remarks are closed on the first; yet if physical ability holds out, my hand will hold on to the last. The series may be followed with occasional extracts from the journals of my travels and adventures. I may speak of hardships and hard encounters—"of moving accidents by flood and field"—perils on stormy seas and in wilderness lands—incidents and startling facts to thrill the hearts, and move the souls of men.

As preferatory to the discussion of these subjects, it is proper to suggest the grounds on which the public may rest its confidence in my statements.

I have had good opportunities to gain knowledge, and have been no idle enquirer after it. What I know of the history, geography and statistics of Oregon has been obtained, partly from personal observations and experience; but, chiefly derived from statements of intelligent travellers, hunters and sea faring men, whose general characters bore satisfactory evidence of their veracity; and from ship journals, log-books, accounts of early voyages and national documents. From A. D. 1818 to 1834, I had constant recourse to these sources; and made it my arduous study to understand the nature and bearing of all that was transpiring in the territory. I was also, in those years much devoted to the work of philanthropy. The last mentioned year will ever be remembered on account of great bodily sufferings, and the circumstances that chiefly caused the prostration of my health. As far, therefore, as a good stock of information goes it may be supposed that I am well prepared to discuss the Oregon question; but, in another respect, I am ill-prepared. The question needs an abler pen than mine for its support. I must, here, beg your intelligent readers to bear with my infirmities, and my tedious manner of communicating thoughts. Should they, as the custom too generally is, think more of a talent for fluent and fine speaking than of common sense; and expect from me language embellished with rhetorical adornments; they will be disappointed.—I am incapable of pleasing in this respect; not having, in times past, so much desired the eminent accomplishments of a *painter* as those of an *architect*. I am not skilled, as it may readily be perceived, at composition; and the eleven years last past, of ill health have not increased the ability of my pen. However, in my plain way I shall endeavor to sustain to the utmost of my powers the public rights.

HALL J. KELLEY.

NEW YORK HERALD BEATEN.—The Journal of Commere, and other paper's express for carrying the Foreign News from Boston to New York, arrived in the latter city 2 hours and 13 minutes before the New York Herald express. This was caused, by the Heralds account, by the railroads being laid up in consequence of the late storm.

THE SATURDAY MESSENGER, a neutral literary paper published at Manchester, N. H., is one of the best printed, well filled, and rightly conducted, miscellaneous papers we know of. Manchester has long needed a paper "o' that sort."

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

JUDGING.—The custom of judging whether a man has a soul or no soul, by his disposition in regard to money matters, is not badly illustrated by the following:—A stuttering man, in great wrath, was rating a neighbor, who had over-reached his wife in the sale of a rennet bag.

"I kn-ow you, you sti-in-gy dog, you and your fa-a-ther before you—when you was bo-o-rn your fa-a-ther found a so-o-ul would cost a-a-a shi-i-lling, and he could get a gi-gi-izzard for a ninepence, and so he bo-o-ught a-a-a-gi-gizzard."

Here is a good parody on the well-known song of the "Troubadour."

Gaily the Editor
Smoked his cigar,
While he was scissoring
News near and far—
Looking for murders dire,
Items or puffs—
Devil say—devil say—
Aint that enough?

READ!—Yes, that's the word. Keep reading. Do not suffer these long winter evenings, boys and girls, to run to waste. You may learn enough by reading in a short time to make Franklins of you. Employ every moment. Seize upon a book or a newspaper and store away some valuable thought in your mind. You will have use for it one day.

William, a slave, was arrested by the First Municipality Police on the 4th inst., in New Orleans, for being in the State in contravention to law. Since then, the Mayor has received papers from Hagerstown, Maryland, which announced that this William had been tried for murder in that town, for killing Mr Joseph Merchant at a Camp Meeting. The Jury bro't in a verdict of manslaughter, and the slave was ordered to leave the State. He was identified by three gentlemen of this city, besides which he has confessed the crime. We suppose he will now be sold, and one half of his value go to his informers, should they think proper to claim it.

A letter from New Orleans says there is considerable excitement there relative to an alleged *crim. con.* affair, between a well known banker, Mr Hodge of Camp street, and the wife of a very clever doctor, named Osborne. Both parties have appeared before the public in elaborate statements, and people don't know what to think.

A Pin Factory is in operation at Cabotville, which turns out from each machine 240 pins per minute. A machine also sticks them upon the paper at the rate of 1200 a minute.

A fortune of forty millions of dollars, from an estate in England, is said to have been bequeathed to a man named Jennings, a resident of Newcastle Me.

The Providence Journal tells an anecdote of a very good old Connecticut deacon, who was attacking a very feeble pair of oxen to a large and heavy load of wood. A neighbor asked him how he expected to get a load to market with so poor a team. The good deacon said he expected to have some assistance from Divine Providence. "Would it not be as well," asked the neighbor, "to dispense entirely with the oxen, and let Divine Providence draw the whole load."

The daily consumption of flour in the city of New York is 2,200 barrels.

Twenty-nine vessels belonging to Hingham, have taken 17,000 bbls. of mackerel.

TECHNICAL TOAST.—*Franklin*, the * of his profession—the *type* of honesty—the ! of all—and although the ☞ of death has put a . to his existence, every ¶ of his life is without a ‖.

Ephraim of the Boston Star, says that young ladies who refuse good offers of marriage, are too "No-ing by half."

There is in operation in this state, 700 miles of railroad. These roads cost $28,000,000.

The order of Odd Fellows have a public school, at Wilmington, N. C., at which two hundred children are educated.

There are 25,000 clerks in the city of N. York.

To kiss ladies' hands after their lips, as some do, is like little boys, who after they eat the apple, fall on to the parings.

An Arkansas paper wishes to know "what the poor Indian will do when the Buffaloes disappear." We suppose they will have to *bear* it.

The property left by the late George Pepper of Philadelphia, will amount to three millions dollars.

A man named Ezra Watrous was arrested at Honeoye Falls, N. Y., on Saturday, on charge of bigamy, in having married a Miss Catharine Groseback, of that place, while he had another wife living in Yates county. Previous to his marriage with Miss Groesbeck, he exhibited to her forged divorce papers, and thus induced her to believe that he was free from his first wife.

The quantity of cranberries sold at Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, during the present season, we are informed, amounted to 8000 bushels! which at three dollars a bushel, the average price at which they were sold, amounted to $24,000.

The 14th day of January on an average of years, is the coldest day in the year.

Massachusetts Legislature.

The proceedings of our Legislature are hardly of sufficient interest to warrant the necessary space in our columns for a full report. In fact nothing yet has transpired of sufficient interest to remunerate a perusal, excepting the reception of about eight hundred petitions for about as many new projects, and their reference to appropriate committees. When the committees have them properly digested and presented in the form of reports, our readers may expect a more full report than we now give. Sufficient however has transpired to develope the leading spirits of the House, in both the whig and democratic ranks, but we cannot say as much of the Senate,—the leading spirits in that body appearing, politically, all of one mind, making it *difficult* to select a democratic leader in that branch. We hope to be able to visit Boston before the rising of the Legislature, (which will probably take place about the first of May, if we may judge of the business there is to be done;) for the purpose of presenting our readers with a letter press likeness of the Solons of our Commonwealth, in the meantime our readers will try to satisfy themselves, with our copied reports as follows:—

SENATE, *Wednesday, Jan. 21.*—Mr Borden, from the Committee on Manufactures reported a bill for the incorporation of the Bay State Mills, at Methuen, with a capital of $1,000,000; a bill to incorporate the Atlantic Cotton Mills—capital $2,000,000: and a bill to increase the capital of the Lowell Manufacturing Company, with an addition of $900,000.

The Senate adjourned at twenty-five minutes past 12 o'clock.

HOUSE.—Several petitions, orders of notice, &c., were received from the Senate and passed in concurrence.

Mr Tolman of Boston, presented the petition of Newell A. Thompson, E. M. Wells, and others, for an Act of Incorporation for the Grand lodge the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the State of Massachusetts.

The orders of the day were taken up, and the resolve on the petition of Wm. C. Reed, for indemnification for injuries received in performing military duty in 1841, was read and passed to a third reading.

Mr Bayley, of Boston, offered an order, which was adopted—that the Committee on Education consider the expediency of establishing in this city a Teacher's Institute under the patronage of the State.

By Mr Byington of Stockbridge, the petition of Harvy Danks and others, for an alteration of the Constitution, so that a plurality of votes may elect in all cases; and that Sheriffs, Judges of Probate, Clerks of Courts, Coroners, and District Attorneys, to be chosen by the people, for several terms of office to be five years. By Mr Dayton of Dedham, the petition of John Choate and others, to secure the rights of married Women. [Journal.

SENATE, *Thursday, Jan. 22.*—Petitions presented and referred, of the Agricultural Society of Hampden for leave to amend their return to the Secretary. Petition of Charles Crocker and others, for leave to introduce water into the city of Boston from Charles River.

HOUSE.—Order of notice on the memorial of the Western Railroad, and on the petition of Nathaniel N. Baker and others, for a railroad; and a number of others, received from the Senate, and concurred in.

On motion of Mr Page of New Bedford, it was ordered, that the Committee on the Library consider the expediency of instructing the Secretary to send one copy of all Legislative documents to the editor of each newspaper in the State.

CONGRESSIONAL.—No business of importance has transpired in either branch of Congress the past week. The Senate has been in Executive Session the most part of business hours. The House has been occupied with the Oregon question and the right of Mr Cabell, the whig member from Florida, and Mr Brokenborough, the democratic member. The debate on the subject closed on Friday, when a vote was taken 105 against Mr Cabell, the sitting member to 80 in favor of him. Mr Brokenborough was then permitted a seat in the House and was qualified.

☞ We have received a communication from "a subscriber," (?) which it will be our pleasure to answer at our leisure.—The article which our "subscriber" alludes to, was copied from some of our exchanges and appeared among the Miscellany upon the fourth page—copied without more than the usual thought bestowed upon selections—but as it has appeared, and as it expresses so nearly our sentiments, we are happy that it is pointed out to us, and we will endeavor to consider the subject in some future number, when we are less pressed with labor "at the case." *We* are but two of us and it requires more time to issue our Journal than is consistent with our physical abilities, without the increased labor of combatting positions with *learned* collegiates against their cherished institutions.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN RHODE ISLAND.—The House of Representatives of Rhode Island, at the recent session of the Legislature, refused to take up the bill to abolish Capital Punishment, by a vote of more than 5 to 1.

MILLERISM.—Mr Ebenezer Walker, of the south part of Belchertown, on Sunday last entered the Methodist Meeting House near Bondville, and by his fanatical ravings disturbed the congregation there worshiping, obliging them to abruptly discontinue their afternoon services. He kept up a hallooing that might be heard three-quarters of a mile, for the greater part of the night, and on Monday morning undertook an excursion through the village, in a state of almost perfect nudity, having no clothing on but a shirt, and raving like a maniac. We also learn that one of the sons of Noah Nelson, recently deceased of Brimfield, leapt from his bed one night last week, and passed through the streets with the cry that the "last trump was sounding" in a state of perfect mental insanity.

When such a state of things exist, have not our civil authorities power to extinguish the flame that kindles the delusion, by prohibiting the holding of meetings where the doctrines of Miller are promulgated.

"Brother Himes" has an appointment at Three Rivers to-day, and we urge upon the town authorities their obligations to society, by ejecting him from our midst, or by confining him as they would confine any other maniac, dangerous to the peace and security of our citizens.

P. S. Since the above was in type, we learn that Mr Walker died yesterday morning, January 28th, a raving mad-man.—But a short time before his death, he burnt his money and good notes according to the judgment of his wife, to the amount of four *hundred dollars*, and to finish his career threw himself upon a heated stove, but was taken off by his friends, to die, a victim of a most pernicious delusion. Only last Saturday he was in our village, hale and hearty, and in his sanenes was a shrewd, successful business man.

The nomination of Mr Woodward of Pennsylvania for the vacancy existing in the Supreme Court, was rejected by the Senate on Friday last. The reason for his rejection was his sympathy with the principles of the Native American Party. His qualifications for the office are said to be of the highest order, and his rejection looks very much like "proscription proscribed." Several letter-writers have intimated that Mr Woodward's fate awaits Gov. Morton, and Henry Horn, as Collector of Boston and Philadelphia. We know nothing as to the objections to Mr Horn, nor but very little as to the objections to Gov. Morton, but notwithstanding our indifference as to the result, we venture to predict that both gentlemen will be confirmed. In regard to Mr Morton, should the Senate reject his nomination, it would be a sad lesson to politicians of the ingratitude of Republicans, in that having all political power, as they do, toward of infidelity to popular party measures.

MEXICAN INTELLIGENCE.—The Washington *Union* of the 24th inst., gives the following intelligence from Mexico:—

By the arrival on the 14th inst., of the United States brig Porpoise, at Pensacola, (twelve days from Vera Cruz) the intelligence of a revolution in Mexico has been confirmed.

It appears, that on the morning of the 30th, the troops rallied upon by the Government to defend it against Parades, pronounced in his favor; and the Government entered into terms of capitulation with General Parades. He entered and took possession of the city on that day without opposition.

The rumor was, that General Parades manifested less opposition to the reception of Mr Slidell, than the late President, Herrera.

THE PRINTER'S TEN COMMANDMENTS.—1. Thou shalt love the printer—for he is the standard of thy country.

2. Thou shalt subscribe to his paper—for he seeketh much to obtain the news, of which ye may not be ignorant.

3. Thou shalt pay him for his paper—for he laboreth hard to give you the news in due season.

4 Thou shalt advertise, that he may be able to give you the paper.

5. Thou shalt not visit him, regardless of his office rules—deranging the papers.

6. Thou shalt touch nothing that would give the printer trouble—that he may not hold thee guilty.

7. Thou shalt not read the manuscript in the hands of the compositor—for he will not hold thee blameless.

8. Thou shalt not seek the news before it is printed—for he will give it you in due time.

9. Thou shalt ask him few question of things in the office—*from it*, thou shalt tell nothing.

10. Thou shalt not send abusive and threatening letters to the editor.

A MONSTER NEWSPAPER.—One of the most extraordinary journals ever published was the London Gazette, a few weeks since, which consisted of no less than seventy-three sheets of paper, each sheet bearing the usual penny stamp. The cost of the stamps alone were 6s. 1d.

A blazing Meteor, "as large as a barrel," traversed through some 300 miles of the atmosphere in Georgia, and on the borders of Florida on Sunday, 21st December, and exploded with a tremendous noise; shaking the earth for a great distance.

A NEW WHISTLE.—The Superintendent of the engine department on the Bristol and Birmingham Railway, has tried an experiment with a new whistle invented by an Organ Builder. It consists of air-tight tubes, which, by means of a handle can be made to emit various sounds so as to be understood by the engine drivers.—While this invention may be useful in conveying such intelligence as may prevent many accidents which otherwise might occur, we should think that grinding out music by this new locomotive organ, might be a little more harmonious to the ear, than the unearthly screams which now thrill on one's nerves till every hair on his head stands out like quills on the fretted porcupine. Give us music.—*Olive Branch.*

The trappers of the upper waters of the Missouri river had come down, bringing with the ominous intelligence that the beavers had raised their dams seven feet higher than they have ever before built them. This information led to the belief that there would be an overflow in the Missouri several feet higher than before known.

Brighton Market.—*Monday, Jan. 26.*
[Reported for the Daily Advertiser

At Market 520 Beef Cattle, 615 Sheep and 60 Swine. 250 Swine arrived at the close of the market, and are unsold.

Prices—Beef Cattle—We noticed two beautiful cattle from Westfield, sold for $240. Prices generally advanced. We quote extra 5 75 a $6, first quality 5 25 a 5 50; second quality 4 75 a 5 25; third quality $4 a 4 50.

Sheep—We noticed a beautiful lot of Wethers—Sales at $6, $4 and $5; ordinary Sheep from $2 to 2 65.

Swine—Not in demand; several small lots were sold, half Barrows at 4 1-2c. At retail ..om 4 1-2 to 5c.

HUNT'S LINIMENT.—This invaluable Remedy of the many "ills that flesh is heir to," continues to shed its untold benefits upon all classes of society. We have seen a Certificate from some of the most respectable, intelligent and influential citizens of the county of Westchester, where the Proprietor resides, who are above all attempts to deceive or mislead the public in reference to any medicine connected or in preparation; and as this testimonial is of most spontaneous and unsolicited character from those excellent men, for Rheumatism, and various other diseases named in the ..., there can no longer be a reasonable ... of its extraordinary success and triumph over the maladies in question. It is to be had in this place of
D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

MARRIAGES.

In Swanzey, N. H., the 20th inst., by Rev. Mr Livermore, Mr Solomon R. Lawrence of this place, to Miss Maria Whitcomb, of Swanzey.

On Sunday last, by Rev. A. A. Folsom, Mr Cyrus Wheeler of Hollis, N. H., to Miss Eliza B. Richards, of Springfield.

At Brimfield, Dec. 31, by Rev G. C. Partridge, Mr C. M. Shaw, of Monson, and Miss ... Nutting of Brimfield.

DEATHS.

In Cabotville, Jan. 20, Lafayette, son of Sylvester ..., aged ... years.

In Ware, Dec 30, Mrs Catharine Sherman daughter of Mr Jas. Whitman of Belchertown aged 41

At Longmeadow, on the 11th, Mrs. Hannah Walker, aged 87

VALUABLE REMEDY.
HUNT'S LINIMENT.

THIS CELEBRATED EXTERNAL REMEDY for the cure of Rheumatism, Cramps, Affections of the Spine, Pains in the Back and Chest, Swelled Limbs, Croup, Ague in the Face, Tooth-Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Issues, Ulcerated Sores, Salt Rheum, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Weakness in the Ankles, Nervous Diseases, Contraction of the Muscles, Burns, Corns, and Frosted Feet, is now almost universally acknowledged to be one of the Wonders of the World, and the BEST EXTERNAL REMEDY NOW KNOWN. And as a proof of the great celebrity which this remedy has attained, the following certificate, from gentlemen of the highest respectability, is offered. There has never yet been discovered an external remedy which has proved so universally successful in all cases where it has been applied.

SING, SING, May 18, 1845

We, the undersigned, do certify that we have used Mr George E. Stanton's External Remedy, called HUNT'S LINIMENT, and have proved it to be fully equal to the character it gives it. Its healing properties are truly extraordinary; and we most confidently recommend it as one of the safest and most certain external remedies that has yet been discovered.

Caleb Roscoe, Editor Westchester Herald.
Isaac Birdsall, Inspector M. P. State Prison.
Albert Lockwood, Judge Court Common Pleas.
James Locke, the extensive Horticulturist
James B. Swain, Editor H. R. Chronicle.
M. Churchill, Principal of the celebrated Boarding School for Boys.
Samuel F. Reynolds, Supreme Court Commissioner.
R. R. Yoris, District Attorney
Theodosius Clark, Pastor M. E. Church
Robert Wiltse, late Agent M. P. State Prison.
Aaron Ward, late Member of Congress
Munson L. Lockwood, Clerk of the County
Wm. H. Feck, Agent M. P State Prison
B. C. Morse, Pastor of the Baptist Church

Benjamin Moore,	Samuel Trowbridge,
Abraham Kipp,	Pierre Van Cortland,
Stephen Marshall,	Abraham Miller,
John Strat,	Gilbert Miller,
Philip G. Van Wack,	Edmund Blant,
Benjamin Washburn.	

The following letter from the highly eminent Physician which has been attached to the Mount Pleasant State Prison for many years, is the best evidence of the value of this celebrated Liniment:—

SING SING, Dec. 26, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR—I received your note of yesterday, asking my opinion in relation to Hunt's Liniment, as prepared by Mr George E. Stanton. Knowing its composition, and having frequently used it, I can commend it to you as a safe External Remedy, and, in my opinion, the best Liniment now in use

Very truly and respectfully yours,
A. K. HOFFMAN, M. D.

Col. Pierre Van Cortland, Croton Manor.
I fully concur in the above opinion,
WM. N. BELCHER, M. D.

☞ Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all the principal Druggists and store-keepers throughout the country.

CAUTION.—Although this External Remedy has been but a short time before the public, counterfeiters have deemed it worth while to palm off a base and worthless article as the genuine. Be sure that each bottle has stamped on it the following: "Hunt's Liniment, prepared and sold by G. E. Stanton, Sing-Sing, N. Y." None other is genuine.

GEORGE E. STANTON.
Sing-Sing, June 5, 1845. 2-1y

AGENTS.—G. W. Callener, East Longmeadow; Samuel Leach, Wilbraham; Shaw & Chapman, So. Wilbraham; Norcross & Converse, Monson; J. C. Royce & Co. Wales; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; D. F. McGilvray & Co. Palmer Depot.

THE GREAT NORTHERN REMEDY
N. H. Downe's Vegetable
BALSAMIC ELIXIR.

A MOST valuable medicine for curing Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Bleeding, and all diseases of the Lungs. It promotes expectoration, by which means the irritation of the Lungs is immediately stopped, and by its Balsamic properties effects a speedy cure—as can be attested by thousands of individuals in New England and the other States, (certificates shown if desired.)

For sale by A. BLODGETT.
Palmer Depot, Jan 29, 1846. 2

Ten! Ten!

THE subscribers will sell as good (if not the best) tea, for the price ever offered in Hampden county, at the Depot tea store.

8 McGILVRAY & CO.

Woolens! Woolens!!

WISHING to close off the balance of our extensive stock of Goods adapted to the present season, will sell at a reduction from former prices. (which of course brings them very low.)—Ladies and Gentlemen wishing for wearing apparel at bargains, will please call and examine for themselves, at the depot store. McGILVRAY & CO.

Remnants.

REMNANTS of Prints selling low at the depot store. 3 McGILVRAY & CO.

TAILORING.

Gentlemen! do you wish for a good and genteel
Fashionable Garment,
Leave one of your old ones at
THEODORE DENEKE,
MONSON CENTRE, MASS. 2-4t

A. BLODGETT,
Watch Maker and Jeweler,
3 DOORS WEST OF THE PALMER HOTEL,
North side of the Railroad,
PALMER DEPOT, MASS.
Watches and Clocks of all kinds carefully repaired and warranted.

JOHN BOWLES,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
BOOTS, SHOES, LEATHER,
—and—
Ready made Clothing, &c., &c.
All of which will be sold as low as the cheapest and as good as the best.

N. B. All those indebted to the subscriber, will please call at Mr Curtiss's office, who settle. Palmer, Depot, Post Office.

J. D. BARBER,
Fashionable Tailor,
PALMER DEPOT, MASS.
Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.

Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Customer is to be present at the shop.
Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

J. S. & C. D. BAILEY,
Dealers in
JAPANNED & BRITANNIA WARE,
Stoves, Stove Pipe, Pumps and Zinc.
ALSO, MANUFACTURERS OF
Tin, Sheet Iron & Copper W...
Three doors
PALMER MASS.

JONAH HODGES,
LAND SURVEYOR,
... between the Hotels
PALMER MASS.

NOTICE.

I HEREBY certify that I have given my son Amasa P. Holden his time, and shall hereafter claim none of his earnings, nor pay any debts of his contracting. AMASA HOLDEN.
Palmer, Jan 14, 1846. 2-3t

Shaving Soap.

HALE'S Celebrated New York Almond Shaving Soap, for sale by McGILVRAY & CO.

Salt.

TURK'S ISLAND Liverpool and Dairy Salt for sale at the Depot Store by
McGILVRAY & CO.

Flour.

200 BBLS. Genesee Flour of the best brands, for sale at the Depot Store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

Fresh Oysters!

Direct from New Haven by Railroad Express!
CONSTANTLY on hand, and furnished in any quantity at the lowest prices, by
A. BLODGETT.
Palmer Depot, Jan. 14, 1846.

MUFFS and other Furs are selling at the depot store, at the manufacturer's prices.
McGILVRAY & CO.

Wanted!

IN exchange for goods or cash,
1000 bushels Corn;
1000 " Rye;
3000 " Oats;
for which the highest prices will be paid.
McGILVRAY & CO.

Boots.

THICK and thin Boots, and Brogans, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & Co.

Sugars.

BROWN HAVANNA, St. Croix Porto Rico New Orleans, Loaf and Crushed Sugars, for sale at the Depot Store by
McGILVRAY & CO.

Molasses.

12 HHDS superior Molasses, for sale low at the Depot Store by McGILVRAY & CO.

500 GALLS. Eag. Linseed Oil, for sale at the Depot store by
McGILVRAY & CO.

White Lead.

GROUND AND DRY in various qualities, for sale at the Depot store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

3000 LBS. TOBACCO, of the most approved brands, for sale by
McGILVRAY & CO.

Glass.

WINDOW GLASS of nearly all sizes and qualities, for sale at the Depot store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

50 China Tea Setts,

OF new styles, for sale low at the Depot store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

300 Hundred Doz. Kimball's

SPOOL THREAD, of 200 yds each—for sale low at the Depot store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

BUCK WHEAT FLOUR, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Nails.

OLD COLONY, Weymouth and Boston Nails—in assorted sizes, for sale low at the Depot Store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

2 HUNDRED bushels White Beans, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

200 PRS. LADIES' KID SHOES, for sale low at the Depot store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

Fish.

PRIME Salmon, Mackerel, Halibut, Sword and Cod Fish, for sale at the Depot Store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

Spices.

CITRON, Mace, Nutmegs, Cinnamon and other spices, for sale low at the Depot Store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

DR. TAYLOR'S
BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 Bowery, New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs

Read the following certificates

NEW YORK, March ..., 1845

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and ... publicly to state, for the information of ..., the wonderful effects of your TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT, 375 Bowery, on myself. About five years since, all my acquaintances about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a ... victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, ... was greatly reduced, ... almost to a skeleton. I commenced ... Balsam, and in three days I felt sure of being ... I was so much relieved by it. In my case it acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well and have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons afflicted with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery, and, in a word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and ... at any time, at the office of the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg.

Yours ... A. N. CHAPIN.

... Dear Doctor,—I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood ... and I was advised entirely by one bottle of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*.

(signed) ... C. BATEMAN.
Sworn to before me this ... day of ..., 1845.
H. C. TOMLIN, Com. of Deeds

... Dear Doctor,—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medicine ... proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which ... had unmanned, I felt that I could not much longer battle the disease. At this time I was recommended to try *Dr Taylor's* Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and to its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to make themselves of this invaluable ... one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to ... to be ...

... A. B. TAYLOR.

N. B. Just received Large Bottles $1 each—... Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Nye, Brimfield; A. N. Packard, Monson.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE ... STOCK OF MERCHANDISE ... who have ... ever come to ... Goods Branch ... the reputation they have already ... by selling Goods cheap. It is not their purpose to assert that they will sell Goods less than any ... but they ... that ... Goods do not. Keeping as they do almost every article that ... who having already ... will not admit of an extension at this season of the year, consequently have not availed themselves of these extra advantages. We do not pretend to say but ... in many respects able to ... as on prices. But at present we have confidence to ... that we can offer ... that they will not go away dissatisfied. For particulars see our advertisements

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO
Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846.

Depot Cabinet Warehouse.

THE subscriber would inform his patrons that he still continues to manufacture all kinds of Cabinet Ware, and would invite all those about to purchase any article in his line to call and examine his assortment. Among which are the following—

Grecian, Work, Card, Centre & Dining

Tables; Work Wash and Light Stands; Grecian, French and Common Bureaus; French and Common Bedsteads; Grecian, Cane and Wood seat Chairs, &c., &c. His Furniture is of the best MATERIALS AND WORKMANSHIP, and his prices will be found to be as low as at any other establishment in the county. Call and examine and satisfy yourselves.

Thankful for the liberal patronage with which he has thus far been favored, would solicit a continuance of the same

N. B. All kinds of Job Work done at short notice.
A. H. LONGLEY
Palmer Depot, Jan. 16 1846

Depot Store.

THE subscribers have recently received some very rich and beautiful styles of shaded Ombres, M. de Laines, to which the special attention of the Ladies is invited. The above recent arrivals together with our former stock comprises as extensive an assortment of

New and Fashionable Dress Goods,

as can be found at any other Mercantile establishment. In addition to the above we have all the requisite trimmings, such as Velvet Ribbons, Gimps, Fringes &c. &c.

Our stock of Prints is among the largest in the ... and ... are new and desirable and will be sold on the most favorable terms. A large invoice of Shawls—comprising some very rich wrought and printed Cashmere Robroy, Grenadine, and other shawls—which we are enabled to sell at much less prices than ever before offered in this market.

Our stock of Alpaccas, Orleans Cloths, Alpines, Robroys, is large and will be sold at a great reduction from former prices.

HOSIERY, GLOVES, MITTS, LADIES' and GENTS' Fancy Cravats, Scarfs—Rich Bonnet Cap and Taffata Ribbons—Tabs, Artificial Flowers, &c.—Broad and narrow Linen, Lisle and Cambric Edgings, White Goods, &c., &c.

Brown and Bleached Sheetings Shirtings, Tickings, Burlaps, Furnitures, Counterpanes, &c.

To our stock of Woolens we solicit the attention of all Gents. who have not yet supplied themselves with Garments—as we have now on hand

A LARGE ASSORTMENT,

all of which we will sell until the opening of Spring at a very small advance from cost

Carpetings, Rugs, Buckings, &c.

A very extensive variety constantly in store at a very small advance from cost, and we pledge ourselves that we purchase on as good terms as any other
HOUSE

To those persons commencing housekeeping we have to say that our facilities for ... Goods, is second to none in ... all furnishing Counties. D. F. ... Hampden or Worcester
Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, ... McGILVRAY & CO.
1846.

OLD JAVA, ... and Mocha COFFEE. ... Domingo, Portocabello, Ground and Coffee, for sale low at the Depot Store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

RAISINS.

BOX AND CASK RAISINS, of nice quality, for sale low at the Depot Store, by
McGILVRAY & CO

POETRY & HUMOROUS.

The Dead Cow Brook School.

BY KURNEL PARDON JONES, E. S. M.

TUNE—"Woodman, Spare that Tree."

When but a little boy,
To Cow Brook School I went;
First Webster was my joy,
Then Daboll my intent;
Murray I went clear through,
And larnt his rules by hart,
And read in the "Preceptur," tew,
And then in the "Third Part."

Then o'er the crusted snow,
With joyous steps I trod.
The white birch bending low,
With icicles did nod.
With hand sled in my hand
The hill side steep I sought,
And join the merry band,

And the way we used to ride down hill, one after another, over the glare ice, and sometimes clean smack against the swamp medder pond at the foot, was a caution to railroads.

Phil Ant'ny was our schoolmaster,
A larned man was he;
In 'rithmetic he'd gone as far
As the Double Rule of Three,
He studied phisic tew,
And where he boarded round,
He cured worms and tizzick tew
With roots dug from the ground.

Upon the hill it stood,
That schoolhouse old and warm,
With that big pile of wood,
It laughed at cold and storm.
The hill side slope in front,
How glorious the view!
We used to ride a full half mile
On sleds and dug outs tew.

"The boys may gwout," says the schoolmaster, says he, one forenoon, "and du you go and break your eternal necks a ridin' down hill in that hog troth, and you see what you'll ketch when I get hold on you, that's all. Stop! Come back, all on you, come back! Is that the way to gwout, like a parcel of skeert sheep running over one another? Where's your manners?—Hain't I told you more'n a hundred times 'bout that? Now, start, one to a time, and when you git to the door turn round and make your manners, every one on you.—Sy Harrington, come right straight back here, sir! You're a terrible smart feller, aint you? Mebby you tho't I did'nt see you, when you was pretendin' to make a bow, bump your forrad agin Reuben Johnson's nose, on purpose! Jest see how you made it bleed; don't cry, Reuben, it'll feel better arter its done achin."

"I didn't go tu du it—Rube come pushin' up jist as I turned round to make my manners. I didn't have room tu du it, 'thout hittin' him on the nose."

"What did you push up that fashion, for, Reuben; hadn't you no more sense than that?"

"I couldn't help it; Jim Wright stuck a pin into me, and it kinder made me jump forward a little, and—"

"Well, go long out, both on you, and behave yourselves, and tell Jeems Wright to come here—I have business of importance tu du with him."

And away went the boys, and they hadn't been out two minutes afore they wos both mounted on a hand sled, streakin' it down hill like chain lite'nin'. There wasn't a boy in school that wasn't a coastin' in some or another. Some was on sleds, some on planks, some on logs, some in wooden trays; and them that hadn't nothin' else to ride on, would set flat down on the ice, and let others drag 'em by two strings tied round their ankles. But they all remembered what Dr. Phil Ant'ny told 'em, and nobody didn't tech the big hog torth. There it stood, right on the starting pint, as crazy as a hair trigger to go off.

I've seen a dozen fellers git into it, all twisted together like a streak, and all tumble into a soft snow bank together, to the bottom of the hill, like young rats in a meal tub. Wall, putty soon Dr. Phil Ant'ny come out of the school-house to look for Jim Wright, but Jim had just started in his little tray—the swiftest craft on the track 'cept the big hog troth—and his red bushy hair was beginnin' to stream back like a blaze of fire.

"Stop," cried Dr. Phil, "stop, you little sarpint, or I'll be arter you, and give you the wust lickin' you ever got in your life."

"I can't," cried Jim, looking back, "the critter's got started, and tain't no use to try to stop her, now't she's got the bit in her teeth."

"By the thunder an lite'nin,' hollered Dr. Phil and stomped down his foot, and up flew both his heels, and down he went backwards, ker wallop, into the hog's troth, and away he went with his heels stickin' up, right in Jim's wake. Jim seed him comin' and put spurs to his hoss, that is to say, he stuck his pikes into the ice and pushed ahead, as if he was scapin' from railroad. On went Dr. Phil like a whirlwind and he was overtakin' Jim hand over hand, and was just runnin' afoul on him, when the troth teched a lump of ice and sheered off at tangent. The boys all stopped and looked at the school master, some on 'em eenamost astonished out of their breath, and others reddy to bust laffin."—Whiz went the troth, down the steepest part of the hill.

An old log, half buried in the ice, lay right across Dr. Phil's path, and the boys all knew mighty well what was comin' some on 'em had been shipwrecked on that log afore. "He'll git histed now, sartin," said Sy Harrington, jumpin' up and down, and slappin' his thighs; "there he goes!" and sure 'nuff, there he did go, for the troth struck the log and leapt six foot into the air, throwin' Dr. Phil ten foot down the hill, whirlin' over and over like a buzz, and he never stopped till he went splash into the bilin' spring, where the cattle went to drink and had trod it full of soft mud.

"Where's the schoolmaster?" shouted Jim Wright, crawlin' out of the snow bank where he had landed, and shakin' the snow out of his hair; "cracky! if he didn't think he ketch me at one time!"

The boys all run to the bilin' spring, and there lay Dr. Phil Ant'ny, all kivered with mud and snow, groanin' aloud, and tears of agony startin' out his eyes. His thigh and rib was broke. Phil was a kind hearted man, and the boys all loved him. He used to talk savage to us sometimes, but then he didn't use to hurt us. The little boys stood round and cried when Phil told us that his leg was broke, and the big ones took hold of him, keerful, and kerried him to the school house, and then pulled him over tu father's on a hand sled. Our beloved schoolmaster never got up again.

Long lingered our dear friend
Upon that bed of pain;
The doctor could not mend
His shattered bones again.
He called his scholars all
Around his dying bed,
And whilst our tears did fall,
Thus solemnly he said

"My pupils, fare thee well!
My race is almost run;
Sadly my heart doth swell,
As you kiss me one by one.
When down the schoolhouse hill
Again you go to ride,
Oh, look out for that fatal log,
And turn your sleds aside."
Then he bowed his head and died;
The boys sobbed and cried.

And we never rid down the schoolhouse hill afterwards.

AGRICULTURAL.

Winter Employments.

"Now shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind—
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict."

Next to man's duty of providing for himself and his own household, is that of relieving, to the extent of his power, the wants of his fellow men in general.—and next to that, is the duty, (to say nothing of the interest,) of protecting and nourishing the animals placed under his care, and from which his own comforts are so largely derived. Winter is indeed a season of gloom and unhappiness to those who are in need of food, raiment or shelter; and in truth, however well provided the farmer and his family may be in these respects, if he has the common sympathies of humanity, he will find himself a stranger to peace of mind, while any of the animals dependent on him, are miserable from hunger or exposure; but let every individual of his flocks and herds, receive the full care and attention requisite to their comfort and enjoyment, and a consciousness of this will enable the owner to rest quietly on his pillow, though the storm may howl and rage around.

Besides the cutting and collecting wood and timber, and other business usually done in the winter, the farmer may do much in this season, towards forwarding the labors of spring. Every farmer should have a workshop, where, in stormy and inclement days, he or his men may be employed in mechanical work. If extensive operations are carried on, there should be a blacksmith's forge with an anvil and such apparatus as is necessary for doing small jobs. Implements should be made and repaired, and everything put in readiness for use. A little practice will enable any man of tolerable ingenuity to use the carpenter's or blacksmith's tools so well that he may save many a dollar.

Although the farmer is sometimes prevented from carrying on out door operations by the severity of the weather, his time during this season may be as profitably employed as in any other part of the year. The leisure now enjoyed, permits his mind to be directed to subjects of interest and importance which he had not the opportunity to examine thoroughly, when more busily engaged. He has time for studying and laying plans for future operation—time for reading and for investigating the principles on which his art is based—a knowledge of which enables him to direct his labors understandingly. By reading he acquires information as to the state and condition of agriculture everywhere. In relation to the different branches of husbandry, he notes well the practices of others, and carefully compares them with his own—resolving to improve his system by adopting whatever is applicable to his circumstances. While prosecuting his inquiries, however, he should avoid a credulous assent to untried schemes and theories. Though he should examine freely, he should apply cautiously—he should endeavor to "*prove all things, and hold fast that which is good*"—counsel, which, though originally given in reference to spiritual concerns, should be held as a motto in all temporal affairs.

The farmer should also provide means for the intellectual improvement of his family. The character of his sons and daughters, depends much on the opportunities they have *at home* for the acquirement of knowledge. Many young men are made discontented with the life of a farmer, and are, perhaps, driven to habits of irregularity, from the want of that knowledge which would give them both "power" and pleasure. Every effort should therefore be made to render home pleasant.—Books and periodicals, suited to the ages and capacities of both sexes, should be provided. They should be such as will not only convey instruction in relation to the business affairs of life, but of a character also that will tend to improve the morals and elevate the higher sentiments.

Nor should the mind of the farmer himself be restricted to one subject or class of subjects, for in the whole range of nature there is nothing that bears not some relation to his happiness. Let him, then, study nature in all her shapes and forms—let him heed well her teachings,

"And mark them down for wisdom."

Every season will afford opportunity, to the man of philosophic mind, for observation or for useful reflection and contemplative enjoyment:—

"E'en winter wild, to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest and the hoary waste—
Abrupt, and deep, stretched o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought."

Albany Cultivator.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Yes, Get Married.

ADVICE BY DOW, JR.

Young man! if you have arrived at the right point in life for it, let every other consideration give away to that of getting married. Don't think of doing any thing else. Keep poking about the rubbish of the world till you have stirred up a gem worth possessing, in the shape of a wife.—Never think of delaying the matter: for you know that delays are dangerous. A good wife is the most constant and faithful companion you can possibly have by your side, while performing the journey of life—a dog isn't touch to her. She is of more service, too, then you may at first imagine. She can 'smooth your linen and your cares' for you—mend your trousers, and perchance your manners—sweeten your sour moments as well as your tea and coffee for you—ruffle, perhaps, your shirt bosom, but not your temper; and, instead of sowing the seeds of sorrow in your path, she will sew buttons on your shirts, and plant happiness instead of harrow teeth in your bosom. Yes—and if you are too confoundedly lazy or too proud to do such work yourself, she will chop wood, and dig potatoes for dinner; for her love for her husband is such that will do any thing to please him—except receive company in her every day clothes.

When a woman loves, she loves with a double distilled devotedness; and when she hates, she hates on the high pressure principle. Her love is as deep as the ocean, as strong as a hempen halter, and as immutable as the rock of ages. She won't change it except it is in a very strong fit of jealousy; and even then it lingers, as if loth to part, like evening twilight at the windows of the west. Get married by all means. All the excuses you can fish up against "doing the deed" ain't worth a spoonful of pigeon's milk. Mark this—if blest with health and employment, you are not able to support a wife, depend upon it you are not capable of supporting yourself. Therefore, so much more need of annexation, for, in union, as well as an onion, there is strength. Get married, I repeat, young man! Concentrate your affections upon one object, and not distribute them crumb by crumb, among a host of Susans, Sarahs, Marys, Loranas, Olives, Elizas, Augustas, Betsies, Peggies, and Dorathies—allowing to each scarcely enough to nibble at. Get married, and have somebody to cheer you as you journey through this "lowly vale of tears"—somebody to scour up your whole life, and whatever linen you possess, in some sort of Sunday go-to-meeting order.

Young woman! I need not tell you to look out for a husband, for I know that you are fixing contrivances to catch one, and are as naturally on the watch as a cat is for a mouse. But one word in your ear, if you please. Don't bait your hook with an artificial beauty; if you do, the chances are ten to one that you will catch a gudgeon—some silly fool of a fish that isn't worth his weight in saw-dust. Array the inner lady with the beautiful garments of virtue, modesty, truth, morality, and unsophisticated love; and you will dispose of yourself quicker, and to much better advantage than you would if you displayed all the gew-gaws, flippejigs, fol-de-rols, and fiddle-de-dees in the universe. Remember that it is an awful thing to live and die a self-manufactured old maid.

My hearers—get married while you are young; and then when the frosts of age shall fall an wither the flowers of affection, the leaves of connubial love will still be green, and perchance, a joyous offspring will surround and grace the parent tree, like ivy twining and adoring the time scathed oak.

COMPLIMENTARY.—Not long since, an actor in one of the theatres in London, who was rather unpopular, had the head of a jackass placed on the stage by some of the audience, which confused him,—at length stepping forward, said—"*Really, I am very much obliged to the gentleman for sending his portrait.*"

Modesty.

We love a modest unassuming young man, wherever we find him—in a counting-room, or in a law office—at the bellows, or the crank—at the roll-stand, or the type case—on a clam-bank, or in the pulpit.—Among a world of brass and impudence he stands forth an honor to himself—showing to others that he at least has had a good bringing up, and knows what belongs to good manners. Ask him a question, and he will not give you a snappish reply or look cross enough to bite you. If you are looking for anything, he will take pains to find it for you, if he can. When in company with others, he does not usurp all the conversation, and endeavor to call the attention of others to himself, by boisterous language. He listens attentively to his seniors, and modestly advances his own opinion. We love such a man—we do sincerely—and his company we do highly prize. If he meets you in the street, he pleasantly bows and mildly bids you good morning. You do not find him standing at the corner, using profane words, or see him at the entrance of churches on the Sabbath. He quietly enters his pew, and takes his seat without a flourish. Such young men there are in the city. We often see them. You will find them in some of your printing offices, work-shops, and other places, where to work and earn one's living is honorable. When they come upon the stage of active life, they must succeed—it cannot be otherwise. We would give more for a modest unassuming young man, for all the practical business of life, than for a score of brassy, impudent rascals, who are not worth the bread they keep from moulding.—*Portland Tribune.*

Home.

Home should be the central point of our affections and our joys. It should be the husband's pride, the mother's contented and happy abode, and the great magnet towards which the child's heart points as the centre of his hopes and joys. A mere trifle, judiciously expended, will render pleasant to the eye the domicil which is ever present to the sight and which during a whole life-time, we expect to make our home; a few hours of labor will give us a little ornamental patch of ground where we may indulge the longings of our hearts for the beauties of nature; a very few dollars expended in stocking our farm with an abundance of the best of fruit; and a day or two employed in carefully planting around us nature's crowning beauty, a few of our delightful forest trees, and we shall have a delightful paradise of our own, a home which the father will enjoy beyond all other places of resort—around which the gentle sway of a fond wife's and mother's rule will throw a halo of light and enjoyment, and in which the child will find all that his young fancy depict of happiness, contentment and domestic felicity.

Man needs the gentle influences of such a home to soften down the rough asperities of his nature—woman deserves from our hands a home congenial to her gentle nature; and the child trained up under the benign influence of such scenes can scarcely fail to exhibit in the future man the wholesome effects, which the beauties of nature and of art, are so well calculated to produce in the infant mind.

Our Mechanics.

They are the palace builders of the world; not a stick is hewn, not a stone is sharpened, in all the lordly dwellings of the rich, that does not owe its fitness and beauty to the mechanic's skill; the towering spires that raise their giddy heights among the clouds, depend upon the mechanic's art and strength for their symmetry, beauty and fair proportions; there is no article of comfort or of pleasure, but what bears the impress of their handiwork. How exalting is their calling—how sublime is their vocation! Who dares to sneer at such a fraternity of honorable men—who dares to cast odium upon such a patriotic race? Their path is one of true glory, and it is their own fault if it does not lead them to the highest posts of honor and renown.

☞ The following anecdote is told in the last True American of a man named Bentley, a most confirmed drunkard, who would never drink with a friend, nor in public, and always bitterly denied when caught a little too steep, ever tasting liquor! One day some bad witnesses concealed themselves in his room, and when the liquor was running down his throat, seized him with his arm crooked and his mouth open, and holding him fast, asked him with an air of triumph—"Ah, Bently! we have caught you at last—you never drink, ha?" Now one would have supposed that Bently would have acknowledged the corn. Not he!—with the most grave and inexpressible face he calmly, and in a "dignified manner," said, "Gentlemen, my name is not Bentley!"

Why is a farm with an increase of cattle like an old woman knitting?

Because it's a *stock-ing*.

Why don't a long nose spoil a handsome face? Because a handsome face never has a long nose.

Female Temper.

Among all the qualifications essential to the perfection of the female character, there is, perhaps, none more lovely and endearing than a gentle temper. Callous and unfeeling must be the man who does not prize, above all things else, the meek and yielding spirit of confiding woman.—We know full well the dreamy bliss that sleeps beneath the silken lashes of a lustrous eye—in the rich softness of a rosy lip—in the deep crimson that leaps into a pudding cheek—in the gentle motion of a finely moulded form, or in the shadowy redundance of dark, raven-like tresses, floating in many a curl along the pure marble of her snowy neck.

The hearts of the young and passionate thrill with ecstacy while gazing on these things; but how infinitely more precious is the smile, ever ready to welcome, and the glance fraught with clinging devotion or shrinking sensibility, than the beauty which swells in proud security of admired homage, or the brilliant accomplishments which delight applauding crowds! Mean and unmeaning toys are these, compared with the charms of an amiable temper, and he who has a wife possessing this qualification, should prize her far above gold or rubies. A few moments of patient, enduring silence would in many cases, prevent years of discord and misery, but often the sensitive heart is stung to the quick by the keen sarcasm or waspish retort—the slumber of forgetfulness falls upon the dream of beauty—and the flame of affection is quenched by hatred or contempt.

Have Courage.

Ay, have courage—sink under any discouragement and you are gone—lost forever. Believe what thousands tell you, that you have no tact for business—no talents for writing—no energy—and what are you good for? A street-sweep—a servant to others—a slave—and nothing better.—Feel that you have something within you—that your nerves are iron, your sinews brass, your constitution adamant, and your mind will never lag: it will go up and on, encountering every obstacle until you achieve your proudest expectations.

Ye who have failed—whose notes have been protested—whose every step has been overshadowed by a cloud—fear not nor tremble again. Had you possessed more independence and were you less fearful you would have been much better off. But no matter for the past. Take fresh courage and go on. Though ruin blaze in the sky and destitution sweep over the ocean and the land, be still at your post, fighting for victory or death. This is the only way. It is for you to say whether you will live and conquer or die a drone and a sloven.

The Twins.

Speaking of twins, we know a farmer in Connecticut who has a pair of twin daughters, of whom a capital anecdote is told.—They both attended school, and not long since one of them was called up by their teacher to recite a lesson in geography, which she had learned very imperfectly, and in fact could not go on at all. The teacher who was getting quite out of patience, was called to another part of the room, and just at that moment the twin sister sprang on the floor unobserved, and rushing the delinquent scholar to her seat, took her place. The joke was not discovered until some days after. Of course it was too good and successful to occasion any offence.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.—No well bred person will be insolent to his inferiors. On the other hand, he will observe a scrupulous tenderness of manner towards them—a care of word and action, that shall lighten the burthen of humility which must lighten the burthen of humility which they must necessarily feel, as much as possible: This refinement of heart is the most characteristic of a high and noble spirit. It is the only mark of a lady or gentleman that is wholly unequivocal. When we see a person very choice of his words, and dainty at the table, capable of insulting the unfortunate, or ridiculing distress, we always think of the ass in the lion's skin.

THE DEAD.—It is painful to observe how soon the dead are forgotten. The tide of fashion or business, pleasure rolls on—rapidly obliterates the memory of the departed, and sweeps away with it the attention of the ruling folly of the hour.

EARLY MARRYING.—After noticing the marriage in New Orleans, of a young man aged 70 years, to a mademoiselle aged only 83 years, the Planter's Gazette then remarks:—

"We are not an advocate for early marriages, and feel indignant at the parents of those *children* for permitting them to go on so."

POVERTY.—Is poverty a crime? Certainly it must be so! for we see the rich rascal scourted, his offences forgotten—while the poor man with no stain upon his character but poverty, is shunned and of no repute. There is a redeeming grace in gold which hides all iniquity.

If you would live till you are old, live as if you would have to die when you are young.

Job Printing!

Palmer Depot Printing Establishment.

SOUTH OF THE WESTERN RAILROAD DEPOT.

The subscribers, having an extensive assortment of materials in the

Jobbing Department,

are now prepared to do all kinds of

BOOK & JOB PRINTING,

in the neatest style, such as

CATALOGUES, HANDBILLS,
SERMONS, BILL-HEADS,
TOWN REPORTS, CIRCULARS,
TOWN RECORDS, LEGAL BLANKS,
BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS, &c., &c.

Managers of Balls and Parties will be supplied at short notice, with

CARDS OF INVITATION,

in style superior to anything of the kind heretofore executed. The Materials of this Establishment are all new and of the latest City styles.

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Palmer Depot, Mass, Jan. 1846.

AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Of Literature, Art and Fashion.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

THE PROSPECTUS FOR 1846.

Regular Contributors.

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GRAHAM'S is the oldest and most popular of the American Literary Magazines. The number for January 1846, will be the first of the twenty-eighth volume. Its long and uniformly successful career, from its commencement with a few hundred subscribers, until the present time, when it has a circulation exceeding by thousands all others, is perhaps as good an evidence of its great and constantly increasing merit as the publishers have it in their power to offer. To its old subscribers, they trust, no assurances are necessary of their determination to maintain its present ascendancy over all the rival periodicals of the country. The engagement of such men as BRYANT, LONGFELLOW, COOPER, DANA, HOFFMAN, MANCUR and others, of high reputation in the literary world, as regular contibutors, in addition to a list embracing many of the first names in the nation, is a sufficient guarantee that the work will continue to be the principal medium of communication between the best authors and the public.

[Here follows a list of upwards of fifty contributors, embracing almost every distinguished writer in the country.]

Besides these well known and universally popular writers, many anonymous contributors of distinguished merit furnish articles for nearly every number, and in each will be found an able letter upon the literature of Europe, from our able correspondent, F. J. Grund, Esq.

OUR ELEGANT PARIS FASHION PLATES.

The splendid fashion plates, with which we shall adorn each number of "Graham" for 1846, have already awakened the jealousy of our contemporaries, and they show their annoyance by all manner of torture of the word PARIS. It seems to be both a charm and a bane to them. We have only to say that our December number contains a specimen of what "Our Paris Fashions" are and will be, and we must trust the eyes of the public to detect the superior value of these, "designed, engraved, printed and colored at the head quarters of the fashionable world," over the vapid imitations, which are got up here at least sixty days old, and palmed off as correct. In January we shall have a most elegant style of cloak patterns, and as it will be issued early, say by Dec. 10th, we advise our fair readers not to spoil their material by following the blind guides of last year, but to adopt the true fashions for 1846.

SPLENDID EMBELLISHMENTS.

In the department of Engravings, it is well known that Graham's Magazine has far surpassed any periodical work ever published in this or any other country.—The highest ambition of rival publishers seems thus far to have been to maintain a respectable imitation of the numerous costly and beautiful works of art with which the successive numbers of this Journal have been graced. In the course of the succeeding volumes many IMPORTANT NEW FEATURES will be introduced.—SARTAIN, the most celebrated Mezzotint Engraver in the Union, and equal to the best in Europe, will continue to furnish his exquisite productions; and Rawdon, Wright and Hatch; Smillie and Hinshelwood, and others of New York, and Cheeney, Dodson, Welch and Waters, Tuker, and others, of Philadelphia, all among the most eminent Line Engravers of the present century, have been engaged to furnish a succession of highly finished steel engravings, superior to any that have hitherto appeared in periodicals.

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Will continue to embrace notes on current literature, etc., and reviews of all new American and foreign works of general interest or value. The criticisms of Graham's Magazine are acknowledged in all parts of the country to be superior in acumen, honesty and independence to those of any contemporary.

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SELECTED TALE.

THE COQUETTE.

BY HENRY P. CHEEVER.

CHAPTER I.

"What a charming figure I shall make to-night at the ball; this splendid string of pearls, and head dress; this magnificent dress of rich brocade, and above all, my splendid present, this diamond brooch; how it glistens. The Lanes nor the Fontons, can have nothing like it. Oh, I shall eclipse them all. I shall be the belle of the evening; how delightful."

All this was uttered in one breath by Elmira Warren, a charming young lady of eighteen, as she viewed her whole length figure in a splendid mirror before her.

"Why, Eliza, are you not ready yet?—Oh, dear me, the carriage will be here in a few moments, and then we shall have to wait for you."

"You shall not wait for me, cousin Elmira, I shall be ready in time."

"But you are not going to wear that simple white dress, to-night, are you Eliza?" asked the proud Elmira, as she looked from her own splendid dress, to the neat and snow white attire of her cousin, Eliza Morrill.

"Certainly, dear cousin, I shall wear it becomes me very well, and you know, as my father cannot afford me the splendid dresses that you wear; and I am content with a simple white gown."

So, the beautiful Eliza tripped [illegible] singing a lightsome air.

"What a contented thing she is," exclaimed Elmira as her cousin left the room. "Why, if I should dress as she does, my beaux would be few, and far between:—now, heavens! I have more than I can please."

"This bodice, it sets beautifully, and these shoes, are fit for a queen." And the dashing young lady promenaded before the brilliantly lighted mirrors, in all her pride.

"You see, dear cousin, that I am ready," said Eliza, at that moment entering the room. "Elmira, you look charming to-night. Oh! if George could only see you now."

"Say no more to me of George Ashburn," said Elmira somewhat angrily, as she turned and looked from the window. "But here is the carriage, come Eliza; bring my shawl, and don't soil your white dress." This was uttered in a half laughing and half mocking voice, as Elmira left the door in company with a young gentleman who had entered. Taking her seat in the carriage, she was soon followed by the beautiful, but unpretending Eliza Morrill.

The door was opened, and the two young ladies stepped forth. A crowd of lookers-on had gathered round the entrance of the building, and the young ladies were subjected to their rude gaze.

"By George! she beats them all, in way of dress," said one of the bystanders, as Elmira passed by them, into the building. "Those peers, how they glistened, and that bracelet; nothing but a diamond could have flashed like that."

These words reached the quick ears of Elmira who chuckled with delight at the compliment, not meant for her ears. She soon reached the hall, and forgot all, in the crowd of fashion and the scene of pleasure around her.

* * * * *

We shall go back two years. George Ashburn at this time was the favored suitor of Elmira Warren. He was a tall, well made young man, of fine expressive features; and of most amiable disposition. In his manners, he was polite an daffable, and well calculated to win the affections of all who knew him.

The father of George had joined himself with a large mercantile house, established in the West Indies, and with his wife, and son, who was but fourteen years old, he set out for those islands.

A year after their arrival, the mother of George died, and becoming discontented with the place, at the age of seventeen, George Ashburn took passage for Boston. Entering the store of the former of his father, he devoted himself diligently to business. Three years passed quickly by: and George Ashburn was the confidential clerk in the store of his employer. During this time he had become acquainted with the lovely and fascinating Elmira Warren the daughter of a rich merchant, and an heiress.

A year passed, from the time he had first seen her, and he was the favored one, of the many, who sought her hand. It was early one bright morning in June, that George was proceeding to the counting room of his employer. He was happy;—the night before, Elmira Warren whom he idolized, had consented to be his. She was the affianced bride of George Ashburn.

With a light heart, and a face bright, with smiles, he entered the counting room. Upon the desk lay a letter, directed to him in the hand writing of his father; with an exclamation of joy he grasped the letter.—It was sometime since he had heard from him. Examining the date he was about to break the letter open when it fell from his hands to the floor. His face, usually so full of color, became suddenly of an ashy paleness.

The letter fell with the superscription downwards. It was sealed with a black seal. The bright smiles had fled—and his countenance was expressive of a dark foreboding as he stooped to pick the letter from the floor. With a trembling hand he broke the seal and read as follows:—

HAVANA,
ISLE OF CUBA, May 16th, 18—

Dear George—My son:

Ere you receive this letter your father will be in the grave. A dreadful distemper at this time rages on the island;—whoever is attacked falls a victim to the scourge.

Yesterday, I was attacked, to day the fatal poison runs through my veins; to-morrow I shall die—no human power can prevent it. George, by perseverance and industry I have secured a [illegible]

I go, resigned to the will of [illegible] My eyes grow dim: the fearful malady is [illegible] I feel the deadly grasp of [illegible] Farewell, George, [illegible]

GEORGE H. ASHBURN.

Thrice George read the letter of his father; and throwing himself in a chair, he wept tears of bitterest grief. By this event his happiness was dashed to the earth: in one moment his hopes were crushed.—His employer at this moment entered the store and enquired the cause of his grief. George gave him the letter. A tear came in the eye of Mr Ellison as he read the fate of his old friend and former partner.

CHAPTER II.

Three days after: George had taken leave of all his friends, and of her he loved; from whom it was almost death, for him to part; and sailed for Havana. After a fair passage he arrived. On entering the place his heart sickened at the scene around him. Houses were closed, and the doors and windows barred. Places of business shut up, the owners being dead, or removed into the back country. The dead carts were hurrying by, loaded with putrid corses, which filled the air with a deadly effluvia. Everything around him looked gloomy and desolate. He was before the store of his father, it was closed; the sign was still up, with his name upon it. After some enquiries, he learned that the partners of his father had removed to the interior of the island. He immediately set out for the place of their sojourn.—Three months elapsed ere Havana began to show signs of life and activity.

A year passed and George was engaged in settling the affairs of his father. During this time he had received but two letters from Elmira Warren: the last, a cold and indifferent epistle.

"False girl, bitterly shall she repent, for having trifled with my feelings. She loves me not, her vows were false; I thought to make her my bride on my return, is perhaps anothers. But George Ashburn, the merchant's clerk; a dependent, as she thought, on his salary, was soon forgotten in the smiles of those around her." These were the words of George on finishing the letter.

Such indeed was the case: Elmira Warren had forgotten the clerk.

"Fool that I was," exclaimed she, as she finished the second letter she had written him; "to engage myself to him, a clerk; with no other means (in case I should have married him) to support me, but his salary of fifteen hundred. His father died, perhaps, a bankrupt, who knows? And he is left a poor dependent orphan. I marry him? Poh!—never."

Uttering this in a disdainful tone, she sealed the letter, and directed it; and calling a servant despatched him to the office with it.

Twelve months had fled, since Elmira Warren had written to her lover. 'Twas night. The beautiful hall of P——'s was thronged with the gay and elite of the city. Music, swelling rich and loud, resounded through the briliantly lighted room. The scene was gay and joyous. The dance was over: the music had ceased, and the merry dancers had some of them, retired to the elegant drawing-rooms. The richly cushioned divans, were also occupied by many of the beautiful ladies that thronged the hall. While others, were promenading over the smooth and highly polished floor, their beautiful forms pictured in the splendid mirror that adorned the walls.

But who is that? around whom that crowd of young men have gathered? and whose lively conversation, spoke in a rich mellow voice, is heard above all others;—and on whom many a young lady casts an eye of jealousy.

It is the belle of the evening, Elmira Warren. Beside her, sat the modest, and unpretending Eliza Morrill, conversing in a low, and less familiar tone than that of her cousin, to a young gentleman near her. Her face were rather a [illegible] expression and she looked not like one who enjoyed the festive scene around her. All that evening she had hardly been noticed by her proud cousin, and the feelings of the young girl were hurt at the cold neglect. Becoming annoyed, at the number of young men who had gathered round her cousin and herself, she entreated of her to retire to the drawing-room. But her cousin was too much engaged, to mind her request. Finding no notice was taken of it, Eliza, took the arm of the young gentleman, her companion, and was about to enter the drawing room, when the outer door of the hall opened, and a stranger, magnificently attired, entered.

CHAPTER III

[illegible] man. His [illegible] hazel, bright and sparkling; his complexion was of a rich brown, yet clear as chrystal. And what added still more to the beauty of his face, was a most superb pair of whiskers, black as the hair upon his head.

He was richly dressed and his garments displayed his fine form to advantage, as with a manly step he trod the floor. He was accompanied by a young man, whose name was Charles Raymond, a former admirer of Elmira Warren: a handsome young man, but like the rest of her admirers, cast off for some new face.

"Who is he?" was the question that passed from lip to lip, as the noble looking stranger crossed the floor. "He's a foreigner, I know by his looks; Elmira Warren, I dare say, will have the first introduction," said a young lady almost within hearing of the stranger, as with a proud toss of her head, she tried in vain to catch his eye.

She was right.

"Miss Warren," said Charles Raymond, advancing towards the proud beauty,—"permit me to introduce to you my old friend, Mr Gustavus Hamilton."

With all the grace of a princess, she rose and saluted him.

At that moment the music called the dancers from their seats. She had his hand; he led her to the floor. A young man stepped to her side, unnoticed by Hamilton, and claimed her hand. She haughtily waved him aside, and with the gallant stranger, was soon threading the mazy dance. She was all delight: no one but herself had spoken to him; and she had forgotten all but him. All her arts and accomplishments were brought to bear against the heart of Hamilton. But in vain: a cold smile now and then played on his lips: and that was all.

In vain was the artillery of her charms levelled at him: his thoughts were on another; his eyes were bent in ardent gaze upon the form of a young girl near him;—it was Eliza Morrill. Their eyes met: her's dropped, while a deep blush mantled her lovely face; again and again their eyes met, and as often, would the tell-tale blush rise to her face.

The dance was over, and Elmira was still engaged in conversation with Hamilton.

"You are not a native of this place, I presume," said she as he seated himself beside her.

"I have lived in the West Indies; arrived to-day from Havana."

"Havana? perhaps you know a young man whose name is ——"

"George Ashburn, I do, and have a package for you, that he intrusted to my care." [illegible] American handed her a sealed packet.

"A mere friend of mine, a clerk when he left this place; he made some pretensions, but as foolish as they were unnatural," said she, in an unfeeling tone, as she took the packet.

This was said with the evident intention of informing Hamilton, that she was free so far as George Ashburn was concerned.

"A clerk, you say?" said Hamilton with a smile on his lips.

"Yes, the acquaintance was slight: he was a visitor at my father's house."—

"Aye, and the betrothed of Elmira Warren," said Hamilton in a cutting tone, as he rose and left the room.

She started, the blood rushed to her face as he spoke. "Could George Ashburn, have told him?" was the question she asked herself as Hamilton left her. Chagrined and mortified at the exposure of her falsity, she rose and proceeded towards the drawing-room, *alone*; no arm was offered for her escort. Those whom she had slighted, now slighted her.

Entering the drawing-room, she seated herself, moodily, upon a couch. In one moment her brightest hopes were blasted. She had already pictured herself the wife of Hamilton, the rich West Indian merchant, as she supposed him. By her own words she had betrayed her false heart.—She cursed George Ashburn, in her thoughts, for Hamilton, she well knew now despised her.

Again the music sounded, the merry dancers thronged the floor. Elmira Warren, looked for Hamilton; she saw him as he left the seat, with the hand of Eliza Morrill within his. Her jealousy was roused as she saw him gaze upon her cousin with heartfelt love beaming in his eyes. Her face was flushed; a slight tremor was visible upon her lips and chin; her eyes flashed fire, and she looked, "the very devil of a woman," as she gazed upon them.—He met her gaze [illegible] turned to the lovely [illegible]

CHAPTER IV

[illegible] the night of the ball, and Eliza Morrill had not visited her since. The cruel neglect of Elmira, on that night, had wounded her to the heart, and since that time she had not entered the house.

Taking a book from the marble centre table near her, Elmira glanced over the pages; she replaced it; taking up another—this was also soon dropped: another and another shared the same fate. Books had ceased to amuse her mind. Seating herself at the piano, she began a tune: hardly had the notes struck her ear, ere she stopped: the too familiar sound was no music to her ear. A gilded harp stood near her, she turned and run her fingers lightly over the chords: for a moment the rich toned instrument seemed to lull her impatience.

The door bell at that moment rang violently, she sprang from her seat. "I hope it is Eliza" said she, "I am so lonesome."

A servant entered with a card, she took it and read—"George Ashburn, Tremont House."

"I'm not at home," said she in a quiet angry tone, as she handed the card to the servant, who departed with the lie. The next day at the same hour, the card was again presented, and again, Elmira Warren was not at home. The next day, for the third time the card was handed her;—she took it and tore it to pieces, and seating herself at the table, she wrote as follows——

MR. ASHBURN,

Sir—You will oblige me, by troubling me no more: I do not wish to see you, neither will I. Twice have I returned your card, the third, I tore to pieces. The engagement that has bound us, I now snap assunder. Your wife, I cannot be, for reasons I shall not state. Call me false, if you will, I care not: you have your ways, I have mine.

Henceforth, I am nothing to you. I trust this will answer. ELMIRA WARREN.

This letter was delivered. George Ashburn, never called again.

Gustavus Hamilton, whom this disappointed young girl had hoped to entrap by the art which had beguiled no small number of young men, was lost to her forever. In a short time he was to leave for Havana, and rumor said, with a wife; a lovely bride—Eliza Morrill.

Exactly four months from the night of the ball, the marriage ceremony, between Gustavus Hamilton and Eliza Morrill, was to be celebrated.

Elmira Warren received an invitation. Her first impulse was to decline it; but altering her mind, she resolved to go.

"Yes, I will go," said she, as she read the invitation a second time. "I will see them married. Gustavus Hamilton, the man I love. I was denied wedded to Eliza Morrill. Although my heart would [illegible] be spared the sense. But for George Ashburn, I might have been his wife."

Her own words, but sunk her in the estimation of Hamilton; but she vented her spite upon George Ashburn. The wedding night was at hand. A brilliant throng had assembled to witness the nuptials.—The company had nearly all arrived, as Elmira Warren entered. She bowed slightly to Hamilton. He, as lightly returned the salutation.

All was now in readiness, the nuptial ceremony was about to proceed, as Hamilton rose from his seat beside the one who was soon to be his wife: and fixed a piercing look upon Elmira Warren.

"My friends," said he, as he turned to the assembled throng, "you have hitherto known me as Gustavus Hamilton, it is now time that I should lay aside the name that does not belong to me—know me now by my rightful name, George Ashburn."

Elmira Warren was thunderstruck at this avowal. The knowledge, that Gustavus Hamilton and George Ashton were one, was too much for her. She fainted, uttering the name of George Ashburn, in a wild piercing tone. By the aid of those around, she soon recovered, and immediately left the house.

The marriage ceremony was begun—progressed—was over. Eliza Morrill was the wife of George Ashburn.

It was indeed he: two years residence in the West Indies had so altered him, that even his most intimate friends had not recognized him. He had grown much larger, and taller. His face, which was as clear and beardless as a woman's, ere he left this city, had yielded him a superb pair of whiskers; these, with the rich brown hue his face had acquired beneath the influence of a tropical sun, had completely disguised him. The business like air, and the tar dress in always worn, although [illegible] and offered himself to Elmira Warren, the Coquette.

Adventures of a Typo.

At a recent Printers' Festival in Rochester, N. Y., on the anniversary of Franklin's birth day, WILLIAM A. WELLER, being called upon gave the following page from his own biography.

MR. PRESIDENT:—It has often been remarked, that the fortunes of the members of the Typographical Profession have been more diversified and precarious, than that of any other class of men. The changes constantly taking place in their circumstances, render them an easy prey to all the vicissitudes of life.

The Printer is an intellectual being. No class of men, in any age of the world, have given evidence of so great versatility of talent—universal knowledge and variety of reading, as the body Typographical. The biography of many Printers would be both amusing and instructive. By way of illustrating the above declaration, I offer the following crude, rambling recollections, of a somewhat adventerous journey thus far through life; not that I would, in so doing, claim any notoriety for my many "hair-breadth 'scapes," but from an inclination to let my fellow-craftsmen, read a page of my story; and if any good should result from my experience, to bequeath the record of the incidents of my times, for the amusement of others.

I served nearly 7 years' apprenticeship in the office of the late Alderman Seymour, 49 John street, N. Y. In his office, associated as fellow workmen, were the late Commissary General of this state, A. Chandler, Mayor Harper, of New York, Gen. George P. Morris, now Editor and Publisher of the "New York Mirror," John Wiley, (the best Job Printer I ever met with,) Elliott, the Foreman, one of the notorious "Miranda Expedition," and your humble servant.

About this time, I *pulled* the first number of the "*New York Journal*," then edited by Chas. King, James A. Hamilton and Gulian C. Verplanck. The first edition of "*Salmagundi*," was also printed in this office, about this time, from the MSS of Washington Irving; in the *Composition* of which I assisted. In Van Winkle's office, afterwards, I *set up* the three first numbers of the "*Sketch Book*," by the same gifted author.

In Boston, I worked upon the "*Columbian Centinel*," for "Old Ben Russell," who discharged me from his office, for drumming "*Yankee Doodle*," as I *beat* the last sheet of the *inside* of his paper, one morning after having *worked off* seven *token-sheets*, within the preceding *ten hours*. From Boston I went to Flagg & Gould's office, Andover, Ms., and was employed in *setting up*, from his MSS., Gibbs' "*Hebrew Lexicon*," which contained nineteen different languages, including those usually styled "*dead*." The Lexicon was afterwards pronounced, by Professor Gesseneus, of the University of Leipsic, the most elaborate and learned work of the age.—At this period of my history, I procured from my kinsman, Smith Thompson, then Secretary of the U. S. Navy, a Midshipman's Warrant, and went to sea in the Frigate Brandywine, Commodore Morris.

The ship sailed from Hampton Roads, in Sept. 1825, having on board, as passenger, that illustrious statesman and patriot, Gilbert Motier, Marquis de Lafayette. During a voyage of 28 days, I saw much of this great, good man. The General conferred a particular favor upon me, by entrusting to my care, a *rattlesnake*, an *opossum*, a *grey squirrel*, *cock-robin*, and a *paroquet*—the last a present from a lady in Philadelphia. I was on board the Frigate, on the night of the memorable 25th of September, 1825, upon which [illegible] was thrown overboard more than $20,000 worth of property, to lighten the vessel, when in the head of the Bay of Biscay.

While in Portsmouth, (England) I had the honor of being a guest, on board the Brandywine, at a dinner given to His Royal Highness, the *Duke of Clarence*, then Lord High Admiral of the British Navy, Lady Asten wife of Lord Byron, her little daughter Ada, Admiral Lord Exmouth, and several other dignataries of the British realm.

From England we proceeded to Gibraltar, and joined the squadron, under Commodore Rodgers. From Gibraltar, we sailed up the Mediterranean, on the European shores, touching at such ports as Cadiz, Port Mahon, Naples, Gaza, Palermo, Malta, the coast of Candia, &c., &c., thence [illegible] Archipelago, and Athens, one of [illegible] to Smyrna, the birth place of Homer, [illegible] to Constantinople, the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora, and through the Bosphorus into the Black Sea, to Sebastopol, in the Crimea, [illegible] to Odessa, one of the most [illegible] to Staten Land, off the point of Cape Horn.

I have visited the cities of St. Paulos, the Island of St. Catharine, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Montevideo and Maldonado, on the river La Plata; St. Salvador, at the head of All Saints, Olinda and Parnambuco; Maranham and Para, on the Amazon. I have also been in all the ports in the United States, excepting New Orleans and Charleston.

In my land cruises, I have wrought, as a Printer, in Portland, Me.; Concord, N. H.; Boston, Mass.; Hartford, Ct.; more than 20 years ago, in the office of my old friend, P. Canfield, now present; New Haven, Ct.; Newark, N. J.; and Philadelphia. In this city, in "*Billy Brown's*" office, in Wagner's alley, I assisted in *setting up* from his MS. *Prince Lucien Buonaparte's* work on American Ornithology. I was employed by *Matthew Carey*, one of the oldest Printers and Publishers in the United States, in the establishments of Pierson, Mrs Lydia R. Bailey, John Binns, Duane, "*Billy Fry*," &c. While in Baltimore, I think in the spring of 1824, I was employed in the office of John D. Toy, keeping of Market Street, and St Paul's Lane, in *setting up* from his MS. Hon. *Thomas Benton's* Pamphlet, containing charges against Gen. Jackson.

One dark, gloomy night, in 1825, I found myself in the (new) city of Buffalo—in a bar room, with but a *single* "*York Shilling*" in my pocket about half sick, and completely tired of Printing and the world. While I was discussing the ills of life, and the inconvenience of being [illegible] miles from home, in the wilderness, listening to the surges of Lake Erie and the cravings of an empty stomach, a gentleman tapped me upon the shoulder, in a good natured manner, and asked me if I were a Printer? I answered him in the affirmative. He wished to know whether I would go with him to Geneva, and take a situation in his office? I accepted the offer: he slipped a $10 bill into my fingers, and recommended him to Geneva, and was in his employment, until my wages amounted to $150, with which I renewed my adventures.

I have been confined in the same dungeon, in the Carcel of Buenos Ayres, with Don Manuel Rossas: the latter gentleman for treason, and your humble servant for slipping a dirk into the ribs of a Gaucho, who attempted to take his life. I have danced in the Tutulio, with Madame Col. Coe, daughter of Gov. Balcarce, and eaten casaando root with the negroes on the coast of Africa, from a cocoa-nut shell. I have have had an audience with Gov. Balcarce in the Castle of Buenos Ayros, as one of the suite of Commodore M. Woolsey,

...n commanding the U. S. Squadron on the coast of Brazil, and Acting Charge at the Court of Don Pedro. I have built a saw mill and dam across Bear Lake, Western Michigan, and been in every station of the Printing business, from *Devil* to the Editor and Publisher of a City Daily.

I was elected Vice President of the first Harrison State Convention ever held in the United States, at Niblo's Garden, N. Y.; friend *Dawson* of the "*Democrat*," now present, if my memory serves me right, was one of the Secretaries of that Convention. As editor of the Washington County Post, I wrote the first editorial in favor of Harrison, for the Presidency. I have sipped matta, and kicked up my toes amidst the giddy throng of Buneos Ayrean lasses, upon the Pampas of San Isidro; and have been dashing along the Passeo, of the Alameda, on the banks of the La Plata, in company with Mrs Hallet, (the accomplished lady of Stephen Hallett, Printer to the Buenos Ayrean Government,) in his coach-and-four, who was at the time, the richest man in Buneos Ayres.

Printers have been proverbial, in all ages of the world, for their notoriety. As an instance of the fluctuations of their fortunes, I might cite the case of that exalted Patriot, Statesman and Philosopher, whose natal day we have this evening assembled to commemorate. I speak of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, a *Practical Printer*, who, by his virtuous life and high order of intellect, rose, from the humble condition of apprentice-boy, to the most exalted stations in life. The name of *Franklin* is co-equal with science itself.—He once observed, that the time was not far distant, when a journey could be performed from Boston to Philadelphia in a *fortnight!* What would Franklin now say,

"Could he from his cerement start,"

when beholding the velocity of the steamcars, which would transport him from Boston to Philadelphia, in less than 24 hours! Or what, Mr President do you suppose the old Printer would think, should he ask a question in Boston, and receive an answer from New Orleans in one minute, by the agency of one of those instruments which his hand first drew from Heaven to earth! Who that has but even dreamed of the science of electricity, and beheld the vivid lightning in its terrific and awful grandeur, as it flashes through the Heavens, but did not identify the genius of Franklin with the scene? But the ashes of the great Printer are entombed in Christ's Churchyard, Philadelphia.

Dr Baird, the author of that undying ballad, "The Star Spangled Banner," was a Printer. *Sam. Woodworth*, the writer of "*The old Oaken Bucket*," and the never-to-be-forgotten patriotic song, "*The Hunters of Kentucky*," was a Printer, with w... was acquainted for many years.—Alexander B. Coffin, known some years since, as the "*Boston Bard*," and the author of the popular Song, "*When Freedom on the battle storm*," &c., was also a Printer.

When we look at the *conductors of* the Public Press, who would not be proud to be called a *Printer*. Who has not heard of John Lang, Benjamin Russell, Buckingham, Col. Wm. L. Stone, John Neale, Salma Hale, Selleck Osborn, Greeley, Geo. P. Morris, Thurlow Weed, Ritchie, Judge Buel, Croswell, Solomon Southwick, Senators Isaac Hill and Simeon Cameron, and many others who might be mentioned?—These talented writers were all of them I believe, practical Printers. The late Prof. Jas. D. Knowles, of Newton Theological Institution, who served his apprenticeship with Hugh Brown, Providence, R. I., was also a Printer.

We might call upon the Bar, the Pulpit, Army and Navy—some of the brightest ornaments of these departments were taken from the *case* and the *press*. The Rev. Dr Potts, of N. Y., Professor Stewart, of Andover, Rev. A. G. Hall, the eloquent and popular Pastor of the 3d Presbyterian Church in this city—all these gentlemen, I believe, were *practical Printers*. M. L. Davis, familiarly known in Washington, by the sobriquet, "*Old Specs*," is one of the most sagacious political writers of the day and is a *practical Printer*. Mr Gales, the Senior Editor of "The National Intelligencer," served his apprenticeship with his father, in Raleigh, N. C. N. P. Willis, the Poet, one of our best writers, was an apprentice to his father, in the *Recorder office*, Boston. By an article in a late paper, I perceive that he was lately Bearer of Despatches, from the Berlin American Ambassador at the Court of St. James. The present Lord Mayor of London, was a Printer. Pierce Egan, the author of that inimitable Extravaganza, "Tom and Jerry, or Life in London," was a Printer. Com. Vorhees of the U. S. Navy, one of the most accomplished officers in our Naval Service, was a Printer, and served his time with *Austin*, at Elizabethtown, N. J. Capt. Fellows of the Dartmouth Frigate, the vessel which opened the action at the battle of Navarino, was a Yankee boy, and an apprentice to a Printer in Boston, Mass. John Gutch was a Printer, and eloped with the daughter of Maj. Claiborne, (formerly Governor of Virginia.) Mrs Gutch was a niece of the lamented Harrison, late President of the U. S. Lorest, Tragedian, was a Printer, and was employed in McCorkle's office, Philadelphia.

Mr President:—If any brother Typo can exhibit a page more chequered with variety,—more ups and downs, than mine presents, I call upon him to do so.

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, Feb. 5, 1846.

IN PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR—is a maxim if adopted by nations that would save millions of lives, and hundreds of revolutionary conflicts. Hence the safety of Great Britain against the weaker empires of the world,—prepared at all times for the battle field, no nation nor combination of nations incautiously gives her cause for collision. Her safety is in her known strength, her terror lies in her fortifications. Always prepared and preparing for war, she may assert claims and successfully prosecute them, no matter how unjust, with most nations with impunity.—Thus it was with her war with China—an unholy war, unjustly terminated, notwithstanding, it may spread the glories of civilization, and expand the fields of commerce. Great Britain is now making extensive war like preparations, and whatever be her object, it has caused the timid to fear, the curious to conjecture, and the brave to speculate on the glories of the field. Even the organ of cautiousness on the part of Congress is somewhat excited, and the debates in that body, have been about equally divided between Oregon, giving "the notice" and preparing for a conflict with our mother country. A resolution has been introduced into the Senate by one of the members from Maine, providing for the construction of ten War Steamers, at an expense of over five millions of dollars,—what will be its fate it would be difficult to conjecture with any degree of certainty. It was introduced by Governor Fairfield, a prominent Northern Democrat, and is supported by Northern Democrats and Northern Whigs, as a measure indispensable to the well being of State,—as a precautionary step to the war speck lowering over the Oregon question, and as calculated to allay the fears of the nervous, war-fearing citizens of our country. On the other hand, it is opposed by the Ajax of the Democratic party in the South west — Benton and his southern friends as a war-like preparation,—a prodigal expenditure of our nations "mint drops" and wholly unauthorized by the present state of our foreign and domestic relations.

We trust the wisdom of Congress will not be exhausted upon this one subject, and that they will be enabled to adopt such measures as will advance our country in all things meet for her glorious destiny.

"Brother Himes" visited our office last week, attended by some of his followers, who at the bidding of *his* holiness we doubt not, discontinued their subscriptions. Himes himself appeared to feel sorely grieved that the spirit of mobocracy was so far in the ascendant in our midst that he could not be permitted to worship unmolested, and attributed impliedy, his being "mobbed out" on Friday evening, in no small degree to an article respecting Millerism in our last. As we can see nothing seditious in that article, we must be permitted to believe, that the cause of his *warm reception* at Three Rivers, is more attributable to a people virtuously indignant at the wrongs long practiced upon our community by "Father Miller," "Brother Himes," and their infatuated worshippers, than to anything we have said.

We are far from wishing them disturbed in their prayers, on the contrary we think they ought to pray with contrition, that the blood of suicides may not be found upon their skirts—that the cries of widows, widowed by their damning heresies, may not be at their doors,—that the tears of the fatherless may not appear against them at the judgment,—we say let them pray that their sins may be forgiven, and atone for their deep wrongs in sackcloth, but let them no longer preach their theory in this community if it is to be attended as it has been with the most deplorable consequences.

SMALL POX.—This loathsome disease is somewhat prevalent in the western part of the State. Some few cases exist in Blandford, in this county, and one young lady a Miss Dayton, daughter of Rev. Giles Dayton, died with the complaint last week.—We learn that vaccination in that quarter is proving successful against its spreading, and that those recently vaccinated attend the sick with perfect indifference and safety. Great care should be taken that no one is innoculated with a substance foreign to the kine pock. It is said to be safer direct from its original source—that it becomes corrupted with other diseases by passing a number of systems. A sad lesson of its truth we may record in the death of Isaac C. Pray, a distinguished merchant of Boston, who died last week with the Erysipelas—engendered by the matter with which he was innoculated.

"FACE FIXED LIKE A FLINT."—The Editor of the Westfield News Letter says—"we have not yet become so attenuated by famine, that a two dollar bill is strong enough to draw us from the road *to* virtue." Would it be safe for the cause of moral goodness to add a "quarter" to that amount?

We have received a copy of the *Baptist Memorial and Monthly Record*, devoted to the History, Biography, Literature and statistics of the denomination, published by J. R. Bigelow & Co., New York. We have not had time to peruse its contents.

The readers of the Sentinel will bear with us for copying the following notices of our humble sheet, which we do, not so much from vanity as an act of courtesy in acknowledging our obligations to those Journals who have been pleased to bestow upon us their kind wishes. In passing, we may be permitted to remark, that the success of the Sentinel far exceeds our most sanguine anticipations at its commencement—that our list is already greater than we expected it would be at the expiration of the first volume. It should be remembered that we have to contend with the prejudices existing in the minds of a large portion of the community against a neutral paper; that there are many who believe that a neutral paper can speak with no degree of independence, and that to be independent one must publish a political paper, and swear loyalty to the tenets of a political party. Now we say to such that they are mistaken—that there is not a class of more servile, abject slaves in Christendom, than a portion of the political editors in our country—not but that as a class they are intelligent, and deserving, but that their interests govern their consciences, leading them to violate the imperiality of their birthright—freedom of speech and expression. In a word, they are governed by party expediency, and rule every line to meet the views of their friends.—This may be well enough for those who like it, but it is inconsistent with the spirit of true independence—such as a neutral paper above party policy alone can exercise.

"*The Palmer Sentinel.*"—We have received the first number of a paper bearing the above title, published at Palmer, Mass., by Messrs. *Whittemore & Tenney*, devoted to "Agriculture, Arts, Sciences, Literature and General Intelligence." The typographical appearance is a specimen of good taste, and practical workmanship. We think the paper deserves, and will no doubt meet, with hearty support. The publishers are both practical printers, and late graduates of this office.—*Nashua Gazette.*

The "SENTINEL," is the title of a new paper established in the flourishing town of Palmer, at the Depot Village. It is neutral in politics, and the number before us indicates considerable talent on the part of its editor, and good taste in the typographical department. "Live and let live" is our motto. We give you the right hand of fellowship, Mr Sentinel.—*Hampden Statesman.*

* * * It is a business and family paper, neutral in politics and religion. The first number appears well—*Olive Branch.*

The Palmer Sentinel is a new paper started at Palmer Depot, Mass., by Messrs. Whittemore & Tenney. It is a neatly executed, and well arranged paper, neutral in politics. The proprietors are both New Hampshire boys, Mr Whittemore is from Nashua, and Mr Tenney, we believe from Hollis. We wish them all the success they desire.—*Nashua Telegraph.*

NEW PAPER.—New papers are as thick as whortleberries in summer-time. We have just received the first number of the "Palmer Sentinel," published at Palmer Depot, Mass, by Whittemore and Tenney. It looks well and reads well, and will no doubt answer the purpose for which it was intended. Success to the Sentinel. Terms $1,25 in advance.—*Manchester Messenger.*

* * * Its mechanical and literary execution are good. Neutral in politics.—*Amherst Express.*

Newspapers Increasing.—We have received the first number of a new paper published at Palmer Depot, and entitled *The Palmer Sentinel*. It is neutral in politics, and is got out in "good shape."—The first number looks well, and has our best wishes.—*Northampton Democrat.*

* * * It professes to be neutral in politics,—a profession which it is very difficult to honor now-a-days—and noncommittal in religion. It is got up in good taste, and makes a neat appearance. Success to it.—*Hampden Post.*

* * * In politics and religion it proposes neutrality. In typographical execution and in matter it promises well. So long as it acts the part of a true Sentinel, may it find wherewith to keep soul and body together. Therewith newspaper publishers must learn to be content.—*Worcester Gazette.*

* * Messrs. Whittemore and Tenney of Palmer Depot, Mass., have issued the first numbers of a weekly paper, neutral in politics, non-committal in sectarianism, and independent in everything. The Sentinel appears like a good family paper, is well conducted, and we wish it success.—*Odd Fellow.*

THE PALMER SENTINEL is the name of a new paper hailing from Palmer, Mass.—It is published by Whittemore & Tenney, two young typos recently from this village, and makes a very respectable appearance. Neutral in politics, and $1,25 per year; may its vigilance never lack.—*Nashua Oasis.*

"THE PALMER SENTINEL," is the title of a new and very neat paper just established at Palmer Depot, by Messrs. WHITTEMORE and TENNEY, both practical Printers. The Sentinel is neutral in politics and "noncommittal" in religion; and promises to devote itself to matters of general interest to all parties and sects. On the whole we like the appearance of this new sheet, and wish its young and enterprizing publishers success in their arduous undertaking.—*Westfield Standard.*

For the Palmer Sentinel.

Oregon.

The grounds of the American and British claims.

Agreeable to promise, I now proceed to give a brief history of the claims of the United States to the Oregon territory. It extends on the Pacific side of N. America from the boundary line of Mexico, south, to that of Russia, north. This claim may reasonably be made to rest on contiguity of country; but it is questionable, whether public opinion, is yet sufficiently enlightened to sustain this position. I suggest my own views in relation to it most assuredly, with profound deference to the views of those public men who differ with me; and who, though they may have studied less, better understand the principles of public law and the usages of nations. That part of the claim covering the portion of country drained by the Columbia river rests on *Gray's discovery, Lewis and Clarke's exploration*, and their formal *acts of taking possession*. The other part, covering the remaining territory, rests on *discoveries, explorations, acts of taking possession, settlements* made with a view to the colonization of the country, and of *conveyances* by deeds of the *Indian title* to that portion of the territory lying between the 47th and 51st parallels; and between the coast and the eastern shore of De Fuca sea; which deeds were executed to American citizens and to the king of Spain. The latter allowing the conveyances to the former.—It has been acquired both in our own right, and in that of Spain. It was strengthened in 1803, and 1819, by the addition of the claims of France and Spain.

The British Plenipotentiary Mr Packenham, in his correspondence with our government in 1844 and 5, has stated the adverse claim as set up by Great Britain; and grounds it, first, on a supposed *acknowledgement* of Spain in the treaty with Great Britain, in 1790, of *certain rights*, having reference to the making of settlements (mere trading posts) on the unoccupied parts of the western coast of America; and also to the "restoration of the lands and buildings" of which it was supposed the British subject, Capt. Meares had been dispossessed by the Spaniards.—Secondly, on *discovery, exploration*, and *settlement* which he says are "in point of principle equally valid with those of the United States. Thirdly, on "a *commercial intercourse*." Fourthly, on the *survey* of the *coast* and its *adjacent islands* by Captain Vancouver in 1792-3 and 4. "These acts," says he, would appear to give Great Britain as against the United States, as strong a claim on the ground of discovery and exploration, coastwise, as can well be imagined, limited only by what was accomplished by Captain Gray at the mouth of the Columbia river, which as far as discovery is concerned forms the strong point on the American side of the question."—These are the grounds of the American and British claims to Oregon. For the sake of perspicuity, they will be considered in the order here stated. It will appear by conclusive evidence, and just reasoning which of the two nations has the better title; and which the right of extending exclusive jurisdiction over the territory in question.

The merits of a discovery depend very much upon the circumstance of the discovered territory being isolated, or populated, or a part of a continent contiguous to another part occupied by a civilized people holding to the principles and faith of christianity. It is not perceived, how the right of a foreign power to colonize or exercise jurisdiction, is deducible from a discovery like the last mentioned; because from the very nature of things it would seem to belong to the enlightened nation whose country is situated nearest to that to be colonized or brought under sovereignty. For a nation thus situated has greater facilities and better opportunities for communicating good to the natives—for ascertaining their wants and providing seasonable protection and support.

The heathen tribes are unconscious of their savage character—ignorant of the conveniences and comforts derived from civilization and christianity—utnaught as to the means which best contribute to the prosperity and enjoyments of the human species. The Creator and common Father of mankind has imposed the duty on enlightened nations to deal justly and kindly with the suffering Indian tribes—to elevate their character to supervise their affairs and to provide for them the things which can adorn and sweeten life, and make them happy. It appears reasonable, therefore, that the right of exercising guardianship over them should belong to the nation having the power and disposition to protect and cherish their interest, whose country is contiguous to theirs.

It is admitted on all hands, that the first discovery of an uninhabited island by any civilized nation gives the right of occupying; but the mere discovery by a foreign power of an integral part of one side of this continent, while much of the other side teems with a highly civilized population can give no valid claim to territory; nor can discovery by any foreign nation of or any portion of Oregon even if followed with explorations & trading or commercial establishments; but without the consent of the natives, or the purpose of conferring benefits upon them avail anything. These acts cannot, in any manner, abrogate the right of the U. S. to civilize Indians living on the very outskirts of her domain; because they are morally wrong—violations of that law of nature which provides for the well being of human society, and enjoins on the nations, tongues and tribes of the earth, as they have the same origin, and are dependent on the same beneficent Providence for every enjoyment, to live together in friendly intercourse—mutually benefitting each other.

In the light of the above acts are to be considered the *trading establishments* improperly called *settlements* made in Oregon with the avowed object of promoting exclusively private interests. Great importance has been attached to the founding of these trading posts which in their nature and fatal effects are somewhat like the dram-shops and slaughter houses of this country. But I conceive them of no importance in the discussion of this great question. Why talk of *settlements* as meritorious acts made for no other purpose than to get gain? and this, by the practice of unexampled cruelties upon the Indians. The trappers and traders belonging to these establishments, taking advantage of the ignorance of those rude, benighted and friendless people; and of their want of power for self-defence, have defrauded them of the products of their hunting grounds and fishing priviliges; have murdered their near and dear relatives; have broken up their tribes and hurried away from earth most of their race. With as much propriety might a man think to gain the right of guardianship over his neighbor whose companion and children he had put to death; as England or America think to gain a right of sovereignty over a country which their subjects and citizens have covered with horrid and moral desolation. Truly, settlements like these should avail nothing, unless to their founders, "a certain fearful looking for of judgments."

It is not my present intention to bring this point in my subject, so near the light as to expose to the world the kind of guardian care which the two great christian nations have hitherto extended over the Oregon Indians; and shall no longer dilate upon it.

The discoveries on the coast of Oregon without a single exception, as far north as the 54th degree, were all made either by Spaniards or Americans; and every act which can afford ground for a claim was performed by the one or the other. This proposition I will in my next remarks attempt to demonstrate.

HALL J. KELLEY.

QUESTION SETTLED.—It is now certain that a new Church for Congregational worship will be erected during the summer in this village. Proposed cost five thousand dollars.

ANOTHER.—A new House for religious worship, (probably to be dedicated to Methodism or Congregalism.)

We understand will be erected the coming summer in the beautiful and flourishing village of Thorndike. In speaking of churches we may be permitted to suggest the necessity of building a new house of worship by the Methodist Society at Three Rivers. This is one of the most numerous societies in town, and their house wholly inadequate for their usual worshipping Congregation. The subject of a new house was agitated last season, and we regret that it should die away without the accomplishment of their much desired object.

EARLY IN THE FIELD.—The liberty party having called a convention to be holden at Boston, on the 25th inst., for the nomination of candidate for Governor and Lieut. Governor, to be supported at the next fall election. If they should keep up their organization and labor diligently, we should not be surprised if they should stand next to the whigs and democrats as to numbers next November.

☞ MONSON ACADEMY.—We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of this Institution, in our columns today. The Academy has been fitted up the past season, at an expense of from two to three thousand dollars. It is located in one of the pleasantest villages in New England, making it one of the most desirable schools, for those pursuing an academical course of studies. Mr Hammond stands deservedly high as a preceptor—and we have no doubt but that under his charge, it will maintain its high position as one of the most flourishing institutions in the State.

RIOTOUS—MILLERISM DISTURBED.—Mr Himes and his friends were routed from their place of worship, at Three Rivers, on Friday evening last,—by the breaking in of windows,—by a shower of stones, clubs, &c. Finding their faith insufficient for them in the hour of trouble, Mr Himes and co-worshippers discontinued services and made good their retreat under the mantle of darkness, with some few injuries from the missiles of their indignant assailants.

FIRE IN BROOKFIELD.—We learn that the house of Oliver Carpenter, in the south part of South Brookfield, was destroyed by fire on Friday night of last week. The flames had advanced before Mr Carpenter was awakened, and the family had barely time to escape with their lives. The mother of Mr Carpenter was badly burnt as also one child—the life of the old lady in consequence of for injury is despaired of.

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

RAPE.—An aggrevated case of this character was recently committed at Mount Desert, on the person of a *married woman*, of very respectable standing in society.—The abandoned villain who perpetrated the assault, calls his name "John Smith," and hails from Maryland or Virginia. He has been a laborer about Mount Desert for a number of years.

He was apprehended by Mr Deputy Sheriff Noyes, on the 8th inst., and on examination of several hours was had before John G. Bowen, Esq., which resulted in committing him to the County Jail, in Ellsworth, to await his trial.—*Portland Argus.*

FLOUR.—The total amount of flour transported on the Western railroad during the year 1845, was 329,850 barrels; 181,796 went through to Boston; 33,685 to Worcester; 20,345 to Springfield; 15,872 to Westfield; 10,414 to Palmer; 9.440 to Pittsfield; the remainder to other intermediate places. The total receipts taken during the year, at East Albany for freight, am'ts to $268,450,06, being an increase of nearly 100 per cent. since the first year.

☞ The Chief of the Choctaws is dead. His loss is generally regretted.

John Bannon was shot in Albany on Saturday night and killed by Charles Couche, a Frenchman. In a drinking establishment a quarrel and fight had commenced, and Bannon, who had been visiting overheard, leaving the house with his wife and daughter, was mistaken by Gouche for an enemy. Gouche and John and Charles Malloy, who kept the shop, are arrested.

Master Hanson, of Virginia, a lad fourteen years of age, is lecturing in Boston on Temperance.

CURIOUS.—A Spaniard in Louisville Ky., was arrested for incestuous intercourse with his daughters. The magistrate said that the law of the State *provided no penalty* for this offence—he could only bind the wretch over to good behaviour for one year.

BOLD ROBBERY.—The house of Mr Jno. Murphy, a laborer in the lumber yard of Benj. Buffum, was entered on Sunday night, 16th inst., and robbed of the sum of fifty-three dollars in money. The money was in a box under the bed in which Murphy was sleeping with his wife. The robber entered the house through the window, and after scattering various articles of clothing about the room, he seized the money and departed through the door, shutting it with such violence that the family were awakened. The robber made off, with his booty, leaving behind him the distinct tracks in the snow.

When we were a boy, we thought a deal of *sweet* things, such as sugar-plums, candies, honey, molasses, and pretty girls.—Regarding most of these our taste has materially changed—nevertheless, we are still found of *lap-ping 'lasses*.—*Sunday Mercury.*

A BROADWAY BELLE.—Park Benjamin says the ladies of New York city dress with more reference to show than taste, and that the instinctive exclamation of a stranger is rather, "how much did she cost?" than "how lovely she is?"

A new paper is to be started in London by Charles Dickens, the wholesale slanderer of America and American institutions. It is to be called the Daily News.

Beauty and money are often descried; but everybody feels their power.

The London Morning Chronicle has sent a reporter to this country to report for that paper the proceedings of Congress.

Hood, the great English Poet, and the most eccentric and humorous authors of the day, in commenting upon the subject of international copywright, thus speaks of our country.

"The stars and stripes do not effect me like blight in the eye, nor does Yankee Doodle give me the ear ache; I have no wish to repeal the United States; nor to alter the phrase in the Testament unto 'republicans and sinners.' In reality I have rather a Davidish feeling towards Jonathan, remembering whence he comes and what language he speaks, and holding it better in such case to have the wit that traces resemblances, than the judgment which detects differences, and perhaps ferments them."

A little orange juice mixed with castor oil, will make that nauseous medicine palateable.

Over 1,000 negroes are in connection with the Methodist Church in Texas.

By the late arrivals we learn that potatoes are cheaper by 50 per cent. in Ireland than in New York.

In the United States the national taxes amount to ten dollars upon each family.—In England the taxes are $100 to a family.

The Amherst Express has been informed that Capt. David Hanum of Pelham, aged 82, walked from Monson to Pelham, on Friday, the 16th ult., on the snow path, a distance of 20 miles.

A Wild Cat, weighing 60 lbs., was killed by Wm. A. Hunger, in Augusta Co. Va., on the 29th ult.

Massachusetts Legislature.

Monday, Jan. 26.

In the Senate, Papers from the House disposed of in concurrence, and the resolve to pay sundry miscellaneous accounts, was passed to be engrossed.

Mr Beal presented the second Annual Report of the Old Colony Railroad.

Mr Scudder presented the petition of Z. D. Bassett, and others, for a revision of the Law against gambling, and making it a penal offience to play for money or other property. Referred.

A message was received from the House, announcing the death of Walter Cook, a member of that body, and thereupon the Senate adjourned.

In the House, Mr Kuln of Boston, presented the remonstrance of sundry inhabitants of Roxbury against a city Charter for that town. Several other petitions of a private nature were presented and severally referred.

The resolve on the petition of Wm. C. Reed was passed to be enacted.

Mr Byington of Stockbridge, arose and in a few touching and beautiful remarks announced the death of Mr Walter Cook representative from the town of Richmond, who died at his lodgings at the Marlboro Hotel on Saturday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Messages were sent to the Senate and Governor announcing the death of Mr Cook, after which, on motion of Mr Taylor of Granby, about 12 o'clock the House adjourned.

Tuesday, Jan. 27.

In the Senate, the Hon. Edward Dickinson sent in a communication, signifying his acceptance of the office of Executive Councillor.

Bills to increase the capital stock of the Ames Manufacturing Co., and to incorporate the Boston and Chelsea Iron and Screw Co. Also a resolve on the petition of John L. Roberts and another, severally passed to be engrossed.

Adjourned at 10 minutes before 1 o'cl'k.

In the House, sundry petitions were presented and referred, and several orders of inquiry were adopted, but none of them, were of general interest, except one which directed the inquiry into the expediency of amending the constitution so as to require additional qualifications from foreigners before they are allowed to vote. Mr Porter of Buckland, offered an order instructing the committee on the pay roll, to report a resolve authorizing each member to be absent one week at a time, to visit his family, and be allowed to draw pay during that time—and in was rejected by a nearly unanimous vote.

Bills to incorporate the Suffolk Sugar Refinery, and the New Bedford Cordage Co., to increase the capital of the Naumkeag Steam Cotton Co., and to provide for the government and management of Houses of Correction in certain cases, were passed to be engrossed the three former in concurrence.

A bill incorporating the Holyoke Manufacturing Co., was laid on the table.

Adjourned at 1-4 before 1 o'clock.

Wednesday, Jan. 28.

The bill ceding to the United States the jurisdiction of George's, Lovell's and Governor's Islands, in Boston Harbor, came up on its passage to a third reading, and after a long discussion, was recommitted.

A bill was reported to establish the Adams and Bennington Railroad; and it was laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

An Amendment of the Constitution was reported by the special committee on that subject, providing that in the years which the election of the electors of President and Vice President occurs, the annual state election, shall take place on the same day. The report and the amendment were ordered to be printed.

Adjourned at 10 minutes past 1.

In the House, numerous petitions were presented and referred.

Among the orders adopted, was one for the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of authorizing the Governor and Council to appoint an Inspector or Inspectors of Flour in this Commonwealth.

The bill concerning the rate of tolls for grinding grain was taken from the table, and recommitted.

Thursday, Jan. 29.

In the Senate, was presented the petition of Mrs John Kilton for an act of incorporation for an institution for the reform of dissolute women.

An order was adopted, that the committee on the Judiciary consider the expediency of *increasing the salary* of the District Attorney of the Middle District.

At quarter to one o'clock, adjourned.

Bills were reported to provide for the election of members of Congress, by plurality at the third balloting, and a bill regulating the *scire facias* writ;

On motion of Mr Earle, of Worcester, it was ordered that the Committee on Education consider whether any further provision is necessary for a more equal distribution of the common School Fund.

The report of the inexpediency, &c., of amending the Constitution, in relation to the qualification of voters, was accepted.—The bill to increase the capital stock of the Fitchburg Bank, was passed to be engrossed.

At 15 minutes past 1 o'clock the House adjourned.

Saturday, Jan. 31.

In the Senate—Passed to be engrossed:—Bills to provide for management and government of Houses of correction in certain cases; to amend the charter of the city of Lowell; giving further time to close the concerns of the Bank of Norfolk.

On motion of Mr Goulding, the Senate adjourned.

In the House—Orders of notice were passed—On the petitions of John Brooks; and the Western Railroad Company, for leave to build their road through Hardwick.

Mr Bell of Boston, from the Committee on Probate and Chancery, reported an order of the 13th inst., relating to an increase of widows' allowance of dower in certain cases, reported that further provision by law is inexpedient.

On motion of Mr Byrant of Barre, the Committee on the Judiciary was ordered to consider the expediency of repealing the law relating to the holding of Courts of Judges of Probate and Masters of Chancery, on the second Monday in each month.

On motion of Mr Tolman of Boston, the report of the Committee on Elections, respecting the Bellingham case, was taken **from the table for consideration. The report ended with a resolve declaring that** James M. Freeman be admitted to a seat as a member of this House, and it was passed. Subsequently, Mr Tolman accompanied Mr Freeman, for the purpose of having him qualified by the Governor, which being done, Mr Freeman was allowed to take his seat.

On motion of Mr Wilson, at ten minutes after one o'clock the House adjourned.

Congress.

In the Senate, Jan. 29, Mr Bagby's joint resolution for the amendment of the constitution in reference to the election of President and Vice President, was postponed till the 1st day of March next.

Mr Webster's resolution, calling on the President for late correspondence on the Oregon question, was adopted.

The navy augmentation bill was taken up, and Mr Speight, of Miss., took the floor, and spoke at length, not only against the course and policy of this government on the Oregon question.

He contended that our exclusive pretensions were absurd, and the measures proposed to be founded on them, ridiculous.

Mr Westcott took the floor in favor of the bill but as he was unprepared, the Senate adjourned to Monday.

In the House, Mr C. J. Ingersoll offered a resolution that the Oregon resolution be taken out of committee, on Saturday, Feb. 7th, at 2 o'clock.

The motion was lost, ayes 84, noes 51—as it required a vote of two-thirds.

Mr Holmes, of S. C., spoke an hour on the subject and with great ability. Some of his views were somewhat original.

Mr Baker, of Illinois, followed in a rhapsodical, western speech, in favor of the notice, and the House adjourned at half past 3.

Washington, Jan. 30.—The Senate not in session.

The Oregon Debate was resumed. Mr Hoge, of Illinois, addressing the Committee in one of the hot speeches of the debate.

Mr Wick of Ia., who continued the debate, said he was for Oregon and against war, but for Oregon, war or no war. He went for all the world, too, upon the "manifest destiny" argument of the member from Illinois, and the transcendental argument of his friend from Pa. The territory in dispute, Mr Wick represented as being very valuable. It was so valuable that England would go to war for it, and so would the United States.

Senate, Jan. 31.—There was no session to-day.

House.—Communications from the War Department were received, transmitting a compilation of the Pension Laws.

The bill to limit and regulate pay of Collectors of Customs, passed a third reading.

The Oregon question was next taken up.

FACTORIES IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Charleston Courier of Saturday states that the Graniteville Manufacturing Company was temporarily organized at a meeting of the Stockholders on the 14th inst., when a tract of land was purchased by them, containing about 7000 acres, embracing five or six mill sites, the best water power on Horse creek. A Committe was appointed to proceed immediately to make arrangements for lumber and bricks, to contract for the building of dams, and digging a canal, which at a small expense is to connect the water of three of the mill sites into one, and bring it to a point abounding with granite, and where the water will have a perpendicular fall of about 38 feet, and is supposed to be, in the lowest stage of water, equal in power to 400 horses. The Company is again to meet in Hamburg, at the Hamburg Bank, on Tuesday evening, the 10th March next, when it will be fully organized.—*Weekly Sun.*

LOUISIANA ELECTION.—Returns from 16 parishes in this State gives the following vote for Governor:—Whig 5,782, Dem. 6,575; for Lieut. Governor—Whig 5,740, Dem. 6,093. The Dem. candidates are elected, and there will be a majority of the same party in both branches of the Legislature

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.—The bark Pario, Capt. Kinney, arrived yesterday from Vera Cruz, where she left on the 13th inst. We have received our correspondence and files of papers to the 12th from Vera Cruz, and the 8th from the Capital.

The accounts of the entire success of the revolutionary movement under Paredes are confirmed. That officer has established himself in the Capital, and has been elevated to the Presidency, *(ad interim.)*

He entered the city on the 2d inst., and a meeting of the principal officers was held, which provided, among other matters for a temporary government, that a Junta of "notables," representing each Department, should assemble and elect a person to exercise the executive functions. The Junta accordingly assembled on the 3d and unanimously elected Paredes. Much discussion was had as to the form of the oath that should be administered to the President, some of the Junta desiring that in addition to the usual obligations, he should swear to "repel the usurpations of the United States." This proposition did not prevail; an oath, varying but little from the customary form, was decided on. The inauguration took place with much ceremony on the 4th, after which a *Te Deum* was celebrated in the Cathedral. The President made an address, appealing to Heaven for the disinterestedness of his motives, and declaring that as soon as the country had established her liberties he should retire.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

AN EXTENSIVE AFFRAY.—At a ball in Frankfort the other evening, a young gentleman, it is said, took an undue liberty with a pretty lady's ringlet. The lady made her complaint to the gentleman with whom she was dancing. Thereupon, the last gentleman knocked the first down in the ball-room. The fight extended until, as we are told, 15 or 20 persons were engaged in it. Fists, pistols, and knives of all sorts were flourished, and some blood was spilt, though nobody was killed. Two of the persons who took part in the affair, have since arrived here with the intention of settling their quarrel on the Indiana shore.—*Louisville Journal.*

STEAMERS OF WAR.—We are gratified to learn that a disposition exists in Congress to *do something*. The Committee of Commerce in the Senate have presented a bill to provide for the construction of ten Steamers of War. The following are the items of appropriation:—For building the ten steamers $5,625,000; for the completion of vessels on the stocks $2,920,000; for repairs $1,520,000; for stores $625,000; for ordnance $500,000. In any event, we must have steamers, and no time should be lost in authorizing them [illegible]

PATHETISM.—Lectures in the above science attend upon the Lectures of *Harrington & Ludington*, which will prove to them to a demonstration that they will "produce and show the benefits of the Sympathetic Sleep, in the treatment of various nervous Diseases, demonstrating the the Philosophy of those extraordinary Phenomena, peculiar to the operations of mind upon mind. The above results will be produced if our rules are observed." They have and are to Lecture on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings of the present week, at J. Allen's Hall. Lectures to commence at 7. Admittance 12 1-2 cents.

INHUMAN.—A convict named Plum in the Auburn Prison, New York, was whipped to death last week, by an unfeeling overseer. It is reported by the physicians, who held a post mortem examination, that his body exhibited one piece of mangled flesh. No punishment recognized by our laws is severe enough for the wretch, who perpetrated the horrid deed.

Brighton Market.—*Monday, Feb. 5.*
[Reported for the Daily Advertiser

At Market, 570 Beef Cattle, 3000 Sheep, and 270 Swine 250 Sheep unsold

Prices—Beef Cattle—We quote to correspond with last week—extra 5 75; first quality 5 25 a 5 50; second 4 75 a 5 25; third 4 a 4 50.

Sheep—Dull Wethers 5, 5 75 4, and 6 50; a few ordinary Sheep 2, to 2 50

Swine—A few small lots Barrows at 5 1-2 c. At retail 5 and 6c. No sales to peddle.

HUNT'S LINIMENT is sustaining a notoriety unequalled by any similar remedy It requires no puffing to give it a reputation, it has been for some time, silently and surely securing it, and now when its beneficial effects have been experienced by so many, the expressions of gratitude are continually appearing, and those who have been made whole, by its means, are desirous that the afflicted should no longer remain ignorant of its invaluable and infallible efficacy.

Mr Geo E Stanton, the Proprietor, is constantly receiving testimonials of benefits received from its use, and many of the cures it had effected almost exceed belief In one case a child had been a cripple for eight years, having wrenched the spine when at the age of two years by a fall from a chair. Medical treatment failed, but four bottles of the Liniment restored him to strength, and he now joins with his playmates in their youthful gambols, as robust as the healthiest of them, and only a small hump on his back to remind him of his early sufferings.

The Liniment is sold by

D F McGILVRAY & CO.

Palmer Depot Prices Current.

Flour,	$5 00 a 6 50
Rye and Corn,	" 83
Oats,	40 a 42
Butter,	18 a
Lard,	8 a 10
Eggs,	1 shil doz.

GRAIN.

CORN, Rye and Oats, for sale at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

MARRIAGES.

In South Hadley, Jan. 15, by Rev. Mr Thayer, Mr Dance L. F. Wilson to Miss Louisa A. Towsley

In Petersham, Mr A. Hall of Washington City to Miss G. H. Swallow of Petersham

DEATHS.

At Thompson, Jan. 25, Mr George S. Bush, aged 21

In Leicester, Jan. 31, James Paris, a member of the Society of Friends, aged 80 years

In Petersham, Jan. 31, at the residence of his father Mr Lancaster Hall, of Ware Village, aged 32 years

In Southwick, Jan. 30, Mrs Hannah Fuller, wife of Asa Fuller, aged 78 years, a native of Dorset

MONSON ACADEMY.

THE SPRING TERM of this institution will commence on WEDNESDAY the 15th inst. and continue eleven weeks

Tuition in the classics, $4 50
In the higher English branches, $4 00
In the common " " $3 50

Board can be obtained at from $1 50 to $1 75 per week C. HAMMOND, Principal

Monson, Feb 2 1846 4-3t

CARPENTER AND JOINER.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform those wishing to know that he designs to enter more fully into the above business the coming season.—Having had a thorough experience in the business and desiring to employ none but good workmen he with many thanks for former patronage would solicit a continuance of the same. He designs to finish after the latest and most approved style of

Architecture, Drafts, Plans,

and Elevations executed with neatness. Also Bills of Timber and Lumber

JAMES M. CURRIER, Arch.

Palmer Depot, Feb. 4, 1846. 4

VALUABLE REMEDY.

HUNT'S LINIMENT.

THIS CELEBRATED EXTERNAL REMEDY for the cure of Rheumatism, Chronic Affections of the Spine, Pains in the Back and Chest, Swelled Limbs, Croup, Ague in the Face, Tooth-Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Issues, Ulcerated Sores, Salt Rheum, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Weakness in the Ankles, Nervous Diseases, Contraction of the Muscles, Burns, Corns, and Frosted Feet, is now almost universally acknowledged to be one of the Wonders of the World, and the BEST EXTERNAL REMEDY NOW KNOWN. And as a proof of the great [illegible] which this remedy has obtained, the following certificates from gentlemen of the highest respectability in society. These testimonials are voluntary, and have been given in all cases where it has been applied.

Sing Sing, Sing, May 10 1845

We, the undersigned, do certify that we have used Mr George E Stanton's External Remedy, named HUNT'S LINIMENT, and have proved it to be fully equal to the character it gives it. Its healing properties are truly astonishing, and we most confidently recommend it as one of the safest and most certain external remedies that has yet been discovered.

Caleb Roscoe, Editor Westchester Herald
Isaac Birdsall, Inspector M. P. State Prison
Albert Lockwood, Judge Court Common Pleas,
James Lawlor, the extensive Hat Manufacturer
James B. Swain, Doctor H. B. Connolly
M Cleveland, Proprietor of the celebrated Boarding School for Boys
Samuel F. Reynolds, Supreme Court Commissioner
R. B. Yates, District Attorney
Thomas [illegible] M. E. Church
Robert Purdue, late Asset. St. Prison
Aaron Ward, late Member of Congress.
Monson [illegible] Lockwood, Clerk of the County.
[illegible]
John Strang, Gabriel Miller,
Philip G. Van Wyck, Edmund Hunt,
Benjamin Washburn.

The following letter from the highly eminent Physician which has been attached to the Mount Pleasant State Prison for many years, is the best evidence of the value of this celebrated Liniment:—

Sing Sing, Jan. 20, 1844

MY DEAR SIR,—I received your note of yesterday, asking my opinion in relation to Hunt's Liniment, as prepared by Mr George E Stanton. Knowing its composition, and having frequently used it, I can commend it to you as a safe External Remedy, and, in my opinion, the best I [illegible] ever used.

Very truly and respectfully yours,
A. K. HOFFMAN, M D

Col Pierre Van Cortland, Croton, Mass:
Dear sir, I concur in the above opinion.
WM. N. BELCHER, M. D.

☞ Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all the principal Druggists and store-keepers throughout the country.

CAUTION.—Although this External Remedy has been but a short time before the public, counterfeiters have discovered it worth while to make a base and worthless article as the genuine. Be sure that each bottle has stamped on it the following: "Hunt's Liniment, prepared and sold by G. E. Stanton, Sing-Sing, N. Y." None other is genuine

GEORGE E. STANTON.

Sing-Sing June 5, 1845 2-1y

AGENTS.—Gr. W. Callender, East Longmeadow; Samuel Leach, Wilbraham; Shaw & Chapman, So. Wilbraham; Norcross & Converse, Monson; J. C. Royce & Co. Wales; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; D. F. McGilvray & Co. Palmer Depot.

THE GREAT NORTHERN REMEDY.

N. H. Downe's Vegetable

BALSAMIC ELIXIR.

A MOST valuable medicine for curing Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Running, and all diseases of the Lungs. It promotes expectoration, by which means the irritation of the Lungs is immediately stopped; and by its Balsamic properties effects a speedy cure—as can be attested to thousands of individuals in New England and the other States, (certificates shown if desired.)

For sale by A. BLODGETT
Palmer Depot Jan 29 1846 2

Tea! Tea!

THE subscribers will sell as good (if not the best) tea, as the same ever offered in Hampden county at the Depot tea store.

8 McGILVRAY & CO.

Woolens! Woolens!!

WISHING to close off the balance of our extensive stock of Goods adapted to the present season will sell at a reduction from former prices, (which of course brings them very low.—Ladies and Gentlemen wishing for wearing apparel at bargains, will please call and examine for themselves, at the depot store. McGILVRAY & CO.

Remnants.

REMNANTS of Prints selling low, at the depot store 3 McGILVRAY & CO.

Lard.

FRESH LARD and Lard Oil, for sale at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Fish.

PRIME Salmon, Mackerel, Halibut, Sword and Cod Fish, for sale at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Spices.

CITRON, Mace, Nutmegs, Cinnamon and other spices, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

2 HUNDRED bushels White Beans, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Nails.

OLD COLONY, Weymouth and Boston Nails—in assorted sizes, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE undersigned grateful for the past liberal patronage which they have received from the public, would respectfully inform the friends of the public are happy to again announce that they

STOCK OF MERCHANDISE

is complete and they are now as ever ready to sell Goods at such prices as will enable them to sustain the reputation they have already acquired for selling as cheap as any establishment in this county. It is not their purpose to assert that they will sell Goods less than any other concern, but only to let it be known that their prices are [illegible] and that the public may rest assured that the greatest inducements are offered to purchasers. Knowing it to be their interest to sell Goods cheap for cash, and punctual dealing, they do not admit of an extension at this season of the year, consequently have not availed themselves of those extra advantages. We do not pretend to say but believe that we can offer great inducements to the customers, and those in any other House in town are [illegible] are sure of being waited on with civility, and are assured that they will not go away dissatisfied. For particulars see our advertisement.

E. F. McGILVRAY & CO

Palmer Depot Jan. 14, 1846

Depot Cabinet Warehouse.

THE subscriber would inform his patrons, that he still continues to manufacture all kinds of Cabinet Ware and would invite those about to purchase to call and examine for themselves. Among which are the following—

Grecian, Work, Card, Centre & Dining

Tables; Work, Wash and Light Stands; Grecian, French and Common Bureaus; French and Common Bedsteads; Grecian Cane and Wood seat Chairs &c. &c. His Furniture is of the best

MATERIALS AND WORKMANSHIP,

and his prices will be found to be as low as at any other establishment in the county. Call and examine and judge for yourselves.

Thankful for the liberal patronage with which he has been favored, would solicit a continuance of the same.

N. B. All kinds of Job Work done at short notice. A. H. LONGLEY

Palmer Depot, Jan 14, 1846

TAILORING.

Gentlemen do you wish for a good and genteel

Fashionable Garment,

Please call on your obedient

THEODORE DENEKE.

MONSON CENTRE, MASS. 2-4t

A. BLODGETT,

Watch Maker and Jeweler,

3 DOORS WEST OF THE PALMER HOTEL,

North side of the Railroad,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS

Watches and Clocks of all kinds carefully repaired and warranted.

J. D. BARBER,

Fashionable Tailor,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS

Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.

Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Garments is to be made out of the shop.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

J. S. & C. D. BAILEY.

JAPANNERS & BRASS FINISHERS & WORKERS

Stamped, Plain, Figured and Zinc

Tin, Sheet Iron & Copper Ware.

Palmer Depot Jan. 12 1846

JOSEPH HODGES,

LAND SURVEYOR,

Near the River Bridge, between the Depot and Tower Rooms,

PALMER, MASS.

NOTICE.

I HEREBY caution all I know or may see Amasa P. Holden not to trust, and shall remember whom none of his earnings, nor pay any debts of his contracting. AMASA HOLDEN.

Palmer Jan 14 1846. 2-3t

Shaving Soap.

HALE'S Concentrated New York Almond Shaving Soap for sale by McGILVRAY & CO.

Salt.

TURK'S ISLAND, Liverpool and Dairy Salt, for sale at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Flour.

200 BBLS. Genesee Flour of the best brands, for sale at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Fresh Oysters!

Direct from New Haven by Railroad Express!

CONSTANTLY on hand and furnished in any quantity at the lowest prices by A. BLODGETT.

Palmer Depot Jan 14 1846

MULES and other Furs are selling at the depot store, at the manufacturer's prices.

McGILVRAY & CO.

Wanted!

IN exchange for goods or cash,

[illegible] Corn;
1000 " Rye;
5000 " Oats;

for which the highest prices will be paid.

McGILVRAY & CO.

Boots.

THICK and thin Boots, and Brogans, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & Co.

Sugars.

BROWN HAVANNA, St. Croix, Porto Rico, New Orleans, Lump and Crushed Sugars, for sale at the Depot Store by McGILVRAY & CO.

Molasses.

12 HHDS superior Molasses, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

500 GALLS. Eng. Linseed Oil, for sale at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

White Lead.

GROUND and DRY in various qualities, for sale at the Depot store by McGILVRAY & CO.

3000 LBS. TOBACCO, of the most approved brands, for sale by McGILVRAY & CO.

Glass.

WINDOW GLASS of nearly all sizes and qualities, for sale at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

50 China Tea Setts.

OF new styles, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

300 Hundred Doz. Kimball's

SPOOL THREAD of 200 yds each—for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

COFFEE.

OLD JAVA, St. Domingo Portocabello, Ground and unground Coffee, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

RAISINS.

BOX AND CASE RAISINS, of nice quality, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO

PROSPECTUS OF THE

New York

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION

Of sixteen pages super-royal octavo, to be handsomely printed on fine white paper with beautiful type, and elegantly illustrated with superior engravings on steel and wood

LAWRENCE LABREE EDITOR

[The Work is to be a continuation of the Knickerbocker New Series] which has been conducted [illegible] of publication [illegible] the press through [illegible] of the country.

It is the intention of the proprietors to make the New York [illegible] Magazine the cheapest and handsomest of the most refined and popular [illegible]

As a Literary Magazine its merits [illegible] consequently have not availed themselves of those extra advantages. We do not pretend to say but believe that we can offer great inducements to the customers, and those in any other House in town are [illegible] are sure of being waited on with civility, and are assured that they will not go away dissatisfied. For particulars see our advertisement.

As a Gentleman's Magazine it will be found the most complete [illegible] of a monthly work—uniting the [illegible] of the Annals of Sporting and the Turf, the Drama, Literature, Illustrated [illegible] Science, Fashion, Humorous Sketches [illegible] of the times, [illegible] without objectionable features which [illegible] and [illegible] to the most refined and fastidious taste.

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It will be the cheapest Magazine ever published in this country, [illegible] in one year.

FIFTY-TWO ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL:

one each number, [illegible] otherwise beautifully embellished with [illegible]

ILLUSTRATIONS ON WOOD.

It will [illegible] two original Volumes a year. Its pages [illegible] when bound, a very choice [illegible]

Original [illegible] will be taken with the illustrations, which will be prepared expressly for this Work—The Steel Engravings will [illegible] from the establishment and under the superintendence of Mr A. L. Dick, and the [illegible] of wood will be executed in a superior style by J. W. Morse—both gentlemen ranking high in their respective departments of Art.

The first number of the New York Illustrated Magazine will be issued on the 20th September [illegible]

TERMS.—Will [illegible] paid and [illegible] $5.00 a year, without the steel and wood—[illegible] the steel engravings and wood illustrations—$8 a year. [illegible] sent in advance.

A few [illegible] will be allowed to any person, or club of persons, who shall [illegible] to procure us [illegible] for the work at the above price.

☞ Country Editors who feel disposed to publish the above, and refer to it, shall be entitled to an exchange. ROBINSON & CO. Publishers

161 Fulton street, New York.

New York, Aug. 20, 1845.

DR. TAYLOR'S

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 126 Bowery New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates.

New York, March 4 1845

Dear Doctor.—I am now convinced with the Inestimable Advantage I [illegible] publicly to state that the unprecedented effects of your TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT, 126 Bowery on myself. About five years since, all my acquaintances about me considered me to be past all hope of ever being restored to health, which continued for many years as a severe victim. I had a constant cough, the [illegible] almost incessant, proceeding [illegible] from which I got no relief at a time. I had [illegible] the most eminent physicians in the city and other countries, but [illegible] I received no benefit. I was induced to try your Balsam of Liverwort, 126 Bowery, and [illegible]

Sworn to before me, this [illegible]
H. C. [illegible] Clerk of [illegible]

Hempstead, Penn. April 22 1845

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify, that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the throat, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medicine and general remedies that were [illegible] to the restoration of my health, [illegible] and had entirely [illegible] that I could not get much longer [illegible] Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort, from 126 Bowery. I did so, and to my [illegible] I was [illegible] to health, so much so as [illegible] I feel [illegible] would permit. All those who are afflicted with [illegible] diseases of the Lungs and Throat I do most earnestly [illegible] to avail themselves of this invaluable [illegible] This certificate can be [illegible] upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARRET

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly J. & A. SNYDER

N B. Price reduced. Large bottles $1.50—small bottles $1.00

Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Nye, Belchertown; W. N. Packard, Monson. 1-1

Depot Store.

THE subscribers have recently purchased some extra rich and beautiful styles of [illegible] Dress Goods, [illegible] which they [illegible] attention of the Ladies to [illegible] The above [illegible] together with [illegible] former stock comprises an extensive assortment of

New and Fashionable Dress Goods,

as can be found at any other Mercantile establishment. In addition to the [illegible] we have a full assortment of [illegible] such as Velvet Ribbons, Crapes, Fringes, &c., &c.

Our stock of Prints is among the largest in the country—all of which are new and desirable and will be sold on the most favorable terms. A large invoice of Shawls—among which are very rich wrought and printed Cashmere Bordered Crapes, and other shawls—which we are enabled to sell at much less prices than ever before offered in this market.

Our stock of Ginghams, Drilling, Cotton, Alpaca, Bobbinet is large and will be sold at a great reduction from former prices.

HOSIERY, GLOVES, MITTS, LADIES' and Gents' Linen Cravats, Scarfs—Fine Bonnet Caps and Trimmings—Satin Artificial Flowers, &c.—Broad and narrow Lawn, Linen and Cambric Edgings, Worsted Goods, &c., &c.

Brown and Bleached Sheetings, Shirtings, Ticklings, Burlaps, Linen Crash, Counterpanes, &c.

To our stock of Woolens we solicit the attention of the Gents who have not yet supplied themselves with Garments—as we have now on hand

A LARGE ASSORTMENT,

all of which we will sell until the opening of Spring, at a very small advance from cost.

Carpetings, Rugs, Buckings, &c.

A very extensive variety constantly in store at a very small advance from cost and we pledge ourselves that we purchase on as good terms as any other

HOUSE

To those persons commencing house-keeping we have to say that our facilities for selling all furnishing Goods, is second to none in Hampden or Worcester Counties. D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

Palmer Depot, Jan 13, 1846.

BUCK WHEAT FLOUR, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO

POETRY.

For The Sentinel.

An Earthly "Better Land."

BY MISS H. W. M.

I stood methought on elevated stand
Where lay a beautiful, a better land;
There sin and guilt were all unheard, unknown.
Both woe and misery from that land had flown.

There were no sounds of mourning in that vale,
No orphan's cry, or captive's plaintive wail.
No clanging sounds of war and discord rose,
To mar the pure and Eden-like repose.

The Sun shone on that land with hallow'd light,
And brighter beamed the glowing stars of night.
The birds' sweet carols rung more silvery sound,
And flowers more fragrant odors threw around.

Death, that [illegible] monster in a land of a sin,
Was welcomed there as tender, cherished friend;
They, who fell beneath his withering stroke,
Hail'd him an angel who their bondage broke.

Ask you, what made that "better land" so blest?"
Where love and peace, twin sisters ever rest;
The Holy Bible's precepts there were made,
The Rule, and were implicitly obeyed.

Palmer, Jan. 2, 1846.

Songs of the Press.

PRINTER'S DEVILS.

Old Lucifer both kind and civil,
To ev'ry printer lends a Devil;
But balancing accounts each winter,
For ev'ry Devil takes a printer.

ON A READY WRITER.

Jem writes his verses with more speed
Than the printer's boy can set 'em.
Quite as fast as we can read,
But not so fast as we forget 'em.

PRINTERS' KISSES:

Print on my lips another kiss,
The essence of the growing passion;
No, [illegible] —for this—nor this—
But now—ye, that's a *proof impression.*

THE LADY'S REPLY.

But yet, methinks, it might be minded—
Once, I saw it in those eyes;
Our lips again together blended,
We'll make it *impression* a *revise.*

WOMAN.

The Baltimore Typographical Society, at a recent celebration, among the regular toasts, gave the following for "*Woman*:"—

The sweetest [illegible] upon the earth—
The greatest [illegible]—the fairest *faces*—
The [illegible] that e'er had birth—
The most [illegible] to man's *embraces.*

HUMOROUS.

A Loud Call.—A stranger exquisite passing up Middle St., the other day, wished to call a coach, but deeming it vulgar to speak loud enough to be heard, he failed. A sailor observing the difficulty, hailed in a voice like a speaking trumpet, *hullo there!*" said Jack, looking unutterable things at the dandy—"*here's something wants you.*

Bones, said ginger, which had you rather ride in a stage-coach or a steamboat?

Why, I'd rather ride in a stage coach, bekase if it upsets *dar you is*, but if the steamboat blows up *whar is you?*

A raw Hoosier, on board a steamboat, when the folks went to bed, lay down in his berth, with his boots on. The steward seeing this, politely said,

Sir, you have lain down with your boots on.

Never mind said he, it won't won't hurt 'em—they aint my best pair."

Ah, John, my uncle has been in New York and yourn hasn't. Well, what of that? My uncle was been in jail, and yourn hasn't.

Represent me in my portrat, said a gentleman to his painter, with a book in my hand and reading aloud. Paint my servant, also, in a corner where he cannot be seen, but in such a manner that he may hear me when I call him.

A fellow went into the hall of a boarding house in Barclay street, New York, a few evenings since, while the boarders were at supper, and gathered up all the hats on the table. He was making his way out with his booty when a boarder a little behind time came in, and asked him what he was about. Oh, says the thief, I am about taking the gentlemen's hats round to Lenry's to get smoothed. Well replied the boarder, take mine along. Certainly sir, said the accommodating loafer, and vanished.

A down east skipper stated that the crew of his lumber coaster consisted of the following personages. An old man, a little boy, a tarnal fool, and a Frenchman.

The following was picked up in Raleigh N. C.:

Mr——Sr ples sen me gallon wiscah by the negro boy dave, and let it be gud, and yu will plese your frind.

The best anecdote we have heard of late is the following:—

A poor deluded negro Millerite was exhorting with his congregation, on the top of a molasses hogshead, and in his warmth exclaimed—"Oh Gabriel! sound the last trump; when some hunter's happening to pass, and wishing to have a little sport, sounded their horn; the negro in an ecstacy of joy commenced clapping his hands and shouting, when by his exertions the head broke and in he went, crying in a tone of bitter despair—"*Oh God! I was only in fun!*"

ty. These two lines that look so curious, sent here put here to fill out the humorous.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cause of Non-Improvement.

I had occasion to visit the son of a friend of mine, at a school of great respectability in a wealthy agricultural district. The master, a very intelligent person, showed me the details of his well arranged establishment, which was certainly a pattern in every respect. On entering the well filled school-room, he observed that most of his scholars were farmer's sons. Glancing at his library I inquired what books on agricultural subjects it contained? The master seemed struck with surprise (as if the thought of such books had never occurred to him) and replied,—"with shame I own, not one; but send me a list of such as you recommend, and I will immediately procure them." Now I apprehend this case might be multiplied by a thousand or more. Can we wonder then, that a youth who never heard the word agricultural in school, and who is seldom or never sent into different districts to be taught agriculture as a science, should go home to his parent and follow his plan of farming, be it good or bad, or indifferent. In all other trades and professions an apprenticeship is considered essential to the acquirement of knowledge; but farming, the most necessary of all trades, is to be left to chance or rather mischance. A system of uniformity is essential in making a hat, coat, or shoes;—there are established education rules for the church and the bar and the senate; but agriculture, the greatest interest of them all, on which our very existence depends, economically and politically is to be like a ship without a compass, tossed about by the ever varying gale of individual opinion, without a hope of reaching the port of Perfection. Were a youth ever so much inclined to furnish his mind with comparisons and observations of the various systems of culture in our own different countries as well as in foreign climes, there is, under the present school system, no opportunity for his doing so; and no doubt he would be surprised if told that we are a century at least behind the Chinese in agricultural practice. I hope we shall soon every school, and, in fact every farmer's parlor possessing a few sound practical works on Agriculture. I presume no man will consider he knows every thing in Agriculture—if he does it is unfortunate for him. Little as I am acquainted with the subject, I am fully convinced that it is full of interest, and of such extent that a life-time of study and practice would find us on the wrong side of perfection.—*London Agricultural Gaz.*

Remedy for Wounds and Canker in Trees.

A subscriber enquires for a good mode of "doctoring" wounded trees, or for decayed places occasioned by canker. We have found in the case of wounds, after trimming off the bruised and mangled parts, that a plaster made of clay and fresh cow-dung, put on and bound on by a strip of cloth, to be a good application.

In an old number of the Massachusetts Agricultural Journal, we find the following:—The aged parts of the tree must be cut or peeled off in the spring, and the places must be rubbed in a fine sunny day with turpentine, which becomes a sort of varnish, so that wounds will be hermetically sealed, and the tree will speedily recover.

By this simple and cheap remedy many trees have been already saved, which in spring time showed symptoms of decay.—Even all the upper part of the bark has been cut away, and in the space of a year an entire cure has been affected.

In addition to this, we may add that the common grafting cement makes a very good plaster for wounded trees—made by melting together 3-4 lbs of beeswax, 1-2 lb. of tallow, and 4 lbs. of rosin.—*Maine Farmer.*

Bone Manure.

Some years since, a gentleman of our acquaintance, who had long been incredulous as to the value of bone-dust as a manure, determined to avail himself of a favorable opportunity and give it an impartial trial. The soil on which the experiment was made, consisted of a light, salubrious sand, reposing on a sub-stratum of gravel, and so porous as to admit of a ready descent. In seasons ordinarily dry, great inconvenience was experienced from drought as all the water that fell was immediately taken into the subsoil without affording any essential benefit to the growing crop.

On this soil he planted ten quarts of beans, manuring every other row with bone dust, and leaving the remainder undressed, with the exception of a spoonful of gypsum to the hill. The favorable action of the former was so obvious that the difference was distinguishable as far as the crop could be discerned, and at harvest, the boned rows yielded double the crop afforded by those to which plaster only had been applied.

A similar experiment on a patch of Canada corn on the same soil, gave the same result. Since then he has made it a practice to use this manure liberally on all tillage crops, whenever it can be obtained.—He is now we are glad to say, exerting his influence to establish a mill for crushing bones in the town where he resides, and with prospects of success.—*Maine Cult.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Speech.

The following eloquent remarks were made by the senior editor of a paper out West, on the subject of Oregon—at least they were made by some editor for him:

Fellow Citizens:—This great country is overflowed with all sorts of progeny. We want room enough for people to roam about, without treading on one another's heels as they walks. There is a smart chance of young 'uns growing up; they want room to stretch and grow! The gals has got big bustles now that's growin' bigger and bigger, and they must have room for them to increase, till, as the poet says,

"Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

All these creatures must have room, and where'll they get it if they don't have Oregon? I knowed the time there was room enough in old Kentucky for all these circumstances. I've knowed when the clearings were so far apart that you couldn't hear a painter yell from one to the other. But now we've got crowded close. There's no liberty to speak of. Folks are so thick they begin to talk of putting the law in force; but I've seen the time when the sheriff or a constable would have been swallowed a dozen times before he would 'rest one of the free sons of Columby. In them days laws was made with the rifle: and we give estates with the end of the thumb nail. The valley of a man was known by the number of eyes he carried in his pocket, as there used to be in old times with the foreskins of the Phillistynes.—Them's my sentiments. Bears' meat and whiskey was the diet of old Kaintucky, and gouging was the science of civilization.

But ther'll soon be no decent diggings this side of Oregon: and we must have it. Don't tell me about the rights of us to leave that little patch of ground. Have we a right to the bears we kill with our rifles, or the game we catch in our traps? Right! what right have you got to your racoon skin cap? If you'd axed the racoon skin cap? If you'd axed the racoon about taking off his hide, he'd never have consented to leave it out to arbitration. Now what's the use in talken about England's rights to Oregon? Haven't I showed you that we want them diggins for our own use, jest as we wanted the recoon skin?—Maybe you'll tell me the recoon had no nat'ral right to his skin. Howsomever that may be, I've a right to the cap that I've made out of it, as you all know, bekase why? Bekase you see these two tellers, and bekase I've got a thumb nail that'll take out an eye as quick as a busted biler will blow up a steamboat. I think that a pretty smart reason, for it appeals right hum to your conscience and feelings. Them's the reasons we've got a nat'ral right to Oregon!

The Teeth.

Nobody needs to have an offensive breath. A careful removal of substance from the teeth, rinsing the mouth after meals, and a bit of charcoal held in the mouth, will always cure a bad-breath.

A lump of charcoal held in the mouth two or three times a week and slowly chewed, has a wonderful power to preserve the teeth and purify the breath.—The action is purely chemical. It counteracts the acid arising from a disordered stomach, or food decaying about the gums; and it is this acid which destroys the teeth. A dear friend of ours had, when about twenty years of age, a front tooth that turned black, gradually, and so broke off piecemeal. By frequently chewing charcoal, the progress of decay was not only arrested, but nature set vigorously to work to restore the breach, and the crumbled portion grew again, till the whole tooth was sound as before. This I know to be a fact!

Every one knows that charcoal is antiputrescent, and is used in boxing up animal or vegetable substances to keep them from decay. Upon the same chemical principle it tends to preserve the teeth and sweeten the breath. There is no danger in swallowing it; on the contrary, small quantities have a healthful effect on the inward system, particularly when the body is suffering from that gritty substance in large quantities, or frequently; but once a week a little would be salutary rather than otherwise. A bit of charcoal, as big as a cherry, merely held in the mouth a few hours without chewing has a good effect. At first most people dislike to chew it, but use soon renders it far from disagreeable. Those who are troubled with an offensive breath might chew it very often and swallow it but seldom. It is peculiarly important to clean and rinse the mouth thoroughly before going to bed: otherwise a great deal of destructive acid will form during the night.—*Mrs. Child.*

"Arrah, Pat, and why did Marry ye—jist till me that—for its meself that's had to maintain ye ever since Father O'Flanegan sent me home to yer house." "Swate jewel," replied Pat, not relishing the charge, "and its myself that hopes to live to see the day when y're a widow, waping over the cold sod that covers me; then by St. Patrick I'll see how ye get along without me, boney dear."

Many friends are lost by ill-timed jests; rather lose your best jest than your worst friend.

Apprentices.

Boys who are learning trades, by pursuing a correct course will make themselves contented and happy, besides securing the good will of their masters.

Feel not, young apprentices, that no one cares for you, and that your situation is an unpleasant one. Your master although he says but little to you, in watching your conduct, and when you do well he remembers it. His friends have an eye upon you. If you err, it cannot be kept a secret long.

Always have an eye on the welfare of your master, and save all in your power for him. In his absence be the most particular to do what is right.

Have no bad associates. Wicked boys may ruin you. Be careful in whom you confide: and never be intimate with youth who sustains a bad character.

Your evenings spend at home or in some profitable society. Never stop at the corner of the streets to talk and laugh. Those youth who night after night congregate in particular spots to waste their time and insult the passers by, seldom turn out well. We have always noticed that boys are more profane beneath the cover of the night than in broad day. Then they are concealed from sight, and show their evil propensities without fear of being detected.

Use no tobacco. The young man is unwise who puts tobacco to his lips in any shape. Your master will not approve it, neither will your best friends. If you smoke or chew, you will lose much time, and find occasion to spend many a copper.

Read and study whenever you get an opportunity. Select books from which you can gather the most information. Occasionally place your thoughts upon paper.

In fine, young apprentice, do what is just and right. Look out for your master's interest—avoid bad associates—spend your time in profitable pursuits, and be in the right path to usefulness and prosperity.—*Portland Tribune.*

Advice to a Daughter.

Be not ambitious to be considered a belle. Indeed I had rather you would be almost any thing else, which does not involve gross moral obliquy, than this. It is this fate of most belles that they become foolishly vain, to think of nothing beyond personal display; and not unfrequently sacrifice themselves in a bad bargain, which involves their destinies for life.—The merit of solid and enduring esteem you enjoy, the better: and you ought to gain whatever of this you can by honorable means; but to be admired, caressed and flattered, for mere accidental qualities, which involve nothing of intellectual and moral worth, ought to render any girl, who is the subject of it, an object of pity. You are at liberty to desire the good opinion of every gentlemen of your acquaintance, but it would be worse than folly in you to be ambitious in a blind admiration.

Be on your guard against the influences of flattery. Rely upon it, the man who flatters you, whatever he may profess is not your friend.

It were a much kinder office, and a real mark of friendship, to admonish you tenderly, yet honestly, of your faults. If you yield a little to flattery, you have placed yourself on dangerous grounds: if you continue to yield you are not improbably undone.—*Rev. Wm. B. Sprague.*

Maxims for Merchants.

Credit should be sparingly given, and integrity be basis of it.

Guarantees should only be taken in writing, and a consideration always expressed therein.

The honor of an honest man, as far as dollars and cents go, dies when he dies: therefore, honorable conditions in writing.

Lying won't stand, while truth is truth.

Rascals may flourish, but honest men will outsleep them.

Wealth is desirable, if honestly acquired and if blessed by contentment.

Prudence in promises is a fair guarantee in the redemption of them.

A genuine scoundrel is a man who, by his sanctity, has obtained credit: and through religious professions, keeps back property from his legitimate creditors.

An Irish nobleman on a journey was informed that his way lay over a ruined bridge, which he would be obliged to pass in the night. He ordered his postillion to call him when they reached the dangerous place, then wrapping himself in his cloak went to sleep. When they reached the bridge the postillion called, but as his master did not awake, he drove on and passed safely over. Some time after the traveller awaked and called out. "How is that John, have you passed the broken bridge?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Why did you not wake me as I ordered you to do?"

"I did not like to disturb your honor."

"Upon my honor, if we had all fallen into the water and been drowned I would have put a bullet through your head."

"By all the martyrs, if you had, I would have left your service the next minute, if I had starved."

The greatest fool can ask more questions than the wisest man can answer.

Childhood.

Well may the hours of childhood be termed the sweetest and happiest of our life. Like the evening star, which is the most beautiful in the firmament, the first to set, but not the soonest forgotten. Even in those blessed hours we anticipate happier moments and sweeter enjoyment. But, alas! time, with all his promises, will never yield us a joy that will half repay us for the innocent ones of childhood he so wantonly steals away. How dear is our childhood's home! How sacredly we cherish its memory, and the pleasing scenes connected with it, as a fairy dream never again to be realized. With what mournful pleasure we repeat the prayer that was then breathed at a mother's knee. Again we feel the touch of her hand as it was gently laid upon our heads, while she softly breathed a blessing. We hear her lips pronounce the sweet "good night," accompanied with a kiss—that mother's fond, earnest kiss! It seem to linger still upon the time worn brow with all the purity and truth with which it was there enstamped in childhood.

In youth, we may not notice these little endearments, but we find them in after life printed upon the heart in undying letters; and as we fondly dwell upon the sacred thoughts, our eyes are filled with tears of regret. Our hearts were then light and careless as the gay summer bird whose lay we tried to imitate. We knew of no sorrow that the first gush of tears could not sweep away. Oh! we *were* happy then! And the scenes that made us so, linger o'er the path of after life like the rays of the setting sun, and the night of age is brightened with their remembrance. —*Saturday Messenger.* Ella.

Evening.

I think there are two periods in the life of man in which the evening hour is peculiarly interesting—in youth and old age. In youth you love for its mellow moonlight, its million stars, its soothing shades, its soft serenity; and these we can commune with our loves, or twine the wreath of friendship, while there is none to bear us witness but the heavens, and the spirits that hold their endless Sabbaths there; or look into the deep bosom of creation, spread around like a canopy above us, and listen till we can almost see and hear the waving and melting songs of other beings in other worlds. To youth the evening is delightful; it accords with the flow of high spirits, the flow of its fancy, and the softness of its heart. Evening is also the delight of old age—it affords hours of undisturbed contemplation; it seems an emblem of the calm and tranquil close of busy life, serene, placid and mild, with the impress of its great Creator stamped upon it: it spread its quiet wings over the grave, and seems to promise that all shall be peace beyond it.—*Franklin.*

A Father's Advice.

Col. George Mason, of Virginia, made the following remarks in his will, which ought to be considered a legacy to the nation:—

"I recommend to my sons, from my own experience in life, to prefer the happiness of independence and a private station to the trouble and vexations of public business, but if either their own inclinations, or the necessity of the time, should engage them in public affairs, I charge them, on a father's blessing, never to let the motives of private interest or ambition induce them to betray, nor the terrors of poverty and disgrace, or of death, deter them from asserting the liberty of their country, and endeavor to transmit to their posterity, those sacred rights to which themselves were born."

Dancing.

Dancing contributes in a most essential degree to the preservation of health. Children weak and feeble in limb, will, by this exercise, imperceptibly acquire new vigor. On the other hand, when the pupil is healthy and strong, the practice of dancing will retain and increase his strength. Dancing is also conducive to the formation of the manners, by imparting a graceful mein and becoming address to the learner, and by teaching him to walk with propriety and ease. Like every other bodily exercise, it gives a moral confidence to the demeanor which natural elegance of manner will not entirely supply. The early moulding of the body to the most polished attitudes leads to youth the graceful carriage of mature age; and ease of manner once attained in early life, it is impossible to lose in after years.

Bill says he once had a constant and troblesome visitor, whom he tried many ways to get rid of. First, he essayed smoke, which his friend bore like a badger; next he tried fire, which he endured like a salamander; at last, he lent him five dollars and never saw him after.

College—An institution where young men are apt to learn everything but that which professes to be taught.

Dr Johnson lost half his influence in life from want of courtesy.

Never forfeit your word, young man.

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OUR ELEGANT PARIS FASHION PLATES.

The splendid fashion plates, with which we shall adorn each number of "Graham" for 1846, have already awakened the jealousy of our contemporaries, and they show their [illegible] by all manner of torture of the word PARIS. It seems to be both a cheese and a bone to them. We have only to say that our December number contains a specimen of what "Our Paris Fashions" are, and we think, and we must trust the eyes of the public to decide the superior value of these, elaborated, engraved, printed and colored at the head quarters of the fashionable world," over the vapid imitations, which are got up here at least sixty days old, and palmed off as correct. In January we shall have a most elegant style of cloak patterns, and as it will be issued early, say by Dec. 10th, we advise our fair readers not to spoil their material by following the blind guides of last year. But to adopt the true fashions for 1846.

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SELECTED TALE.

TRUE NOBILITY:
Or, The Blacksmith's Daughter.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"This is the prettiest low-born lass that e'er
Ran on the greenward."

"Well, well, *mon ami*, I will not argue the point with you; as an American you are right in holding such a belief; but you must still allow me to think that there is something not to be despised in ancient and honorable descent. I cannot but believe that the descendant of those who for generations have been ennobled by lofty deeds of high enterprise, will be more likely to perform magnanimous actions than the son of the humble plebian."

"You agree with me precisely, Henri;—but we differ in terms. I assert that the children of a family which can look with honest pride to deeds of integrity and uprightness, of virtue and heroism, are the true scions of nobility; for their patent bears the signet of an Almighty hand."

"Then the son of an honest blacksmith ought to be as proud of his birth as the heir of a monmorenci or a Conde; is that your opinion?"

"Something very like it, I confess, Henri; what was the origin of the nobles of the old world? Rapine and violence gave them their heritage of broad lands, while servile submission to a monarch, or perhaps treachery to his enemy, was often the price paid for their sounding titles. Had they been ennobled for their *virtues*, Henri, and had they transmitted these, together with their proud names, through succeeding generations, then well might their descendants have gloried in their birth: but surely you need not be reminded of the black catalogue of crime which might be appended to every genealogical chart in 'merrie England,' no less than in your '*grande* nation?'"

"I won't quarrel with you about it, Frank; but I shall never become a convert to your doctrine; perhaps I am too deeply infected with such prejudices, but *they* were a part of my lawful heritage."

"I know it, Henri, the blood of one of the noblest families of France runs in your veins, and the only wonder is, that under such circumstances you should possess so much true nobility."

"What do you mean?"

"I am surprised that you did not follow the example of most branches of a noble stock, and make the fame of your ancestors a license for your own worthlessness."

"Frank, you are incorrigible," said Henri, laughing; "according to your creed I ought to rank you, who possess so many estimable qualities, among the lowest of the low."

"Place me in what station you please, Henri, so long as you find no cause for despising me. But you mistake me; I do not think nobility of soul incompatible with nobility of birth; I only mean to assert that heroic deeds are more frequently performed by men in a lowly than in an exalted station, for the latter have an inheritance of fame, and are too often content to use it to its last grain, without adding anything to it for the next generation."

"I should like to see your father, Frank."

"You shall be gratified if you choose to accompany me home in the spring; but in what station do you expect to find him?"

"If I must judge by your theory, I should say he was some humble artisan, but I know better than to believe such a thing; I suppose he is one of the aristocracy of your republican country, living in the most independent of all modes, as a gentleman farmer, and I should not be surprised if he had carefully preserved a box of old papers, which enabled him to trace his descent from some English yeoman of the time of the eighth Harry."

"You never were more mistaken in your life."

"Well, don't tell me anything about him, I mean to go and see for myself, but no one shall persuade me you could derive from any mean parentage the chivalrous sentiments which led you to save my life at the risk of your own."

"Pshaw, I wish you would not think so much of a trifling service."

"You may underrate your own disinterestedness as much as you please, but if any one else were to tell me that the man who bound his own life-preserver on a sick stranger, when the black waters were yawning to devour him, had performed only a trifling service, I think he would find a little of the spirit of my ancestors in my reply."

The speakers who thus discussed points of honor while they puffed the fragrant smoke from their "Habanas," were Henri de Valence, a young West-Indian of large fortune, and his friend Frank Weston, who had left his native village to seek wealth in New Orleans, that Eldorado of all who can resist muschetoes and yellow fever.—They had met as strangers on board a Mississippi steamer, when Henri was suffering from the feebleness attendant upon long illness. Before they reached their port of destination, the boat was snagged, and the passengers were in the most imminent danger, when Frank, seeing the pallid stranger at his side, quietly took off his life-preserver, saying, "I am strong and can swim, but you are utterly helpless, take this and save yourself." The opportune arrival of a steamer rescued them, after an exposure of some hours to the most imminent danger, but Henri never forgot the heroic deed of his new friend. With the warm-heartedness of his age and clime, he attached himself closely to Frank, and even resolved to accompany him to his native home, rather than part with him for a whole season.

The first spring buds were unfolding their soft green to the warm gales, when the friends set out on their northern journey. Henri was charmed in everything he saw in nature, though strongly disposed to find amusement in some very *natural traits* of individual character. The bold and magnificent scenery of our beautiful land excited his enthusiastic admiration, while his prejudices were sadly shocked at some occasional glimpses of American life. By the time he arrived at New York, he was more deeply confirmed in his ideas of the advantage of high birth, and as he contrasted the quiet gentlemanly deportment of Frank, with the coarse manners of some of their travelling companions, he could not help congratulating himself on having found a friend among the better class of our plebian citizens.

It was late in the afternoon of one of those balmy days which make June so delightful a month in America, when the travellers approached the spot where Frank Weston was born and bred. As they proceeded slowly along a road cut in the side of a mountain, they looked down upon the village, lying at the foot of a declivity, and nothing could be more beautiful than the view. The neat snow-white cottages were clustered together in a beautiful valley, through which ran a clear and rapid stream, spanned by a rustic bridge. Large elms, those most beautiful of all forest trees, were seen, studding the inequalities of the ground in positions that seemed chosen for their picturesque beauty; and, as the beams of the setting sun shone aslant between their broad stems, gliding the surface of the little river, and reflected in generous hues from the casements of the pretty cottages, Henri tho't he had never seen so lovely a spot.

"You will find my native home rather a humble abode, Henri," said Frank, as he approached it. Henri did certainly look a little surprised when he found Frank's father occupying a house not a whit superior to his neighbors, a low-browed cottage, with plenty of room on the ground floor, but possessing no claim either to stateliness or gentility. To be sure it was as neat as woman's skill could make it. Carpets of home manufacture covered the floor and tables made of cherry wood, polished so as to rival mahogany, supplied the place of more costly furniture; chairs, evidently the handicraft of some village mechanic, offered little promise of luxurious ease;—and the row of shining brass candlesticks which decorated the rude chimney-piece, were certainly better calculated to excite ideas of utility than of beauty. But Henri soon forgot these things in the pleasure which he derived from the warm and hearty welcome with which he was greeted.—The family consisted only of Mr Weston and his daughter, and the young stranger knew not whether to be most charmed with the frank and courteous manners of the old man, or, the fresh and glowing beauty of his friend's sister.

Lucy Weston was a true American beauty; not one of those fragile delicate creatures to be seen in gossamer robes and silken slippers, treading the muddy streets of our great cities, and awakening by the very character of their loveliness, the painful remembrance of decay. She had a clear complexion, a deep yet cool colour upon her cheek, a mouth, perhaps rather too large for regular beauty, but full of expression, eyes blue as the sky in spring, and arched by brows of the darkest chestnut, hair of that rich golden brown which is rarely seen in perfection among the unmixed Saxon race, a form slender and graceful, yet developed into perfect symmetry by healthful exercise, and all these were characteristics of American loveliness. Remember, gentle reader, I am describing the charms of a village beauty.—Lucy Weston had not been immured in the impure atmosphere of a heated nursery during her infancy; she had not spent the ten best years of her life amid the restraints of a boarding school,—she had not been taught that a game of romps was a very "ungenteel thing," and that "little ladies should never move faster than walk." She had sported and played, and enjoyed a thorough drilling in that physical education which is now so much neglected.—The merry little hoyden had acquired the rich treasure of health, while she was only pursuing the bent of her childish nature, and when she did apply herself to mental labor, she brought to her duties a robust frame and perceptions quickened by daily use. Sooth to say, Lucy would not have figured to much advantage at a musical *soiree*, or even at a ball. She was indebted to the village singing-master for her little knowedge of music, and though she occupied a distinguished place in the church choir, she would scarcely have been able to join in an Italian duet. And as to her dancing—it was lady-like, for she could do nothing that was not so, but certainly her teacher had added few "foreign airs" to her "native graces." She was very deficient in the requisites for obtaining distinction in fashionable life: but then, she possessed no small share of useful accomplishments. She made the whitest bread and sweetest butter that ever graced a breakfast table,—her puddings and pies were delicious,—her skill in darning or mending, that most necessary talent of "making auld claithes luik' maist as well as new," was unrivalled,—she was the neatest and quickest of sempstresses, (no small accomplishment, let me tell you, my fair reader,)—and, to crown all, Lucy was one of the most systematic of housekeepers. There was no noise, no bustle in the house; everything seemed to be done as if by magic. Rooms were "put to rights,"—the semi-weekly baking was accomplished,—the daily churning was done,—even the weekly washing, that most dreaded of all days to the slovenly housewives, was quietly finished, without anybody being made acquainted with the precise time when all these tasks were in progress; and when Lucy took her seat at the mid-day dinner, attired in a neatly-fitting dress, with her beautiful hair smoothly folded over her placid brow, no one would have dreamed that she had been the principal actor in the busy scenes of their rustic life, and that the profusion of healthy viands which loaded the well arranged table, owed their rich *gusto* to her culinary skill.

Are you shocked, friend reader, that a heroine should know how to cook a dinner? I know it is contrary to all established rules, for the suffering damsels of the Minerva press never even condescend to eat or drink, through three thick volumes of distressful adventure. They may sometimes "snatch a morsel of refreshment," or "sip some wine from a richly chased antique goblet," but to eat a vulgar dinner, would be destructive of all heroic and sentimental ideas. The heroines of those times were superior to the common wants of humanity; their immaculate white dresses never became soiled, even if they were plunged in the most loathsome of dungeons, their tresses never hung in other than rich ringlets, even if they were just snatched from a watery grave, and their appetites never led them to commit such an outrage upon delicate sensibility as to eat a really good dinner. To those who are disposed to be pained by the unrefined habits of my friend Lucy, I can only say in the words of Boccacio, "if you do not like my story, turn to another page." I am painting life as it is, and, believe me, actual life, with all its chances and changes, presents many a picture more deserving of the artist's pencil than anything which exists only in the dream-land of fancy.

Henri de Valence was charmed with both father and daughter. Mr Weston was a man of remarkable prepossessing appearance. Upwards of six feet high, finely proportioned, and of almost Herculean strength, he presented a fine study for a painter as he sat in the porch at eventide, his vest open to the breeze, and his long gray locks floating upon his shoulders. His broad full brow, his deep eyes, his embrowned but ruddy complexion, seemed to form the very perfection of healthful and vigorous and happy age.—Mr Weston had rarely quitted his native village, but he was a diligent reader of good books, a close observer of men and manners, and above all, a profound and accurate thinker. His remarks were distinguished for their originality and acuteness, and one could not help believing, while listening to his simple but energetic language, that the fate which had destined him to a peaceful obscurity, had deprived philosophy of a noble votary. Henri's excitable and enthusiastic temperament, afforded a striking contrast to the calm and grave tone of the old man's mind, and, as it frequently happens in such cases, they were mutually pleased with each other.—Mr Weston liked Henri's frankness and warmheartedness, while Henri was delighted with the cordial kindness, the strong good sense, and the deep insight into human nature which he found in the father of his friend.

In the mean time, Frank Weston seemed to enjoy everything. He was glad to be once more at home, he was pleased at the respect with which his father had inspired Henri, because he had arranged a little plot against his friends prejudices, which he hoped to bring to a successful issue, and he liked the respectful courtesy, which characterized Henri's manners to his sweet sister Lucy. But Frank was not as clear-sighted as he had imagined. He did not read the feelings which were concealed beneath the polite demeanor of his friend. Henri was fast becoming a captive, not of "bow and spear," but of rustic beauty and gentleness. He had mingled much in gay society, and he had seen much of its hollowness; he had been courted by manœuvring mammas, and flattered by mercenary daughters, but he distrusted them, and shrunk from all their advances. It was not until he saw Lucy and understood her simple and truthful character, that he felt himself enthralled by the love of woman. Yet there were some points, on which he was not yet satisfied. He had not yet discovered Mr Weston's occupation, for he went out daily before Henri had finished his morning slumbers and only returned at evening, while it happened somehow or other, that Henri never met him in his village walks, nor even heard him allude to his business. It was not until more than a month had elapsed, that Frank thought proper to enlighten him.

"I am going to take you by a new route to-day, Henri," said Frank, as they proceeded to walk one morning.

"Have you any new beauty to show me?" asked Henri.

"No, but I have an old prejudice to batter down, and I am seeking the proper field for its destruction. Tell me, Henri," said Frank,—"what do you think of my father?"

"In truth, Frank, you have just reason to be proud of him; he is worthy to have been a Roman, in the palmy days of the republic, when the name was a prouder title than that of king."

"And you would be proud of such a father even if he were of ignoble birth, Henri?" asked Frank with a smile.

Henri laughed as he replied, "I think I may venture to say yes; but why do you always argue from impossiblities?"

"Will you forgive me the harmless plot which I have contrived to show the fallacy of your opinions?" said Frank. "Look there," he continued, as a sudden turn in the lane brought them in full view of the blazing fires of a blacksmith's forge.

As Henri turned his eyes in the direction to which his friend pointed, he was thunderstruck. Towering by a full head above his swart workmen, and wielding an immense piece of iron which would have failed a man of ordinary strength, stood Mr Weston. His face was blackened with smoke, his muscular arms, bared to the shoulder, were grimed with the dust of his forge, and his leathern apron shrivelled and scorched by long use, left no doubt, as to the nature of his daily employment.

"You look surprised, Henri," said Frank; "ought I to be less proud of that parent, because he occupies no higher station than that of a village blacksmith?"

"No, no, Frank, you were right,—the man would enoble any station," exclaimed Henri, as he ran forward to grasp the hand of Mr Weston.

"Softly, softly, my boy," said Mr Weston as Henri sprang to his side, "or you may chance to scorch your broadcloth;"—and the old man who had early become a participator in Frank's scheme, made the welkin ring with his merry laugh.

Henri returned home a litle disappointed, and not very well pleased at this attack upon his strongest prejudices. He could not but acknowledge to himself that had he known Frank's parentage he would never have become his guest, and yet he felt no disposition to depart from the hospitable roof. As he took his seat at the evening meal, and contemplated the sweet face of Lucy Weston, he could not help regretting that she should be so misplaced in life. "I have seen many a lady of fortune and fashion, who would give all her wealth for such a face and such a form," thought he; "what a pity that she should be only a blacksmith's daughter." Lucy, who had also been a party to Frank's innocent design upon what he considered his friend's only weakness, narrowly scrutinized his conduct, in order to discover if there were not some change in demeanor consequent upon the recent discovery of their humble origin. But Henri possessed too noble a nature to be guilty of such meanness, and whatever he thought, he allowed no trace of his feelings to be perceived in his conduct.

Months passed away, and the time drew near for Frank's return to New Orleans.

"Do you mean to accompany me, Henri" said he one day to his friend, "or shall you spend the coming winter amid the gayeties of New York?"

"That does not depend on my will," answered Henri quickly; "I mean to be decided by circumstances."

"What do you mean, Henri?"

"Is it possible you do not guess my meaning, Frank? have you not seen that I love your sister, and that her decision must govern my future actions?"

"My sister!" exclaimed Frank. "I trust you are only jesting, Henri, and yet it is a subject on which I can scarce bear a jest."

"I am serious as I hope for Heaven."

"Then I can only say, that I shall deeply regret your having entered this humble abode."

"Frank, is this your friendship?"

"What will your friends, what will the world say, Henri, if you return to your native land with the daughter of a village mechanic as your wife? Will they not accuse me of a mercenary design, in thus introducing you into my family?"

"Give yourself no uneasiness on that score, Frank; I am an orphan, rich and unconnected; surely I have a right to choose for myself."

"[illegible]"

"I wish I dared answer you in the affirmative; I have never spoken to her on the [illegible] truth she has become so strangely cold and reserved within the last few weeks, that I can scarcely flatter myself with hope."

"She understands it all. She is a noble girl; tell her your tale of love, Henri, if you will, and she will answer—"

"What?"

As I have done. I know her character my friend; she may love, but she will not become your wife."

"*Nous verrons*—the love which could overcome my prejudices, ought to conquer her scruples."

"The knowledge of those prejudices, Henri, has aroused her scruples; she is as proud as yourself, and the very fact of there being a single distinction between you, which could lead you to think you were *stooping* to an alliance with her, would be sufficient to make her reject your suit. Try, if you wish; I dare say she could love you with all the warmth of her affectionate nature, but she will not yield her consent to your proposals."

Frank was right, though Henri's lurking vanity as well as his love, made him hope a better result. Lucy honestly confessed that in other circumstances he would have been the object of her choice, but that from the moment when she discovered the noble qualities of his character, she had carefully guarded herself from the weakness of loving him.

"I am no believer in blind fatality regarding the affections, Mr De Valence," said she; "I saw that you possessed the attributes which are most attractive to women, but I knew that you belonged to a different sphere of life;—mind, I do not say a *higher* one, though the world thinks it so. I might have loved you dearly, but I would not, and, even now, my heart rebels, but my decision is made."

"Lucy, dearest Lucy, with such feelings pleading for me in your own bosom, why will you reject my suit? I have wealth unbounded; your life shall pass like a fairy tale."

"When you offered me a true heart, Mr De Valence, you offered a stronger temptation than all the wealth of your Indian isles. No—had you been one of us, an heir to republican feelings and perhaps republican poverty, I could freely have given you the heart and hand which you seek.—But you have prejudices which are a part of your heritage, and you would blush to have it known to the world that the father of your bride was an humble artisan. I am too proud, lowly though I seem, I am too proud to be looked down upon."

"Suppose those prejudices were overcome, Lucy."

"I cannot suppose an impossibility; they exist in all their early vigor, but in this instance, you are willing to waive them. If I were to become your wife, you would be constantly on the watch, lest the secret of my birth should escape. You would be perpetually mortified by my ignorance of fashionable etiquette; every question respecting my early life would be torture to you; the ermine of my richest robes would seem to you to bear a smutch from the blacksmith's fingers. No, sir, for your sake more than my own, I dare not reciprocate your affection."

In vain Henri pleaded with all the eloquence of an impassioned lover. Lucy was resolute, even though her heart strongly asserted its claim to be heard. And thus they parted, Henri to lament over his unrequited love, and Lucy to cherish in the secret recesses of her heart a tender recollection of one whose proffered affection she had rejected.

* * * * *

Five years had passed away—five years with its chances and changes, ere Frank once more revisited his father and sister. He was rapidly winning his way to fortune, but his father, like the man in La Fountains pretty fable, had found her sitting at his door. One of those speculative schemes which make the few rich and the many poor, had brought into great demand the land lying on the borders of the river which divided the village where he resided. Taking advantage of a mania which he did not share, Mr Weston sold his farm at a price far beyond his wildest ideas of its value, and abandoning his forge, sought an abode in the populous city, whose extensive libraries and the society of cultivated men afforded him the advantages he had so longed to enjoy. Frank found the old man occupying a neat and comfortable mansion, while Lucy was now quite a city belle, and really looked prettier than ever. Lucy was now three-and-twenty, and every one predicted that she would be an old maid, for she seemed to form some ideal scheme of happiness which could scarcely be realized in this cold world. But F. had not returned alone: Henri de Valence [illegible]

"I had great difficulty in persuading him to come," said Frank, as Lucy, blushing [illegible]

"Lucy," whispered Henri, "I came to you when all the luxuries of wealth were mine and I determined never to appear before you again until I could convince you that those fatal prejudices which had been the barriers to my happiness, were entirely overcome. But fate has ordered it otherwise. I come not now as a lover, Lucy; no—my heart is still full of your image, but I am now a beggar; labour and sorrow are henceforth my portion."

"What do you mean, Henri?" asked Lucy, as Frank discreetly led his father from the room.

"A hurricane has ruined the value of my West Indian possessions, Lucy, and a general revolt of the slaves on the island has driven me from my native island. I have returned to your peaceful country to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow. I offered myself to your brother as a clerk, but he would not listen to my proposal, and I am now a partner in his commercial house."

"Do you still love me, Henri?" said Lucy, while the blood mantled her cheek and brow with crimson.

"God knows how fervently," responded Henri; "for your sake, I have become blind to the beauty of woman, and deaf to the accents of tenderness; but now would I sue for the love which you once denied; you refused to share my wealth, and there must now be none to suffer my poverty."

"Am I not now rich enough for both Henri?" murmured Lucy, as she laid her hand in his. "The love which has survived so long a probation, is beyond all price; will you accept as a free-will offering the hand you once sought in vain, or will you cease to value that which in so unmaidenly a manner is bestowed unsought?"

Lucy became the wife of her early lover, and when in later life, his renovated fortunes enabled him to display his beautiful wife in the *salons* of European elegance, the admiration which her graceful manners and self-possessed dignity obtained, left him no cause to regret that he had found *true nobility* in the *Blacksmith's daughter*

Brooklyn, L. I.

An old topor the other day, in advising a youngster to get married said, because then, my boy, you'll have somebody to pull off your boots for when you go home drunk.

A person observed to his friend, who was learning to take snuff, that it was wrong to teach one's nose a bad habit, as a man generally follows his nose.

Anna, my dear, ah! what a sky—I admire it. Yes, John, I wish I was a s-k-y.

A Thanksgiving Tale.

In one of the small interior towns of New England, where the superstitions of our ancestors still possess strong hold on the minds of the people, the facts occurred a few days since, on which the following tale is founded.

An honest farmer and his family, preparing to celebrate Thanksgiving at his wife's father's in an adjoining town, were hurried and confused extremely on the day preceeding that festival, by the multiplicity of things which must be done before they could leave home with perfect safety. The house was to be banked up, and the gleanings of the harvest, cabbages, turnips, &c., put into the cellar, that the external entrance thereto might be closed for the season. Having carried in the vegetables, the boys were despatched to the barn for straw to fill the passage-way, while the good man was busied on the opposite side of the house. An old ram, the horned patriarch of a large flock of sheep kept on the farm, having got a taste of some of the scattered leaves of the cabbage, unobserved entered the cellar and silently continued his feast. The avenue through which he had entered was immediately closed up, and all the necessary work and arrangements being completed, the larger boys and girls set off on foot in high glee, the dog running and barking before them, apparently as well pleased with going to grandpapa's as any of the happy group.

Soon after, the parent pair and their little ones, having put out the fire and fastened the doors and windows, by means of many curious contrivances to keep out thieves, started on the same destination in a carriage.

On the afternoon of the day following the festival, which had been kept under the paternal roof, with many devout and jovial exercises, the family returned home, accompanied by some of their young cousins. Some of their youthful neighbors, of both sexes were invited in, and a merry Thanksgiving carousal was in the full tide of successful operation when one of the boys, who had been sent into the cellar with a little *tow wicked* candle, which gave just light enough to make darkness visible, to draw cider, ran back into the room with eyes glaring wildly, uttering a half-suffocated exclamation—*"the devil is in the cellar!"* "Poh!" said the father, "you must only have been frightened at your own shadow—give me the light." On which he seized the candle, leaving the pewter candlestick clenched fast in the shaking hand of the boy, and boldly rushed to the cellar stairs, but ere he had descended half the steps, the large saucer eyes and enormous horns of the beast caused him to retreat, as much terrified as his son—*"Sure enough, the devil is in the cellar!"* The utmost confusion and uproar now prevailed in the house. The good man seized the great bible and attempted to read, but the candle *sputtered*, burnt blue, and threw so feeble a light on the sacred page, and the book trembled so much in the hand of the reader, that he could not distinguish one word from another. The little children cried and clung to their mother—the lasses nestled close to their favorite swains—and the whole house shook with the agitation of its half demented inhabitants. One bright thought, however, occurred—a messenger was despatched to the minister to come and "lay the devil."

The parson, a man more celebrated for good nature, piety and credulity, than for talents or heroism, slipped the small Bible into his pocket, put on his band and surplice, that he might appear as formidable to his great adversary as possible, and hastened to the relief of his distressing parishioners.

On coming to the house, the reverend man was hailed as a deliverer, and implored at least a dozen voices all at once, "to drive the devil away." But few moments were lost in asking questions, which no one could answer, before the parson was pushed forward as a leader, lighted by the same penurious candle into the cellar, the most courageous of the company keeping close behind him. When he reached the foot of the stairs, the eyes of fire and the shadowy outline of enormous horns, magnified ten-fold at least, by the terrors of those that beheld them, removed all doubt, if any had previously existed in his mind, as to the infernal nature of the being with whom he had to contend. The divine instantly fell on his knees, and with uplifted hands, began to pray in his most fervent manner. The ram not understanding the good man's motives, but supposing, by the motion of his hands, that he was daring him to a butting contest, made a pass with all his might at his supposed adversary, but, deceived by the swelling dimensions of his drapery, missed the slender body of the priest, and drawing hastily back to renew the assault, hooked one of his horns into the belt of the surplice, and pulled the parson with him into the cellar! While thus in the power of his victorious foe, but to hope as it regarded himself, the natural benevolence of his disposition burst forth in the exclamation, "Brethren take care of yourselves—the devil has got me!" This exhorta[tion] was better obeyed than any [sermon] delivered from the pulpit; his [fa]ther, of h[is] Assistanter, and left him to his fun[ny] young[sters]. The company was a shrewd ty, These [ob]servations had from the first sup- sentiere put posed the fiend to be nothing more than some domestic animal, but being a lover of fun, and willing to see a comedy, he kept his thoughts to himself and pretended to sympathize with others in their fears.—He now thought it time to interfere, and snatching a pitch pine knot blazing from the fire, expressed his determination to rescue the priest or perish in the attempt. A lovely young damsel laid hold of the skirts of his coat—and the cry of "don't, don't," proceeded from every part of the room. Unheeding this kind concern for his safety, he rushed into the cellar, seized the ram by one of his horns, and dragged the struggling animal up stairs, called to the astonished parson, "follow me"—the horned devil was led in triumph, followed by the vanquished ecclesiastic, in the midst of the company. A momentary silence and hanging down of heads ensued. The past scene, however, was too ludricous to admit of sober reflection, and loud peals of laughter burst from every side, during which the ram was turned out at the door, the parson absented himself without ceremony, the cider was drawn, and the sports of the evening were resumed with better spirits than before.

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, Feb. 12, 1846.

Our Position.

At the commencement of our Journal we presented a brief outline of the course we intended to pursue, and as we supposed, our remarks salutatory sufficiently definitive of our object. One of the distinctive features of our paper shadowed forth in the first number was *neutrality in politics and religion.* We used the expression *neutral*, supposing it would be received in a spirit of comprehensiveness, indicative of our meaning, which was that in politics and religion we should be perfectly *independent*, not that we should remain silent, but that we should speak of political and religious parties, as reason, justice, and their acts demanded, with perfect indifference, as to results,—not to speak disparagingly of one sect or party, at the expense of another.

But there are people in the world of *such powerful* intellects as to treasure up in the storehouse of their minds a vocabulary of words *sufficiently* numerous, to be able to bestow an independent word upon every single one of their ideas, and, in our opinion, requiring no very extensive draft upon Webster's new edition for such purpose.—They are of the comprehensive mental calibre of the child, who in learning the Alphabet, associate with the letter U., the one idea,—"Ox bow." They are of a class who think but little and if we may be permitted an *Irishism*—reflect less, and who, when they read at the head of our paper "Neutral in Politics and Religion," supposed that we might not mention either subject in our columns, nor treasure religious or political sentiments in our soul.

Let it be borne in mind, that the writer of this paragraph, is the one of us, that did not arrange the head of our Journal,—that the mechanical execution of the head was done by the *other* of us while we were to work at the *case*. With perfect confidence as to his ability and good taste, we permitted him, to "set it up" as he chose, as he permitted us to mark out a course for our paper in our Salutatory. He used the word *neutral*, in its general acceptation, where we should have used the word *independent*, for the purpose of conveying the same meaning. In our Salutatory remarks, we intended, to guard ourself, against any charges that might be made against our good faith, in following out its precepts,—we presented those remarks as the *chart of our future course*. We did not give our readers to understand that we should be *silent* as it respected our course in regard to religion and politics;—such a course in regard to the one, would be infidelity to our God—in regard to the other—treason to our country. We could not be made to barter our independence for the *pittance* of a few subscribers, and we avoided using the word *neutral*, in our prefatory fearing an improper construction might possibly be placed upon it. The word neutral appeared in our paper only at its *head*, which for Journals is the same as the sign of the merchant—"Cash Store," over his door—where, in fact, "all kinds of country produce" are gladly received. The farmer with his grain knows this, and the "cash store" sign does not keep him without—"Neutral in Politics" engraved at our head—does not keep a spirit of independence from its folds. We intend to speak *of* religious and political parties as their acts deserve—we do not intend to speak *for* them—this is the meaning of our neutrality—it is the course we marked out at our commencement, and it is the course we intend to pursue.

We are led to these remarks by the course of our "second advent" friends about a dozen of whom have discontinued their patronage, alleging as a reason that we promised neutrality in religion and have violated our promise,—in speaking of them. To this charge we demur, and distinctly assert that we have done no such thing. We have not spoken of *their* religion—nor of the religion of others neither for nor against it in our columns. In saying this, we speak in kindness, not in revenge, for we care nothing for their withdrawal from our list. We are a friend of the greatest liberty,—and for the toleration of every man's religion—hoping always that he may be guided by reason and good sense.

We ask pardon of our readers, for trespassing upon their patience with this article,—we do it in justice to ourselves, hoping no occasion will arise for more of it.

Destructive Fire!

On Tuesday night last, about half past 11 o'clock, an English good store occupied by F. Merrick & Co., was entirely consumed by fire. Two of the clerks engaged in the store were sleeping in the chamber above, when one of them was awakened by the smoke it produced and immediately gave the alarm—at the same time another person outside gave the alarm also. Before any assistance could be had, the whole was in a complete mass of flames. There being no engines or fire apparatus in the place, they could not check it. It is supposed it took fire near or by the stove, as it seemed to be in that vicinity when first discovered. Mr Merrick, we believe saved all his books but one which he made an effort to obtain, by crawling on his hands and knees, but the smoke was so intense he was obliged to abandon it to the devouring element. All of the goods principally were consumed. Also a shed and a tailor shop adjoining, occupied by Mr L. A. Bailey, were destroyed. Mr Bailey we believe, succeeded in getting out all of his things. Mr Merrick's loss, as far as we can ascertain, is from eight to ten thousand dollars, besides the buildings.—It was insured in the Mutual Co., Springfield, for $1000. If there had been wind, such as we had the night before, a part of our beautiful village would have been laid smouldering in ruins.

By the timely assistance of our good citizens, a number of other buildings were saved, with the simple means which they had by carrying water in pails, and placing ladders up, and dashing it over the roofs and sides. One young man who was climbing up on to the roof of a building, accidentally fell and hurt himself, but was not seriously injured.

Now an engine and other apparatus usually used in quenching fires, should be procured immediately and that too without delay. We must have an organized company with officers, firewards, &c. &c., as we are all liable to be visited at some time or other by this fatal scourge, and if these things are not procured we shall have to stand with our hands in our pockets, as helpless as little children, and see our property destroyed.

Magnetic Telegraph.—Last Tuesday evening we attended a Lecture at John Allen's Hall, on the science of the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph, by J. E. Strong, which was highly interesting. Mr S. after giving a history of the science and its origin, gave a few practical experiments upon instruments that were first used, and are now in operation on some of the lines in Europe. He had a wire run from a Telegraphic machine, invented by Professor Morse, which is similar to that to be operated on the line from Springfield to Boston, the whole length of the Hall, and attached to the farthest end was an instrument used for communicating with the machine, and a correspondence was kept up from that end with the person who was stationed at the other. A great many communications were sent, which the machine accurately gave to the person at the station, who immediately reported it to the audience. It was very amusing to see with what quickness and precision it faithfully executed its task. Our Devil, who was a silent observer, could not see how the paper went on the wire so quick, and turn the corners, go over the nails, through the pieces of brass and iron on and through the machine.

Mr Smith, is to take charge of the station at Springfield, and Mr Strong who is in company, is to take charge of the one at Worcester.

We understand he lectured on Wednesday evening, at Warren.

Shocking Accident.—On Saturday last a man by the name of Aaron Hayward, about 54 years of age, of Amherst, was accidently killed by the falling of a tree. He was in the edge of Sunderland felling trees for railroad ties, when a limb from a tree falling struck him over the forehead, and smashed his skull in. His son who is a small boy, was drawing away the ties with a pair of horses, and was gone at the time of the accident with the team about half a mile. On returning he found his father lying on the ground dead. He took some boards and placed them by his father, rolled him on them and dragged him to the sled where he placed him on. After this, he threw his father's coat over the body, picked up the axes, chains, &c., and drove home, a distance of about two miles.

Profane Swearing.—The lodge of Odd Fellows in Bridgewater, Mass., have passed the following resolution:

"That profane swearing is a wanton and unprovoked vice, not induced by any temptation of honor or gain, a breach of common decency and courtesy in the common intercourse of man with man, and recommend that a brother who is habituated to the disgraceful practice, be bro't to trial therefor."

For the Palmer Sentinel.

Oregon.

Spanish discoveries and Explorations.

The Spaniards, by public authority, first discovered and explored the whole coast of the Oregon territory. Before any other civilized people, they commenced the colonization of that portion of it, north of De Fuca sea.

The memorable discovery made by Columbus aroused in the Spanish, Portuguese and Dutch nations a spirit of enterprise. Their adventurous voyages launched forth into unknown seas, spreading their canvass to every wind, they searched the world around for countries, where to trade or to colonize; or where they might gratify an unsatiable thirst for gold.

The bold spirit of Cortez gave a new impetus to the enterprise of Spain; and new facilities and a broader range to her commerce—she became the first among maritime nations. Before a son of Briton had unfurled a sail on the Pacific, Spain had discovered every bay and every inlet which indented the western shore of this continent from its southern extremity to the 40th parallel of north latitude; and had extended her commerce to most of the islands and to the outer limits of that ocean.

The *Philippines* obtained their name in memory of the Prince of Spain. As early as 1564, these islands were brought under Spanish laws, and became the entrepot and mart of an extensive trade with the settlements in Mexico. The *Pelew islands* were first discovered by the Spaniards.—Captain Cook admits, that the *Marquesas* were first discovered by them. The *Sandwich* and *Society islands* were first visited by Spaniards who bestrewed those shores with wrecks of vessels, and furnised that cannibal people with bones for the idol Gods. I have adverted to the trade between the Philippines and Mexico to show that by necessity, the Spaniards early became familiarly acquainted with the American coast as far north as the southern limit of Oregon. The winds between the tropics constantly blow westerly; with, however, some periodical variations in the high latitudes; but outside, they are variable. The northwesters prevail on the shores of California, and the southern part of Oregon. Navigators, therefore, with their imperfect nautical instruments, in coming from those islands took the most favorable winds; and making the best use of them, they were usually brought within sight of the coast at places somewhere between the 30th and 40th parallels.

Prior to the year 1540, by order of Herman Cortes the *whole margin* of the *Gulf of California*, and the outer shore of the *peninsula* were carefully surveyed. In this year, by order of Antonio de Mendoza who had succeeded Cortes in the viceroyalty of Mexico, the *countries east and north* of the Gulf were particularly examined. Two expeditions were despatched for this purpose. One of them penetrated the Indian territory to the base of a range of snow clad mountains, known at the present day to be a little north of the 41st parallel.—This range at that time were named *Sierras Nevadas*. Two years after, Juan Rodriquez de Cabrillo, in command of an expedition explored the coast as far north as the latitude of the above named *Snowy Mountains*. A cape near this latitude, he named Mendozino. Cabrillo having died, Bartolome Ferrelo, the pilot received command and made explorations further north—"on the 10th of March found himself in latitude 44 degrees." Francisco Gualle in 1584. Lorenzo Ferrer de Maldonado in 1588, and Juan de Fuca the pilot of the vessel in which he sailed, made discoveries on the N. W. coast. The last named, entered the straits, in latitude 48 degrees, which bear his name—Sebastian Viziaino, in 1602; Admiral Fonte, in 1640—these all made discoveries and examinations on that coast, as far north as the 60th degree—entered rivers, straits and bays, and took possession of the country in the name of their sovereign.

The following 130 years seem to be a blank, in the history of the N. W. coast.—Though many vessels during this lapse of time may have purposely gone there—or driven by the winds, may have been dashed upon that shore; yet we have no certain knowledge of their having been made a simple voyage of discoveries or explorations.

Depredations and injuries which the Spaniards were, at that time, suffering on their western and northern frontiers, from piratical voyagers and the native tribes reminded them of duties more immediately at home. They began to think it better to increase their strength, and fortify their interests in the ancient *Checkemecan* dominions, than to divide the power of the nation, and weaken the arm of government by planting new colonies abroad.

In 1774, the corvette, Santiago commanded by Juan Perez, Estevan Jose Martinez being pilot was sent from San Blas to explore the coast of Oregon, with the express object of annexing that country to the Spanish domain. Perez entered *Nootka Sound* which he called *San Lorenzo*; and also, the *straits of Fuca*; and examined other places south of the 54th parallel. He traded with the natives—paying them, in exchange for their furs, as may reasonably be inferred from accounts of subsequent English and American voyages, clothing, iron, articles of silver, brass, &c. In the following year, (1775,) an expedition was fitted out from San Blas, consisting of two armed vessels, the Santiago and the Sonora. Of the one, Bruno Hecata was commander, and Perez ensign; of the other, Juan Francisco de la Bodega Y. Quadra was chief officer, Martinez second officer, and Antonio Maurelle, the pilot.—The manifest objects of this expedition were to examine the coast and determine upon the best position for a colony, examinations were continued to the 57th degree of latitude. A chart of the coast was drawn by Maurelle. On it, the *Oregon river* (A*) was delineated, and called *San Roc*. The discovery being made on the 16th of Aug. St. Roc's day. The Russians at this time were planning to form settlements at every convenient and unoccupied place on that coast. Being apprized of this fact, the Vicroy of Mexico, early in 1788, despatched two armed vessels, the Princesa and the *San Carlos* under the command of Martinez to the Russian colony at Kodiak, near the 60th parallel; in order to ascertain the character of their movement; and to discourage the contemplated encroachment on Spanish rights.—Soon after the return of this expedition, Martinez was ordered to proceed with the same vessels to Nootka Sound, and commence the occupancy of the country as a part of his Catholic Majesty's dominions. He sails in Feb. 1789, amply provided with men, cattle, agricultural stores, &c., &c., and also, with three missionaries to propagate christianity among the heathen population. He arrived at Nootka on the 6th of May, and immediately laid the foundation of a colony. This was the *first* attempt ever made to bring under the jurisdiction of a civilized nation any part of the Oregon territory. I shall speak farther concerning it in my next remarks. In Nov. following, Martinez hurried on board his shipping the settlers and their effects; and sailed for Mexico. The first officer of one of the vessels shot from the deck an Indian prince, who with his wife was moving off in a canoe for the shore. He had been alongside for the purpose of trade. I have the particulars but cannot now stop to relate them. The Spaniard had no cause to harm the Indian. It was a merciless act; but not more so than hundreds of others, in that country, of later occurrence. The facts clearly show which of the two was the greater *savage*.

To save the lives of the people was a sufficient inducement for Martinez to break up the colony. However, the Viceroy, in the spring of 1790, sent *Don Francisco Elisa* with an increased force to resume the settlement. The *shores* of the *Straits of Fuca*, and the *coast north* of Nootka, in 1791, were minutely examined by *Elisa* and *Merandro Malaspina*, the latter of whom had been ordered there, with the corvettes, Atrevida and Descubierta to make coastwise explorations.

The last Spanish expedition made for the purpose of surveys, was in the spring of 1792. *Jacinto Caamano* with the corvette, Aranzazu, and *Dionisio Alcala Galiano* and *Cayetano Valdes* with the sloops Subtil and Mexicana were ordered to make a thorough survey of all parts of the coast not previously examined by Spaniards.—The two last captains entered the Straits of Fuca, while the first proceeded to the upper part of the coast. It is needless to give the names of places surveyed by them. It is believed there were but few places—either islands or indentations of the shores which they did not see and examine; and all this previous to any thing of the kind having been done south of the 54th parallel by British navigators.

HALL J. KELLEY.

*The reader will be furnished now and then as opportunity favors, with notes and illustrations in separate articles, and in different numbers of your paper. In order that their relation to this narrative, and their authenticity may be at once understood; each article will be placed under its proper letter of reference and over the initials of the author's name.

A Viennese Countess.—Willis, in a letter from the Hamburg Baths, has it that the ladies, at that watering place—the young ladies, of course,—are "guarded as watchfully by governesses as if a word from a man would dissolve them into thin air." But hear Willis talk of the married ladies, or at least one of them sojourning at Hamburg:

"There is a magnificent Viennese countess here, stately and dressy, a spirituelle dame of noble Spanish blood, whose slight silken moustache and profound dark eye are veiled, once a day, at least, in the silvery halo of—a cigar! To see a woman smoke at all is something; but cigar smoke puffed from under an exquisite French Bonnet, with the ashes falling profanely upon plaits of muslin, and dark eyes dimming and brightening as the clouds thicken and lessen, is, at least, a circumstance with a foreign relish."

There, if such a being wouldn't take the *scum* from friend Kimball's (junior editor of the Oasis,) heart, we'll treat. We suppose she would have *no effect* on the senior, would she, Murray?

We have heard so much about the *Portland Tribune* that we should be extremely hapy to see its face; won't you give us a chance to shake hands, brother?

The way some of the young ladies and gentlemen "shook the light fantastic toe" last Monday evening, was so "cu'rus" we could'nt see how it was done. The young ladies "looked so sweet, and danced so neat," that we almost wished we was one of their—partners. But 'twas no use.

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

Pure Coffee.—We are not going to recommend any particular article to our readers, for we presume all who use the "burnt and ground," find it easy to purchase the pure coffee,—although they may have to run their chance occasionally. There are those, no doubt, who do sell a pure article—provided *they* did not get cheated—but it is evident that *somebody* sells a pea-mixture. A coffee roasting establishment, near the city end of the bridge accidentally took fire the other morning, and a part of the roasting apparatus was thrown into the street; on being broken open it was found to be full of *parched peas*, nearly ready to be ground into *pure* coffee. A quantity of burnt *barley* probably helps along the compound. There is one advantage in being cheated in this matter, as perhaps the *peas* and *barley* are less hurtful to the system than coffee.—*Charleston Auroara.*

Washington Irving, it is said, will return home from Spain in the Spring. It is understood that the President has not yet named his successor.

A St. Louis paper gives a rumor that a man who had induced a young lady to elope from her parents had just been incarcerated in prison, afterward taken out and *lynched to death* by a mob!

We should never estimate the soundness of principles by our own ability to defend them, or consider an objection as unanswerable, to which we can find no reply.

Prefer solid sense to wit; never study to be diverting, without being useful; let no jest intrude upon good manners, nor say anything that may offend modesty.

You bachelors ought to be taxed, said a lady to a resolute evader of the noose-matrimonial. I perfectly agree with you ma'am, was the reply, for bachelorism is certainly a luxury.

A gentleman boasting of the neatness and regularity of his wife, said—If I get up in the night, pitch dark, I can find my clothes, down to my very gloves, all in their proper places. I was up this morning before daylight, and—(here the gentleman put his hand into his pocket, and took out his wife's night-cap instead of his handkerchief!)

The large grist and saw mill, machine shop, &c., at Babtisset Village in Pepperell, were burnt to the ground on Wednesday night last. Loss about $3000. No insurance.

A baby, three months old was stolen in Cincinnati, from the cradle during the absence of its mother.

The chimney sweeper is a happy fellow, for his business always *soots* him.

The London Examiner says—The greatest bustle prevails in our docks and naval yards. To which the Boston Post says—In Boston, the greatest *bustles* prevail in the fashionable promenades.

Astor's income is $2,000,000 a year, which is $45,000 a week; $5,700 a day; $240 an hour, and $4 a minute.

A New Hampshire son of the muse, in an explosion of poesy, speaks of a lady—his love—"whose bosom's like a white-washed-fence!"

Liebig says, any injury to the health from the use of the diseased potatoes, is out of the question, and nowhere in Germany has such an effect been observed.

The king of Prussia has sent a medal and complimentary letter to Dr Howe of Boston, for his labors in behalf of the blind.

In Germany, when anything goes wrong the poor devils of the newspapers are sure to be made to suffer some way or other.

The authorities of Louisville enforce a tax of ten dollars a night on all musical performances.

It is a singular fact that when an Indian swears he swears in English. There are no oaths in the Indian vernacular.

One of the city fathers being haunted by office seekers, declared, at last, that it was no desirable matter to be one of the *bored* of Aldermen.

A large black wolf was killed near Bennington, Vt., last week, after having destroyed, it is supposed, about twenty sheep in that neighborhood.

The first general election under the new constitution of Louisiana, was held on the 19th ult.

The following memorandum was picked up in the streets of Waterbury, Conn., the other day:—

Won ounce of cochaneel
Won ounce of cream atarter
to ounce of selucian of tin.

The Connecticut School Fund might as well be appropriated for some new purpose after this.

The abolitionists of Ohio have nominated Samuel Lewis, of Hamilton County, as their candidate for Governor.

A new planet has been discovered, called Astrea.

It is one of the most common errors of mankind to think that the possession of something which they cannot obtain, would greatly increase their happiness.

There is a town in Illinois with *nine grogshops* and not a *single house of worship.*

Massachusetts Legislature.

Monday, Feb. 2.

In the Senate, bills to incorporate companies and increase their capital was passed.

In the House, Mr Nichols of Lowell, presented the petition of Sarah G. Bagly, and between four and five thousand others of Lowell, for the Legislature to define how many hours constitute a day's work.

An amendment was proposed and carried by a large vote, that the words "*year of our Lord*," be stricken from the bill ceding the jurisdiction of certain islands in Boston harbor to the United States.

Tuesday, Feb. 3.

In the Senate, the business was again passing bills of incorporation.

In the House, Mr Giles of Boston, was very profound in parliamentary rules, &c. He was in favor of majorities in all State offices, and never would depart from it;—but the plurality system led to obligarchy, and hoped that sacreligious hands would never alter our present mode; the example of other states who had adopted the plurality system, was pernicious, and would, eventually, lead to anarchy.

Wednesday, Feb. 4.

In the Senate, as usual, *corporations* were the subject of business.

In the House the bill concerning the election by plurality of members to Congress was debated by Mr Bryant of Barre, who offered another amendment which was accepted by the mover, that the *second* trial to elect members of Congress, Governor and Lieutenant Governor, Senators, Representatives, and all county officers, a plurality shall elect.

Mr Sturgis, of Boston, and Mr Barton, of Worcester, followed, and favored the *old* method.

Thursday, Feb. 5.

In the Senate, bills and petitions were considered for *railroads* and *corporations*.

In the House, the question of electing by plurality was further debated.

Mr Wales of Boston took the floor, and sustained the old system.

Mr Chandler of Boston, replied to the arguments of Messrs. Byington and Mr Bryant to a very amusing strain, relating several anecdotes, trying to prove that if the plurality system prevalled, a minority would elect.

Mr Byington of Stockbridge, replied to the arguments and levities of the several speakers. He replied in a masterly manner, sweeping away the flimsy arguments of the several Speakers like cobwebs.

Friday, Feb. 6.

Senate business as usual.

In the House, petitions were presented and referred.

Mr Stevens of Andover, moved an amendment to strike out first and second second sections of the bill, and insert *that all elections at the first trial shall be by a plurality vote*, and advocated the motion very strongly.

[Mr S. is the only whig in the House, who has spoken in favor of the plurality vote.

Saturday, Feb. 7.

The Senate was of course occupied with *banks* and *corporations*.

House—Reports.—The Committee on State Printing, who had the petition of G. Coolidge under consideration, reported they had visited the offices of the present State Printers and that of Mr C., and tho' they awarded him great skill it would not be worth while to make a change to save $370 per year, preferring the present printers give general satisfaction. The printing bill last year was about $11,000. Report accepted.

About one half of the members being absent, at half past 1, the House adjourned.

Congress.

In the Senate, Mr Bagby gave notice that he should to-morrow ask leave to introduce a bill for the incorporation of the navy of Texas with that of the United States.

House—The Oregon question was resumed in committee of the whole, and Mr Thompson of Mississippi, delivered an excellent speech in favor of giving the notice.

Tuesday Feb. 3.

The Senate at an early hour went into Executive session.

The Oregon debate was resumed by Mr Leake of Va., who addressed the Committee in vindication of the Virginia members.

Wednesday, Feb. 4.

In the Senate, the Committee on Roads and Canals, in the Senate, have reported a bill provding for the improvement of the Ohio, Mississippi, Missouri and Arkansas rivers.

A bill for the relief of Nathaniel Goddard and others gave rise to a long debate, but was passed by a vote of 26 to 22.

In the House, the Oregon debate was continued.

Mr Bell of Ky., addressed the Committee of the Whole in favor of the notice in a qualified form.

Mr Chase of Tenn. succeeded him and went for the whole of Oregon.

Tuesday Feb. 5.

In the Senate, no business of importance was transacted.

The House, this morning, manifested much agitation and excitement upon the question of assigning an early day for the disposition of the Oregon Resolution.—The motion was made to terminate the debate on Monday at 2 o'clock and adopted. Yeas 109, Nays 87.

For the Sentinel.

A Word to Mechanics.—Should circumstances oblige you to ask credit, be careful to whom you apply, as a creditor who is himself "in the screws" may seriously injure you.

Never ask credit for small sums in different places;—better owe what you are obliged to at one place, or as few as possible.

Every man to whom you are indebted five dollars, will trouble you quite as much as the one to whom you owe an hundred. Therefore, it will be much easier to deal with one man than twenty.

Give short credits, and collect promptly.

Be diligent—faithful to your word—temperate—just—governed in all cases by moral principles—and you may defy a portion of community who regard mechanics one or two degrees below those individuals who have a living afforded them without labor; but that portion is small and weak. No man of sense, no *true* gentleman ever drew this line.

In point of Science, moral virtue, and even practical politeness, the operative mechanics of the United States are second to no class of people. The work-shop has produced as many great men as the College Hall; it has done as much for natural philosophy, and has done as much for natural philosophy, and has done as much to develope intellect as hoarded wealth.

The individual, therefore, who stands up in the face of the world, and judges his fellow citizens by their ability to subsist without labor, must be destitute of one or two very necessary qualifications—Experience and Common Sense. With those on his side he would be enabled to see that *intellect* makes the man, and the operation of moral cause upon that intellect, the Gentleman. Elihu Burritt, by self-instruction, had acquired at the age of 30, *fifty languages*; and that too whilst he was laboring over the forge and anvil from 6 to 12 hours daily.

Finally, observe two rules. *Begin*, and *Keep on*, will be sufficient to learn or do any thing. A Mechanic.

Palmer Depot, Feb. 9th, 1846.

Dog School.—The following advertisement flourishes in the columns of the Utica Gazette:—

Henry Winfield wishes to inform the citizens of Utica, that he has opened at No. 22 Post Street,

a DOG SCHOOL,

where he will teach dogs to do errands as correctly as any boy ten years old—to dance as well as the most accomplished dancer, Waltz, out the Pigeon Wing, to count the number of persons in the room; also to distinguish the number and color of persons present. Persons wishing to have dogs enter this school, will please apply immediately, as it is the intention of Mr Winfield at the end of one month after the dogs have entered to give an exhibition. Specimens can be seen at Mr Winfield's residence.

A fatal duel was fought on the 21st in New Orleans between Messrs. Kane and Hyman, the former a lawyer, the latter a merchant of that city. At the second fire (they fought with pistols at ten paces) Mr Kane was shot through the spine and expired instantaneously. The difficulty in which this affair originated occurred at one of the weekly soirees of the St. Charles Hotel, where Mr K. slapped Mr H.'s face, the result of which was an immediate challenge. After the first fire Mr Hyman offered to compromise the matter, if his antagonist would apologise for the blow, which was declined by the seconds.

A Man Shot in Philadelphia, Feb. 2—7 A.M.—We have no mail beyond Washington city this morning.

The neighborhood of 11th and Vine sts., was thrown into a state of alarm and excitement last evening, between 7 and 8 o'clock, in consequence of a young man named John Gown, having been shot by a medical student from Chester county, called Geo. Winley.

The affair took place at a disreputable house, and immediately after the perpetration of the deed, Winley escaped into an adjoining house, and hid himself from a large mob who had collected, and who finally seized him, and beat him almost to death. In fact, but for the interference of the police he would have been killed.

Winley was eventually locked up for a hearing to-morrow. Upon his examination at the police office, a pistol and two dirks were found in his pockets. Gown was not dangerously wounded, two balls having been lodged in the fleshy part of his shoulder which were extracted by Dr. Vandyke.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Singular Street Robbery.—A gentleman in Albany, returning home near midnight through an obscure street, was attracted by groans and a faint cry of one in distress, which came from the opposite side of the street. Crossing over he found an old man lying on the walk, apparently in great pain. He raised him up, gave him his crutch, and kindly offered to see him safe home. He hobbled on, apparently in great distress, leaning heavily against the good Samaritan whom he suddenly struck a violent blow on the back of his head, and ran off nimbly as a fawn. When the benevolent gentleman recovered from the stunning effects, he found himself minus a watch worth $160, and a well filled wallet. —*N. Y. Sun Weekly.*

Horrible.—A man by the name of Chamberlain, in Adrian, Michigan, who had been an inmate of the poor-house, being considered an able bodied man, was discharged. At this he was so much exasperated that he enticed a little boy, son of the keeper, into one of the rooms broke his skull with a hammer, cut his throat from ear to ear, and then put the child into his trunk, and locked it, locking also the chamber. He then set fire to the house, and afterwards fired the barn of one of the commissioners and was detected in the act of firing the other.

The barns were destroyed, but the house was saved.

Remarkable Preservation.—While a Mr Hobson was crossing the River at Fort Madison lately in a sleigh, the ice gave way and precipitated him into the river. A man who was near humanely went to his assistance. All he could see was Hobson's cap, and fearing in his attempts to save him he should only bring up that, he reached further down so as to get hold of his neck, when Hobson in his struggles caught two of Ellis's fingers in his teeth, which he held on to until in this way he was brought to the surface and saved. Ellis's fingers were bitten to the bone.—*Burlington (Iowa) Hawk-eye.*

A Belligerent Judge.—Gov. Cass, in his legal reminiscences of the west, tells many amusing anecdotes, among which is the following. The scene of the incident was a little town upon the banks of the Ohio:—"The court was in session, and the presiding officer was a Col. P——, a man of great resolution and of herculean frame. A person entered the court cabin, and by his noise put a stop to the proceedings. He was ordered out, and the sheriff attempted to remove him; but he put himself on his "reserved rights," and made such a vigorous resistance, that the officer immediately retired from the contest. Col. P. descended from the bench, coolly took off his coat, gave the brawler a severe beating, and, after putting him out of the house, resumed his garment and his seat, and continued his legal functions.

AN EDITOR'S SOLILOYUY.

To write, or not to write?—that is the question;
Whether 'tis better to take up the pen—
After a sleepy dinner of baked beans—
To nip it—scratch your pate, and feel for brains
In vain—till the last hour to publish;
Or seize the scissors manfully,
And clip—and clip—and clip
The better thoughts of others'—
We pause for counsel—
Joe [illegible]

At a meeting of the town, held on Tuesday last, it was voted to build a Town House about half way between Thorndike and Three Rivers, at what is called "the Four Corners."

☞ Our exchanges must bear with us for sending them but half a sheet, as the accident which occurred on Tuesday eve. required the sale of more copies than we anticipated.

CARD.

The subscribers tender their most grateful thanks, to the inhabitants of this village and vicinity, for their prompt and efficient aid rendered during the late fire in this place, in protecting their buildings and property from the devouring element.

ELISHA CONVERSE,
JOHN A. SQUIRES,
JOHN WARD,
A. BLODGETT,
JOHN ALLEN,
L. A. BAILEY,
WM. R. SEAVER,
JOHN BOWLES.

Palmer Depot, Feb. 11, 1846.

HUNT'S LINIMENT is sustaining a notoriety unequalled by any similar remedy. It requires no puffing to give it a reputation, it has been for some time, silently and surely securing it, and now when its beneficial effects have been experienced by so many, the expressions of gratitude are continually appearing, and those who have been made whole, by its means, are desirous that the afflicted should no longer remain ignorant of its invaluable and infallible efficacy.

Mr Geo. E. Stanton, the Proprietor, is constantly receiving testimonials of benefits received from its use, and many of the cures it had effected almost exceed belief. In one case a child had been a cripple for eight years, having wrenched the spine when at the age of two years by a fall from a chair. Medical treatment failed, but four bottles of the Liniment restored him to strength, and he now joins with his playmates in their youthful gambols, as robust as the healthiest of them, and only a small hump on his back to remind him of his early sufferings.

The Liniment is sold by

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

Brighton Market.—*Monday, Feb. 9.*

[Reported for the Daily Advertiser.

At Market, 400 Beef Cattle, 900 Sheep, and 340 Swine. 70 Beef Cattle and 400 Sheep unsold.

Prices—Beef Cattle—We quote to correspond with last week—extra 5 75; first quality 5 25 a 5 50; second 4 75 a 5 25; third 4 a 4 50.

Sheep—Dull Sales at 167 ½, 2 50, 3 25 and 3 25.

Swine—Not in demand. No sale of lots to peddle. At retail from 4 to 6c

MARRIAGES.

In Vernon, Vt., on the 3d inst., by Henry Smith, Esq., Mr Seth A. Stimpson, of this place, to Miss Permelia C. Bass of Northfield. We acknowledge the receipt of a slice of the bridal loaf, which we pronounce the most excellent,—may the donors live and prosper in all their arduous undertakings.

In Northampton, Jan. 28, Mr James H. Searl, to Miss Caroline R. daughter of Mr William C. Prentiss, both of that town

DEATHS.

In Glastenburg, Conn on the 6th inst., Sabre Ann daughter of Timothy M. Puffer, aged 14 years and 6 months.

In Belchertown, Dec. 27, Mrs Phebe Hannum, aged 83.

Shawls!

THE undersigned wishing to close off the balance of their immense stock of Shawls, would say they will sell them now, for 25 per ct less than they can be had at any other establishment. Their stock comprises a great variety. Among which are very rich wrought Cashmeres Imitation do, Beautiful Printed Cashmeres, Rob Roy, Girondle, Honey Comb net, H. Plaid, and a variety of other kinds unnecessary to annumerate. McGILVRAY & CO.

Palmer Depot, Feb. 12, 1846.

Mirrors!

A LARGE lot just received and for sale low, at the depot store. McGILVRAY & CO.

Paper Hangings!

OF almost every style and price, just received and for sale low, at the depot store.

McGILVRAY & CO.

This Day Received!

LINEN Table Covers, col'd, Brown and Damask. Also some very nice Woolen Covers, Tickings, Feathers, &c., all for sale low at the depot store

McGILVRAY & CO.

Brass Clocks,

OF superior quality, both alarm and common movements, beautifully cased and warranted first rate Time Keepers. For sale low by

6 A. BLODGETT.

Wanted!

LUMBER, of all kinds in exchange for goods, for which fair prices will be paid.

McGILVRAY & CO.

200 PRS. LADIES' KID SHOES, for sale low at the Depot store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

GRAIN.

CORN, Rye and Oats for sale at the Depot Store.

McGILVRAY & CO.

MONSON ACADEMY.

THE SPRING TERM of this Institution will commence on WEDNESDAY, the 25th inst., and continue eleven weeks.

Tuition in the classics, $4 50
In the higher English branches, $4 00
In the common " " $3 50

Board can be obtained at from $1 50 to $1 75 per week. C. HAMMOND, Principal.

Monson, Feb. 2, 1846. 3-3t

CARPENTER AND JOINER.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform those wishing to build, that he designs to enter more fully into the above business the coming season.—Having had a thorough experience in the business [illegible]

Architecture. Drafts. Plans.

[illegible] Bills of Timber and Lumber.

JAMES M. CURRIER, Agt.

Palmer Depot, Feb. 1, 1846.

Depot Cabinet Warehouse.

THE subscriber would inform his patrons that he still continues to manufacture all kinds of Cabinet Ware, and would invite all those about to purchase any article in his line to call and examine his assortment. Among which are the following:—

Grecian, Work, Card, Centre & Dining

Tables; Work, Wash and Light Stands, Ottomans, French and Common Bureaus; French and Common Bedsteads; Grecian, Cane and Wood seat Chairs, &c., &c. His Furniture is of the best MATERIALS AND WORKMANSHIP

Thankful for the liberal patronage with which he has thus far been favored, would solicit a continuance of the same.

N. B. All kinds of [illegible] done at short notice.

A. BLODGETT.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846.

TAILORING.

Gentlemen! do you wish for a good and genteel

Fashionable Garment,

I can do you and friend

THEODORE DENEKE.

MONSON CENTRE, MASS. 2-1y

A. BLODGETT,

Watch Maker and Jeweler,

3 DOORS WEST OF THE PALMER HOTEL,

South side of the Railroad

PALMER DEPOT MASS

Watches [illegible] ed and warranted.

J. D. BARBER,

Fashionable Tailor,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.

Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Garment is to be made out of the shop.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

J. S. & C. D. BAILEY,

—Dealers in—

JAPANNED & BRITANNIA WARE,

Stoves, Stove Pipe, Pumps and Zinc,

ALSO, MANUFACTURERS OF

Tin, Sheet Iron & Copper Ware.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846.

JOSEPH HODGES,

LAND SURVEYOR,

Near the River Bridge, between the Depot and Three Rivers.

PALMER, MASS.

THE GREAT NORTHERN REMEDY.

N. H. Downe's Vegetable BALSAMIC ELIXIR.

ALMOST invaluable medicine for curing Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Bleeding, and all diseases of the Lungs. It promotes expectoration, by which means the irritation of the Lungs is immediately stopped; and by its Balsamic properties effects a speedy cure—as can be attested by thousands of individuals in New England and the other States, (certificates shown if desired.)

For sale by A. BLODGETT

Palmer Depot, Jan. 25, 1846. 3

Tea! Tea!

THE subscribers will sell as good (if not the best) tea, for the price ever offered in Hampden county, at the Depot tea store.

8 McGILVRAY & CO.

Woolens! Woolens!!

WISHING to close off the remnants of our extensive stock of Goods adapted to the present season, will sell at a reduction from former prices (which of course [illegible] very low.—Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to procure cheap at bargains, will please call and examine for themselves, at the depot store. McGILVRAY & CO.

Remnants.

REMNANTS of Prints selling low, at the depot store. 3 McGILVRAY & CO.

Lard.

FRESH LARD and Lard Oil, for sale at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Fish.

PRIME Salmon Mackerel Halibut Sword and Cod Fish, for sale at the Depot Store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

Spices.

CITRON, Mace, Nutmegs, Cinnamon and other spices, for sale low at the Depot Store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

2 HUNDRED bushels White Beans, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

VALUABLE REMEDY.

HUNT'S LINIMENT.

THIS CELEBRATED EXTERNAL REMEDY for the cure of *Rheumatism, Bruises, Affections of the Spine, Pains in the Back and Chest, Swelled Limbs, Croup, Ague in the Face, Tooth-Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Issues, Ulcerated Sores, Salt Rheum, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Weakness in the Ankles, Nervous Diseases, Contraction of the Muscles, Burns, Corns, and Frosted Feet*, is now almost universally acknowledged to be one of the Wonders of the World, and the BEST EXTERNAL REMEDY NOW KNOWN. And as a proof of the great celebrity which this remedy has attained, the following certificate, from gentlemen of the highest respectability, is offered. There has never yet been discovered an external remedy which has proved so universally successful in all cases where it has been applied.

Sing Sing, Sing Sing May 16, 1845.

We, the undersigned, do certify that we have used Mr George E. Stanton's External Remedy, called HUNT'S LINIMENT, and have proved it to be fully equal to the character it gives it. Its healing properties are truly extraordinary; and we most confidently recommend it as one of the safest and most certain external remedies that has yet been discovered.

Caleb Roscoe, Editor Westchester Herald.
Isaac Bunting, Inspector M. P. State Prison.
Albert Lockwood, Judge Court Common Pleas.
James Locke the extensive Horticulturist.
James B Swain, Editor H. R. Chronicle
M. Churchill, Principal of the celebrated Bear Hill School for Boys.
Samuel F. Reynolds, Supreme Court Commissioner.
P. E. Voss, Deputy Assistant Keeper Boston M. P.
Samuel Watson, Late Agent M. P. State Prison.
Aaron Ward, late Member of Congress.
Munson L. Lockwood, Clerk of the County.
Wm. H. Peck, Agent M. P. State Prison.
B. C. Mines, Pastor of the Baptist Church.
Benjamin Moore, Samuel Trowbridge,
Abraham Kipp, Pierre Van Cortland,
Stephen Marshall, Abraham Miller,
John Strang, Gilbert Miller,
Philip G. Van Wack, Edmund Bland,
Benjamin Washburn.

The following letter from the highly eminent Physicians which has been attached to the Mount Pleasant State Prison for many years, is the best evidence of the value of this celebrated Liniment.—

Sing Sing, Dec 26, 1844.

Mr Dear Sir.—I received your note of yesterday, asking my opinion in relation to Hunt's Liniment, prepared and sold by G. E. Stanton, Sing Sing, N. Y. [illegible]

A. S. CLEVELAND M. D.

Col. Pierce Van Cortland, Comm. Keeper.

[illegible] similar concern in the above [illegible]

WM. N. BELCHER M. D.

[illegible] Sing Sing, June 5, 1845. 2-1y

AGENTS.—G. W. Colleher, East Longmeadow; Samuel Leach, Wilbraham; Shaw & Chapman, So. Wilbraham; Sherman & Converse, Monson; J. C. Bemis & Co. Palmer; Seymour & Newton, Brimfield.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE undersigned would respectfully call the attention of the public to their

STOCK OF MERCHANDISE

which is complete, and they are now selling Goods at such prices as will enable them to sustain the reputation they have already secured to themselves in selling Goods cheap. It is not their purpose to assert that they will sell Goods less than any [illegible] each article sold, affords them ample remuneration for their services, at the same time operating beneficially to the purchaser. Another thing which is very essential, which should also be taken into consideration, our goods have all been purchased during the [illegible] that they will not go away dissatisfied. For particulars [illegible]

G. E. McGILVRAY & CO.

Palmer Depot, Jan 13, 1846.

NOTICE.

I HEREBY certify that I have given my son Amasa P. Holden his time, and shall hereafter claim [illegible] contracting. AMASA HOLDEN.

Palmer Jan. 14, 1846. 2-3t

Shaving Soap.

HIGHLY perfumed Shaving Soap, for sale by McGILVRAY & CO.

Salt.

TURKS ISLAND, Liverpool and Ashton Salt, for sale at the Depot Store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

Fresh Oysters!

Direct from New Haven by Railroad Express!

SUPERIOR Oysters received daily in any quantity at the lowest prices, by

A. BLODGETT.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 14, 1846.

Nails.

OLD COLONY, Weymouth and Boston Nails—in assorted sizes, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Wanted!

IN exchange for goods or cash,
1000 bushels Corn;
1000 " Rye;
for which the highest prices will be paid.

McGILVRAY & CO.

Boots.

THICK and thin Boots, and Brogans, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & Co.

Sugars.

BROWN HAVANNA, St. Croix, Porto Rico, New Orleans, Loaf and Crushed Sugars, for sale at the Depot Store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

Molasses.

12 HHDS. superior Molasses, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

500 GALLS. Eng. Linseed Oil, for sale at the Depot store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

White Lead.

GROUND AND DRY in various qualities, for sale at the Depot store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

3000 LBS. TOBACCO, of the most approved brands, for sale by

McGILVRAY & CO.

Glass.

WINDOW GLASS of nearly all sizes and qualities, for sale at the Depot store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

50 China Tea Setts.

OF new styles, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office, at Palmer Depot, January 1st, 1846.

Adams Jacob A 2	Lamb Philip
Barbank George H	Leland Jessan 2
Brennan Michael 2	Lydon Henrietta
Bessor Mr	Merrick Eli M
Bliss Gideon	Moore Harry
Ballou Welcome	Moore Mr
Baldwin Matthew	Mason Maria
Burbank George A	Moulton Lemuel L
Bassett Austin	Nutting Isaac
Bridgman Erastus	Palmer Rosanna
Crowley Dennis	Phippo Selinda
Canterbury Mary	Roche Michael
Converse David	Reagan Rick
Collins Franklin	Stanford Sarah
Fleming S C	St. John C [illegible]
Gordon Charles	[illegible]
Hale Franklin	Sa[illegible]
Hale H G 2	Sa[illegible]
Henry Marcia [illegible]	Thayer Arnold
Hancock Elizabeth	Trumbull Louisa
Hastings Chester	Truesdell Pearly
Houghton Eli	Wood Mary 2
Kellog Elliot F.	Woodward A C

N. B. Persons calling for any of the above letters will please [illegible]

JOHN BOWLES, P. M

Job Printing!

Palmer Depot Printing Establishment.

SOUTH OF THE WESTERN RAILROAD DEPOT

The subscribers, having an extensive assortment of [illegible]

Jobbing Department,

are now prepared to do all kinds of

BOOK & JOB PRINTING,

in the neatest style, such as

CATALOGUES, HANDBILLS,
SERMONS, BILL-HEADS,
TOWN REPORTS, CIRCULARS,
TOWN RECORDS, LEGAL BLANKS,
BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS, &c., &c.

Messages of Balls and Parties will be supplied at short notice, with

CARDS OF INVITATION,

in style superior to anything of the kind heretofore executed. The Materials of this Establishment are all new, and of the latest City styles.

[illegible] of Job Work sent by Mail, Express or otherwise, will be [illegible] and forwarded to any part of the country.

WHITTEMORE & TENNEY

Palmer Depot, Mass. Jan. 1, 1846.

DR. TAYLOR'S

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

[illegible] Boston New York for the cure of [illegible] Liver [illegible] Bowels [illegible]

New York, March 6, 1845.

Dear Doctor:—I am now connected with the [illegible] Warehouse, and am [illegible] publicly or private, for the information of every body the wonderful effects of your TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT. [illegible] like a perfect charm. I am entirely well and have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery and my [illegible]

N. C. HARDY.

Patterson (Passaic) N. J. March 1, 1845

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was [illegible] Swan, [illegible] Liverwort, [illegible]

Hoboken, New York, April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the [illegible] ago had materially impaired, felt that I could not [illegible] longer in the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially [illegible]

This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARRET

The above certificate we have the pleasure to [illegible]

Yours truly, J. & S. SNYDER

N. B. Price reduced. Large bottles, $1.50—small bottles $1.00

Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Aye, Belchertown; W. N. Packard, Monson. 1-1

Depot Store.

THE subscribers have recently received some very rich and beautiful styles of shaded Ombres, [illegible] together with our former stock comprises an extensive assortment of

New and Fashionable Dress Goods,

as can be found at any other Mercantile establishment. In addition to the above we have all the requisite trimmings, such as Velvet Ribbons Gimps, [illegible]

Our stock of Prints is among the largest in the country—all of which are new and desirable and will be sold on the most favorable terms. A large invoice of Shawls—comprising some very rich wrought and printed Cashmere, Robroy, Girondle, and other shawls—which we are enabled to sell at much less prices than ever before offered in this market.

Our stock of Alpaccas, Orleans Cloths, Alpines, Robroys, is large and will be sold at a great reduction [illegible]

HOSIERY, GLOVES, MITTS, LADIES and Gents' Fancy Cravats, Stocks, Bosom [illegible] Flannels, [illegible] and narrow Linen, Lace and Cambric Edgings, White Goods, &c., &c.

Brown and Bleached Sheetings, Shirtings, Tickings, Burlaps, Furnitures, Counterpanes &c.

To our stock of Woolens we solicit the attention of all Gents, who have not yet supplied themselves with [illegible]—as we have now on hand

A LARGE ASSORTMENT,

all of which we will sell until the opening of Spring, at a very small advance from cost.

Carpetings, Rugs, Hockings, &c.

A very extensive variety constantly in store at a very small advance from cost, and we pledge ourselves that we purchase on as good terms as any other

HOUSE.

To those persons commencing house-keeping we have to say that our facilities for selling all furnishing Goods, is second to none in Hampden or Worcester Counties. D. F. McGILVRAY & CO

Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846

POETRY.

The last words of a Respectable Man.

"Such were the last words of one, universally respected, whose memory will ever be cherished by his inconsolable relations."

A rich man dying called his son,
To hear his last advice;
Whispering he spake—his sight was gone—
His feet were cold as ice!

"Beware of evil spendthrift ways,
And wasteful company;
Be wise and frugal all your days,
If you would virtuous be.

"Opinions current in the world
Adopt with deep respect,
New fangled thoughts and things, at once,
My prudent son, reject.

"O'er word and deed keep constant guard,
Your bright side let men see,
Society lays down certain rules
For all morality.

"Be your attendance at your church
Constant; your prayer book new;
Dress well, and do not fail to choose
A handsome central pew.

"In friendship have a wakeful eye,
Avoid a needy friend;
He's NOT your friend who something wants;
Borrow not—neither lend.

"All men in troubled waters shun,
And all things out of joint;
Good tables seek—and dinners give,
As your best interests point.

"If any woman you have wronged—
Vice causes sad expense—
Have fortitude—oh, fly from vice—
Leave her to Providence.

"For marriage, in my will you'll find
A safe directing voice,
Where birth and competence combined,
Will bless your father's choice.

"Something I had to say on truth;
Something on honesty;
My memory fails—but stick to both,
When the best policy.

"Gather my bills up—pay my debts,
And all my credits in;
With all men I would die at peace,
And all good memories win.

"One debtor—he is very poor—
A carpenter by trade—
He'll never pay;—so by this man
You'll get my coffin made."

HUMOROUS.

A lady being about to marry a man who was small in stature, was told that he was a very bad fellow. "Well," said she, "if he is bad, there's one comfort—there's very little of him."

IRISH BLUNDERS.—"Well Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you do to-day?"

"O dear, doctor, I enjoy very bad health intirely. This rhumetis is very distressing indade. Whin I go to sleep I lay awake all night, and my toe is swelled up as big as a goose's hen's-egg, so whin I stand up, I lie down directly."

"Of what fruit is cider made?"

"Don't know, sir."

"What a stupid boy! What did you get when you robbed widow Coffin's orchard?"

"I got a licking."

"What for you don't mind your work dar Sambo?" said cuffee, "you dam lazy nigger!—you always is more benefit den profit—I wouldn't give you wittles for your clothes?"

EQUIVOCAL.—"There's more in that fellow's head, Sam, than you think," said one to a dull looking fellow, standing by.—"That may be," replied the other gravely, "but I always suspected *he had 'em!*"

A Yankee on being asked why he did not marry, said—"the time was pitched upon and all was ready, when *she up and died.*"

WEARING A NOISE.—"Thomas, there is too much bustle here."

"Where, Pa?"

"I mean there is too much noise—you must stop it."

"Is a noise a bustle Pa?"

"Yes child."

"Good gracious—then sister Sally does wear the biggest *noise* you ever saw, Pa."

☞ "Tom, what kind of a waistcoat is that you have on?"

"Why, it is cloth, to be sure."

"Didn't it come from old Threadneedle's, the tailor?" "Yes."

"Well, then, it's a vegetable waistcoat."

"A what?"

"A vegetable waistcoat—it's made of *cabbage.*"

A hard drinker, who is so crazed as to see "men as trees walking," is said to have the delirium *tree-mens.*

"Father," said Sam the other day to his anxious parent, "I wish you would deed me that new house of yours on Tremont street." "No, Sam," replied his father, "but if you behave yourself, I shall leave it to you in my will." "I suppose, then," said Sam, "that I must take the *will* for the *deed.*"

TOLERABLY TOUGH.—A man was saying in company that he had seen a juggler place a ladder, in open ground, upon one end, and mount it by passing through the rounds, and stand upon the top erect. Another, who was present, said he had no doubt of it, as he had seen a man who had done the same thing, but with this addition, that when he arrived at the top, *he pulled the ladder up after him.*

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Boston Cultivator.

Advice to Young Men.

Messrs. Editors:—There are many persons, particularly young men, in the Agricultural Districts of New England, who are becoming greatly dissatisfied with what they falsely consider the perpetual toil and drudgery of a farmer's life. They commence the duties of each day with a disaffected feeling, amounting sometimes to disgust, and end their occupations at night, with fervent wishes for some change in their condition. Not unfrequently they desire above all, to seek for business in one of our populous towns. Alas! they little know of the close confinement of a city life, and the harrassing nature of violent secret competition.

If such are the feelings and desires of any, the fault and the remedy are with themselves, as I presently hope to show.

If they would arise from this discontented state, in which they are passing the years of manhood's vigor, and take hold of the subject of Agriculture with as much interest,—and it is as worthy of attention,—as a merchant has, when he fills his store with goods, and with a smiling face attends to the wants of each successive customer; or a lawyer, when before a jury, in some important trial, he pleads with excited eloquence the cause of truth and justice, how differently would their labors appear to them. Far be it from me, to expect or desire all farmers, and especially those just commencing, to study all the various modes of cultivation and the numerous methods of breeding cattle, both in our own and foreign countries; much less, to investigate the chemical processes applied to the soils, which are nevertheless of great value in their proper place. This, I am fully aware, they have not the time or opportunity to accomplish. And it is not indeed necessary they should; particularly those to whom I now allude. Some Education upon these and kindred topics, is, however, important and even requisite to insure success and bestow pleasure in the pursuit. From my own observation and experience I can safely affirm, that if they will only employ one half of the hours now lost in idle conversation on those political and other matters, about which they have no immediate concern, and one quarter of the time, worse than lost, in debasing amusement and village gossip, in studying faithfully such plain practical works at Agriculture, one they can readily understand and put to use, and then go forth, with minds stored to their labors (pleasures they might then be called,) and apply the theories to practice, they would receive an abundance of satisfaction and enjoyment, and would sow seeds in the mental and natural world which would furnish ere long a glorious harvest of provision for the body and food for the mind.

In the want of sound and proper Agricultural Education and consequently want of interest in the operations of the soil, lies the great secret of much of the discontent and complaint now so apparent. And unless our farming men will arouse themselves from their mechanical and plodding mode of life, it will be needless to expect any increase of happiness among them, or any great improvements in husbandry. It is full time that Agriculture has taken its rightful position among the Professions, and all that is wanting to place it there,—and this it must have in order to succeed,—is the steady and hearty co-operation of every tiller of the soil.

Intimately connected with this subject of the improvement of the mind, and affording a purifying though silent enjoyment, is the proper cultivation of these senses and faculties, which increase the true love of nature in our souls, in all its varied forms; making us susceptible of the beauty unperishingly spread out on every side; which welcomes us at the early dawn, inviting us to gaze on its lovely and enticing manifestations, and, when the evening approaches, gradually fades away from sight, painted by a Master's hand, with the clear effulgence of a glorious sunset.

There is certainly no occupation known, better adapted to elevate the affections and develope the higher faculties of the soul, than the labors of the true Husbandman. His is a "willing service," performed under the broad canopy of Heaven, and amid the enchanting scenery of nature.—Wherever you see a well conducted farmer's family, (and such there are to be found,) there you may behold order and plenty, reminding one, though faintly, of Milton's glowing description of Oriental Paradise.

P. D. A.

New mode of curing the Ham.

The ham is cured in brine of salt, saltpetre, and aromatic herbs, viz.:—a few bay leaves, wild thyme, a handful of juniper berries, and a little garlic. It is steeped for about six weeks, and then dried in the smoke of a chimney over a wood fire. When wanted for dressing it is buried in the ground for about twenty-four hours and then boiled, with the addition of the same aromatic herbs in the water. After boiling, the bone is taken out, and the ham is pressed under a heavy weight. As a carollary to the dressing, it may be added, that it often happens that the ham, when produced at the table, disappears at one sitting.

MISCELLANEOUS.

How do you spend your Evenings.

Young man, how do you spend your evenings? Answer this question, and we can tell you almost to a certainty, what will be your future character. In our view, more depends upon the manner in which young men pass this season, as it regards their course and conduct in years to come, than upon any thing else. We have been an observer of men and things, for the last twenty years, and can point to many a youth, who has caused weeping and sorrow in his family, disgraced his name and is now an outcast in the world, or has sunk to a dishonored grave, who commenced his career of vice, when he broke away from wholesome restraint and spent his evenings in the company of the abandoned.—On the contrary, we know many estimable young men—the pride and hope of their friends—who are working their way to favor and wealth, who spend their leisure evenings in some useful pursuit.

Young man, listen to us and take heed to our words—not that we wish to deprive you of a single pleasure, or debar you from any innocent amusement. We entreat you to be particular *where* and *how* you spend your evening hours.—If you lounge about the bar-rooms, partaking of the vulgar conversation that is introduced and join the ribald song, or stand at the corner of the streets, using profane and indecent language, you will soon so habituate yourself to low blackguardism and vile conversation, that no young man who respects himself will be found in your company.—Nay more, you may be induced to follow the example of others and partake occasionally of the pleasant cordial or agreeable wine, until you have planted seeds of inebriation in your system.—Beware!—We have seen the downfall of bright, active, intelligent and high minded youth, and from their sad tales of wretchedness and woe would caution you to be on your guard.

Can you read? There are thousands of volumes at your command—not fictitious and we had almost said licentious trash, which is daily poured from the press under the name of "cheap literature"—but works of merit, which you can obtain almost any where. Read those and be profited, during your leisure evenings. We would recommend Histories, Biographies and narratives to your attention. Read Rollin, Plutarch and other historians, and if you once acquire a taste for reading you will never better enjoy yourself than when perusing some useful volume.

Can you write? Put your thoughts on paper. This is a pleasing and useful exercise. If you commence early and habituate yourself to compose, you will soon acquire a taste for writing, and express yourself on paper with perfect freedom.

There are other ways in which you can profitably and pleasantly pass your evenings. Be careful then of this portion of time, remember that you are forming your character for life. O, be faithful yourself and when you take an active part in the concerns of life, virtue will be your support and integrity, your guiding star.—*Portland Tribune.*

Curious Wolf Hunting.

A man down east has been exceedingly annoyed by wolves, which destroyed his sheep. In the course of time a dog fancier offered to sell him a dog. A very notable dog he was too. The catalogue of his merits was a very long one—there was not a dog virtue in the whole catalogue for which he was not distinguished—but if there was any one thing in which he peculiarly excelled, it was his prowess as a wolf hunter. This was touching our friends on the right spot. The bargain was closed, and he only waited for the opportunity to test his merits. At length there came a light snow, just the kind of snow for wolf-hunting, and he took his dog and gun, and sallied out. He soon crossed the track of the varmint—the dog took the scent, and bounded off in pursuit. On following our friend up hill and down dale, "through bush and briar," for two long mortal hours, he came across a Yankee of the live species, and the following satisfactory dialogue took place:—

"Did you see a wolf and a dog pass by here?"

"Well, I reckon I did."

"How long ago?"

"Well, I guess about half an hour."

"How was it with 'em?"

"Well, just about hip and tuck—but the dog had the advantage, for he was a *leetle ahead.*"

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER.—The department of the older children of the family, is of great importance to the younger. Their obedience or insubordination operates throughout the whole circle. Especially is the station of the eldest daughter one of eminence. She drank the first draught of the mother's love. She usually enjoys much of her council and companionship. In her absence, she is the natural viceroy. Let the mother take double pains to form her on a correct model; to make her amiable, diligent, domestic, pious; trusting that the image of those virtues may leave impression on the soft waxen hearts of the younger ones, to whom she may, in the providence of God, be called to fill the place of a maternal guide.

"Deacon Pickle Pickleby's" Letter.

The following letter is worth the price of a year's subscription to any newspaper in the country. It relates to the career of a young man, born in Litchfield, Ct., who emigrated to the far West, pedagogued there a while, became a lawyer next, was subsequently joined in the holy bands of wedlock with Miss Fawn Greenbriar and a plantation and seventeen negroes, afterwards served two sessions in the legislature, and finally made a long stride into Congress. When old deacon Pickle Pickleby was advised of his last good fortune of his hopeful son, he devoted an entire day to writing the following letter:—

To the Honorable Jabez Pickleby.

DUTIFUL SON:—By the blessins of providence, you be despotly prospered in the world. Your poor old daddy, when he was a boy had but little skulin, but good moral instruction was meted out to him. I was taught to train up a child in the way he should go, and *I* did it, but *I* never expected to see him in the Federal Kongress.—Jabez, my son, dont be proud and lifted up, for there is no knowin what you may cum tu. You have heard tell of Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold. Your mother's runnity pains are better and *I* have put a new flutter wheel into the mill. Seth Phelps has married Nabby Dobbs; he had tu dew it to avoid costs. There has been a fine crop of garden sass and buckwheat this year.

I must admonish you agin temptation in the Federal city. They dew tell me that it is a Babylon of a place and that Kongris men never mind pains and penalties, and drink nigh on tew gills of blackstrap, or sumthin stronger every day of their lives, and go in theatres and other carnalities. Dew for Marcy's sake, Jabez, eschew evil company. I bought a new eelskin que as sune as I heard you was married and guine to Kongress, for *I* kalkulated you would bring your rich maum hum tu see our folks. Your mother has put up bran new curtains tu the spare bed in the parlor, and squirmed ribbins all around among 'em. She has got tew strings of blue and white bird's eggs hanging under the luking glass and the brass andirons skowered up so that you can see your face in em.

Wen you git tu the Federal city, dew try tu give sumthin to the widders and orfins of soldiers and sailors, that fout agin the Britons. *I* have got your grandfer's three cornered scraper, blue coat and buff facins, his tew edged sword, and you kan have 'em to wear in Kongress. Your mother has darned up all the moth holes in the coat, so that she thinks its looks jest as new as it did when leftenant Pickleby wore it to the battle of White Plains.

I shall send you by male, a new pair of blue mixed stockings, and a pair of knit suspenders that are kinder easy for a polytishin to squirm about in. Your mother would send you a pot of pickles and a cheese, but the stage driver says it is agin the law.

Read your bible, Jabez, study the laws of Moses, and dont repeal any on'em; mind the ten comandments tu, and the 'leventh likewise; and don't sell the birthright of the yankee nation for a mess of potash; and the day may kum when you will be minister of a penitentiary, or a secretary of leg-ation.

I am your dutiful father,
PICKLE PICKLEBY.

☞ A funny scene occurred a few days ago at Buffalo, in presence of his Honor the Mayor, and a number of citizens, who were busily engaged in the in the investigation of a case respecting four bodies which had been "resurrectionized" the night previous, carefully packed in beef barrels, labelled "Pork," and destined for the eastern market—"Surgeon's Hall."

One of the bodies happened to be the last remains of an old negro wood sawyer, who had been buried by subscription among his colored acquaintances, and to use the language of his bereaved widow, who was assailing the court with all sorts of lamentations—had *gwan to roos in Abe-rem's buzzum.* In vain the court tried to quiet the inconsolable and indignant Dinah; it was all to no purpose—her "husban' had been dug up—and de wite folks gwan to make sassenger of him."

At last his Honor ordered her out of court, when, turning her large saucer eyes upon the Mayor, she exclaimed, "I tell you what it am, massa mare, 'taint no use for nigger to die any more, at all, now, for de wite folks dig 'em rite up de berry nex day."

"Dat's a fac," exclaimed another old darkey, with solemn emphasis, "dat's a fac—and de nex time I scribe a dollar an half to berry nigger, de funeral will hab to be postponed on count ob de clemency ob de wedder."

In the record of South Reading, Mass., the following entry is found, under date of 1662:—

"This year the town ordered that no woman, maid, boy nor *gall*, shall sit in the South alley of the meeting-house, upon penalty of twelve pence for each day they shall sit in the alley after the present day. It was further ordered that every dog that comes to the meeting, after the present day, either on the Lord's or lecture days, except it be their dogs that pays for a dog whipper, the owners of those shall pay sixpence for every time they come to the meeting."

The Axe-Stealer.

A story never loses much by travelling. "Good morning, neighbor Grosh; what do you gather this morning?" "O, not much, friend Garlic, excepting that affair of Dea. Nonesuch's." "What affair? pray, what has happened? has he broke his leg, or arm, or neck, or what?" "O no, nothing of that kind, but it's something pretty solemncholly, I reckon." "For Heaven's sake, Mr Grosh, tell me what it is." "Why, if you must know, (tho' I don't wish you to mention it from me, that is, till you have heard of it elsewhere) the Deacon has been *steeling axes.*" "Good gracious!" said 'Squire Garlic, "you don't say so! is it possible that good man has been guilty of such an act?" "Even so," said Grosh. Although the injunction of secresy was put upon 'Squire Garlic, he couldn't think of keeping it from his better half. He accordingly communicated the sad intelligence to his wife, on her promise of not imparting it to any body. Just two days from the time that Mrs Garlic heard of the "affair," there was an unusual bustle, and "putting things to rights," preparatory to a grand levee to be given by the Garlic family. All the Adelines, Susannah, Pollies, Angelinas, &c., were invited, and such as were not previously engaged, attended. The usual and never exhausted topic of the weather, was amply discussed by the ladies and gentlemen in conjunction—the unpleasant topic of hard times and scarcity of money was talked over by the gents—new bonnets and new fashions came in for a full share of the tongueology of the ladies—and lastly, it was whispered to one of the company that deacon Nonesuch had been guilty of a crime never to be got over. Soon it passed from one to another, till at length the whole room was filled with gloom at the sad intelligence, and the hitherto sprightly party broke up with sundry long faces and mournful looks.—The news spread far and wide. Every body in the parish had a finger in it. Finally it reached the ears of the Parson; he conferred with the other deacons of the church, and finally appointed a day, and concluded to give Deacon Nonesuch a church-mauling.

The day arrived; the deacon was summoned to appear. Great was the tribulation and anguish manifested by the good man on the occasion. At length the Rev. Pastor arose and said, "Mr Nonesuch, (for I cannot call you brother as I have wont,) it is currently reported in this village, upon good authority, that you have *stole some axes.* As members of this christian church, we have met to see what degree of truth is attached to these reports, which have been so copiously circulated through the village for the last week, detrimental alike to yourself, and to the church of which you are a member." The Deacon rose under great emotion and said, "I hardly know, my dear friends, how such a base report has got currency; all I can say is, that I throw the lie in the teeth of the slanderer, and defy him to the proof." "Well, sir," said the Parson, "we have traced the story through every lane and avenue in the village, and have lodged it upon the shoulders of Mr Grosh; let him speak. Mr Grosh did you report that Deacon Nonesuch stole some axes?"

"On my life I did not."

"Call Mr Garlic then.

"Mr Garlic, what did Mr Grosh tell you about deacon Nonesuch?"

"Why, he said he'd been stealing axes."

"Ah! I understand now," said Grosh, "I recollect of calling into the deacon's blacksmith shop last week, and he was making an axe. He was welding on the steel, and I inquired what he was doing, and he replied that he was *steeling an axe;* and that, I suppose, was the foundation of the report."

The mystery being solved to the satisfaction of the deacon and the mortification of the priest and elders, the convention separated, after an exhortation by the chairman to the several members to be more careful in future how they dealt in *double extendres.*

THE FEMALE EYE.—John Smith says that "the female eye has the following variety of expression:—The glare, the stare, the leer, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the look of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and the lustre of approbation and pleasure." He forgot to mention that peculiar bashful glance, denominated "sheep's eyes."

"Pray, doctor, what is a cure for the gout?" was the question of an insolent and luxurious citizen. "Live upon sixpence a day and earn it!" was the pithy answer.

A FAIR HIT.—"Here, you bog trotter," said a half dandy soaplock to an Irish laborer, "come tell the biggest lie you ever told in your life, and I'll treat you to a whiskey punch."

"An be my sowl, yer honor's a gentleman," retorted Pat.

TERRIBLE.—It is said that a man in New Orleans was so cross eyed that in trying to get to sleep he wrung his neck off.

We heard a chap trying to "spout" Cowper the other day. He commenced, "Oh, for a lodge in some vast *widow's nest!*"

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SELECTED TALE.

KATE:
Or, The Maid of The Village Inn.

CHAPTER I.

The Village Inn of the town of F——, was kept at the time we commence our story by a jolly, good-hearted, honest fellow, by the name of Bellows. He had inherited the estate which consisted of the Inn, stables, and a small lot of land situated in the adjacent village of G., from his father; who in his Will said: "I give and bequeath unto my beloved and only child, George, all my personal and real estate, after my just debts are paid; provided he takes unto himself a wife, as soon as he becomes of age; in default of which, I bequeath it to the—" but George complied with this injunction of his father's, and twenty years had elapsed, when we find him seated on a summer afternoon, with his wife, beneath the shade of two large elm trees which stood directly in front of the Inn.

"Yes, wife," said he, "it will be twelve years to-morrow since Kate first came here, and as we have not been blessed with any children of our own, why not adopt her?"

"Is she not the same as our own already," asked the landlady, looking up from her work, "and every one knows well enough that you have spoiled her with your indulgence."

"Wife," said Bellows, laughing, "you are a good old soul, but upon my word, you are jealous of Kate."

"Don't talk foolish, Mr Bellows, for you know very well that you have petted Kate till she has become as fond of you as a child could be of her father, and I don't see any necessity of adopting her."

"Wife, if I adopt her, I shall leave her all I am worth, after we are both gone, and then she will be enabled to make a good match."

"Yes, perhaps she will, and perhaps she won't, but who knows but that she may be claimed one of these days? You know nothing about her, only that you found her upon the roadside alone, and she could neither tell who she was or how she came there."

"That is true," interrupted Bellows, "but wife, a word in your ear, it is my firm determination to see Kate placed in good circumstances before I die, and if I have to part with half of my estate to accomplish it, it shall be done."

"You won't die this ten years, if you would only drink one or two glasses of ale less," was the only reply she made to this declaration, and taking her chair was going into the house, when Bellows called her back, and drawing his chair nearer to her he commenced:

"Wife, I don't know what you intend to accomplish by objecting to this project, but let me ask you who it is that waits with such grace upon the travellers when the stage comes in? It is Kate. And who is it that superintends all the household arrangements, and has made our Inn known for miles around, as the neatest and most comfortable one in the country, if it is not Kate? Perhaps you may remember the day when Sir George Hastings stopped all night at our house, who was it that he gave a pretty gold chain to when he left? And who did he refer to when he said, "Landlord, your daughter is a perfect little lady, and if her father and mother are half as pleasant and obliging as she is, and I don't doubt they are, you must be the happiest trio in the country." Wife, who took care of everything when you was sick, and whose hand was it that bathed your head, and brought you gruel, but Kate's? Now tell me your objections to my project?"

"I can't stop now, for there is the coach coming and things are not quite ready.—Perhaps I have no objection after all," said she, going into the house, whither Bellows followed, muttering, "I thought I'd bring her to her senses—she has a good heart at least."

The arrival of a stage-coach at a village Inn, generally sets the household in commotion. Every one runs to the window anxious to get a peep at the passengers, or hear the driver, who at once becomes the lion of the place, tells the latest news. The stage drove up to the door in grand style, with a crack of the whip from the driver, who brought up his horses, threw the reins to the hostler, and casting a sly wink to the crowd of idlers, as much as if to say;—'wasn't that done well?' he descended, and opening the door with, 'stop here to change horses,' entered the bar-room, where Kate was officiating as maid.

"Always neat and trim," said he in a low voice to her, "but Kate, I want to speak to you in private, if the landlord has no objection?"

"None at all," replied Bellows, I'll wait upon the travellers."

Kate accompanied the driver into the entry, where he took a letter neatly folded which he gave to her. Kate snatched it, and hiding it, thanked the driver.

"Kate, I don't know as I am doing right by my old friend Bellows, to be playing the part of errand-boy between you and young Whitney, and then Kate I wan't to tell you, he is a gay boy, and you must be careful."

"I will," said Kate, as she returned to the bar-room, where the travellers were dusting their clothes and preparing for a new start.

"Isn't there a passenger stops here," asked the driver, putting his head in at the door.

"I stop at the town of F——," answered a youth who might have been some twenty years old.

"Well, this is the place then, please step out and point to your baggage?"

"There are two trunks marked L. C. M." replied he, and at the same time casting his eyes upon Kate, who appeared very much embarrassed, he asked if he could be shown a room, as he felt quite unwell.

"Certainly, sir," replied she, "this way, if you please," and he followed her to a neat room which looked out upon the street and was tastefully decorated with evergreen.

"May I ask, Miss, if there is a doctor in the place? I feel very unwell."

"It is perhaps the heat and fatigue of the day, that has affected you. If you will drink what I will send to you, and retire, I think to-morrow you will feel entirely well."

"I felt well when I left town, it is true."

"Then, sir, I am sure it is the fatigue and heat, and I will send you something that will relieve you at once." Saying this, she left the room, and after the stage had gone she kept her word to the traveller.

"Kate, after supper, put on her straw hat, and calling her constant companion, Rollo, a large Newfoundland dog, she started off for a little walk. She seemed to be in haste, and carefully avoided every one she saw, merely bidding them a "good afternoon," or passing a remark upon the weather. She at last arrived at the extremity of the village, when she drew from her bosom the letter which the driver had given her. It read thus:

DEAR KATE,

I shall be in F—— to-morrow, if the old gentleman does not use his horses in the morning, and then if "Landlord Bellows" will allow, we will take a ride together.

Yours as ever,
ALFRED.

"I don't believe he will," said Kate, as she folded up the letter, "for he told me that I must be careful of this Whitney, for he has been very dissipated,—but then he may have reformed, and I ought not to look at what he *has* been, but at what he *is*. In an old book of extracts which I have at home, there is one which says,

"They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad; so may my husband."

Pursuing this train of thought she regained the inn, and after attending to her duties she retired to her room. Taking from her pocket a small bunch of keys, she opened a box which stood upon her table, and taking up a small handkerchief unfolded it, and read the initials L. C. M. "'Tis the very same with which the traveller's trunks are marked; perhaps he may be—, but no, it is impossible that after so many years that I should find my parents, and then the fear which I have so often felt, that I might be—. No, I will say nothing about it, for I couldn't bear to leave good father Bellows; and, perhaps I should lose Alfred's love." With these musings she dropped to sleep.

"Although soft sleep death's sad resemblance wears,
Still do I wish on him on my couch to lie.
Come balmy sleep; for sweetly it appears
Thus without life to live, thus without death to die."

CHAPTER II.

The sun had hardly risen, when Kate was up busying herself with the affairs of the household. They had but a few lodgers, and the traveller, with three others, composed the entire complement. The young gentleman, to whom Kate had administered the night previous, did not make his appearance in the morning, and upon knocking at his door, no answer made.—They continued knocking, but receiving no answer, the door was forced, and the stranger was found lying insensible upon the floor. "He is in a fit," said the landlord, "run for the doctor quick as you can."

With Kate's assistance they raised him to the bed, and upon raising his sleeve to rub his hands, she saw engraved upon the clasp of a hair bracelet, L. C. M. The doctor came and soon restored him to his senses, by bleeding him. He had waked up feeling perfectly well, and had dressed him, when he fell insensibly upon the floor.

They were leaving the room, when calling the landlord to his bedside, he handed him a card with L. C. Merton. "That is my name," said he, "whatever trouble I am to you during my stay, I am willing to pay for."

The landlord urged him not to speak of it, but to think of recovering his health, which it should be their first desire to accomplish.

In the afternoon as the landlord and his wife were taking their customary chat under the elms, a span of elegant horses, attached to a light phæton were perceived by Mrs Bellows coming down the road.

"There comes young Whitney," exclaimed Mrs. Bellows.

"Yes, he is come to see Kate I suppose."

"Well, there is no harm in that, is there?"

"According to my way of thinking, there is, for it very seldom happens that a young man of high connection visits a bar-maid for any good purpose!!!"

"Poh! pob! that is all talk, who knows but that he will take Kate without asking any dower?"

"Dower or no dower, he shan't have her," said the landlord, "he is a chip of the old block, and I know some of the pranks his father cut up when he was a boy, and from all that I hear, this young one does not fall far short of him."

"But then, husband, we should be connected with the Squire's family!"

"Squire's family!" reiterated Bellows, "who are they? His grandfather was a mason, his father a spendthrift, and he a pedant. Who cares for family? None but a few foolish heads, and I can trace my pedigree back to my great great grandfather, who was a tiller of the soil, the most honorable ancestry which a man can boast of, and aside of which all others sink into insignificance."

Young Whitney drove up to the door, and gave the reins to the hostler, who drove the horses to the stable, while he entered the bar-room, which was vacant and took a seat. Bellows soon entered, and having welcomed the young Squire, took a seat, and they conversed some time upon one thing and another till they were interrupted by the appearance of an elderly man at the door, with a knapsack upon his shoulders.

"Father Neff, is that really you?" exclaimed the landlord, welcoming him into the house, "we have expected you here this two weeks—you have overrun your time?"

"Well, well, you must recollect I 'aint so young as I was ten years ago," said father Neff unbuttoning his knapsack, "but where is Kate?"

"Here she is," said Kate bounding into the room, "I knew your voice the minute I heard it, and where have you been? I want to have my portrait taken very much indeed, for—"

"Kate, 'aint you going to speak to Mr Whitney," asked the landlord.

"Upon my word, Alf——Mr Whitney, I did not see you, but if people will put themselves in corners they must not expect to be seen."

"Yes, I am fond of retirement, you know, and what with my fishing excursion this morning, and my ride I am rather fatigued, so I chose the most comfortable arm-chair I could find. But, landlord, may I ask an introduction to your friend there?"

"Father Neff, this is young Squire Whitney, whose father lives some three miles down, and I can assure you," said he turning to Alfred, "that Father Neff can paint as good a portrait as any one hereabouts."

"Yes, sir," added Father Neff, "I have travelled ever since I was, I don't know how old, but for the last fifteen years, and I flatter myself that I have produced some of the finest portraits during my visits to the different towns, villages, and hamlets, as most any one."

"Do you cut profiles?" asked Alfred.

"Yes, sir."

"Then cut mine, with this cigar and a glass of ale in my hand," placing himself in a chair in the middle of the room.

"I can't do it now, sir, I am too fatigued, for I have walked five miles to-day; at any other time I should feel extremely honored."

"Remember, Father Neff, you are to take my portrait upon ivory," said Kate.

"Yes, I know I shall get a good likeness, for I have watched you for twelve years now, and I know every feature in your face; but landlord show me a room, will you? for I feel pretty nearly tired out. I suppose I can have my old room?"

"That's occupied by a young gentleman who is sick; he came last night, but you shall have a good one, come this way if you please.' Saying this, they left Kate and Alfred alone.

"Who is this sick stranger?" asked the latter.

Kate then gave him an account of his coming, and related to him in full, how she had treasured up a little handkerchief which bore the same initials as those upon the trunk and bracelet, and how she had discovered it, asking advice of Alfred.

He hesitated for a moment, and was about to speak, when Mrs Bellows entered. Alfred arose, and shaking her cordially by the hand exclaimed, "You really do improve in looks every day."

"Don't play the flatterer I beg of you," interrupted Kate, "Mother knows how she looks well enough without you telling her; don't you mother?"

"Yes, child; but whose horses are those you have there, Mr Whitney?"

"They are the governor's new span, and I came here to take Kate out to ride, if you will permit it, I promise to bring her safe back?"

"Well, I have no objection to your taking a short ride."

Kate needed no further urging, and in a very short space of time she was seated beside of Alfred driving off at a furious rate, and the landlord got to the door just in time to see the dust of the vehicle.

"Where's Kate?"

"Gone to ride with the young Squire," replied Mrs Bellows with a toss of her head, "and I gave her leave."

"You are a foolish woman, don't you know he is the greatest rake in the country?"

"I don't believe it."

"Kate's reputation will be lost," added he leaving the entry in a passion.

* * * * *

Alfred kept his word to the landlady, and after taking a short ride brought her home to the Inn.

CHAPTER III.

Two days had elapsed, the young traveller was enabled to sit up, and Kate took entire charge of him, allowing no one to administer to his wants but herself. The kindness could but produce a feeling of thankfulness in the heart of Merton, for to find friends strangers, whose hearts warm towards us without knowledge of our birth, fortune or rank, is indeed disinterested friendship.

Alfred had, by invitation of the landlady, come to take dinner with her, and the party at the table consisted of Father Neff, Alfred, Kate, and the host and hostess.—They had finished with the meats and were about partaking of the pastry, when the constable of the place, with several men entered, and holding in his hand a piece of parchment, asked if there was one Father Neff stopping there. All eyes now turned upon the individual, and by his looks they saw he knew full well the cause of his arrest.

"My friends," he said, "I ask you not to condemn me before I have spoke, and if my looks betray my guilt, I know I am pure at heart."

"Hypocrite!" exclaimed the constable, "you have been accused of theft.—come, we can't wait for you to finish your dinner, bread and cold water are too good for you."

"Squire Whitney, before I go I wish to speak to you in private, if you will listen to me."

"This way, then, sir," said Alfred leading the way into an adjoining room.

"He can't go out of my sight, it is only a ruse to escape," said the constable, while the landlord, his wife, and Kate, were petrified with fear.

"I am responsible for the prisoner," replied Alfred as they let him pass.

As soon as the door was shut Kate exclaimed, "I don't believe he is guilty."

"We have proof that he is guilty, and there can be no doubt that he is a most consummate rascal, and it is a pity he was not found out before."

Alfred returned, and taking the constable aside spoke to him in a low tone, and he immediately drew from his pocket a paper to which Alfred signed his name.

"To-morrow at eight o'clock precisely," said the constable as he retired.

"What have you done, Alfred, you look pale," said Kate.

"Don't ask me, but come all of you, into the other room. Father Neff wants to speak to you."

They entered and found the old gentleman seated in an arm chair, apparently much exhausted.

"Bellows, he commenced, is there any one who can overhear me?"

"No one," replied the landlord.

"Well then my friends, listen to my story, which I tell you, for it concerns you all and it shall be brief. Years ago there resided in the city of L——, a young artist of much merit, who became deeply enamoured with a lady of high rank. She at first received his attention and repaid them by her love, but possessing a heart as false as her figure was beautiful, she slighted the young artist and bestowed her smiles upon another. He tried in vain to quell his passion for her, but he had bestowed his love on one, and it was out of his power to gain the mastery. The artist's love had not diminished till then, for he lived on hope till the day of her marriage, when hatred and revenge usurped in place. Another year passed by, and she became the mother of a girl. The young artist resolved to revenge himself, and through the means of a domestic who was paid to him, he stole this child and never since has it been heard of. Time rolled away, and the wife was again blessed by a boy, but his birth caused her death. The father reared the child, but being called away on business some few years after, he was killed, and the boy though scarcely ten years old came into possession of an immense fortune—for the false-hearted girl had sacrificed herself for money. The artist left for parts unknown, and—"

"Villain!" exclaimed the sick stranger, rushing into the room and catching the old man by the throat, dashed him to the floor, "where is my sister?"

"I don't know," cried the old man.

"Own up old man, for you are betrayed; the old hag to whom you confided the care of Laura for the first five years, has betrayed you, and I am here to mete you out justice."

"Let me speak," gasped the old man.

"Where is my sister? is she alive?" said he convulsed with rage.

"There—there," said the old man pointing to Kate, "that's your sister," and he dropped on the floor senseless.

CONCLUSION.

The reader can already imagine that Kate's happiness was completed, and the initials of L. C. M. were those of her brother, Lorenzo Clarence Merton, and her own, which was Laura Clarence Merton. At the trial of Neff the next day they gave bonds for his appearance in a small amount, and ere a week had glided by he was afloat upon the wide ocean, never again to return; for this was the punishment that Lorenzo Merton meted out to him. Need we add, that Alfred became not only the lord and master of Laura, but he added to his fortune that of hers, which amounted to a large sum. The landlord and landlady were fully repaid for all their trouble, and annually they visit their friends where Laura was once *Kate, or, the Maid of the Village Inn.*

Squeezing a Lady's Hand.

An exchange paper says:—"It is but lately that we understood the strange constructions that are sometimes put upon a squeeze of the hand. With some it is entirely equivalent to a declaration of love; this is very surprising indeed. Must we take a lady's hand like hot potatoes: afraid of giving it a squeeze lest we should burn our fingers? Very fine, truly! Now it has been our ancient custom to squeeze every hand that we get in our clutches, especially a fair one. Is it not a wonder that we have never been sued for a breach of promise? We would not give a rusty nail for one of your cold formal shakes of the hand. Every person who extends one or two fingers for your touch, as if he were afraid of catching some cutaneous distemper, ought to be kicked. The ladies may rest assured, that a man who will not squeeze their hand when he gets hold of it, does not deserve to have a hand in his possession; and that he has a heart seven hundred and forty-nine times smaller than a grain of mustard seed."

SPUNK.—A bear attacked a farmer's cabin one night, when the farmer got up into the loft, leaving his wife and children to take care of themselves. The wife seized the poker and aimed a happy blow at the animal. Give it to him, Nancy! cried the valiant husband. After bruin was dead he came down from the loft and exclaimed —"Nancy, my dear, ain't we brave?"

The volunteers who went from N. Orleans have returned covered with glory and fleas.

From the Albany Citizen

A TALE OF SORROW.

Names and places might be given were it necessary, in verification of the following facts:

A man of standing and property, named Major Wm. W——, of Connecticut, was blessed with a family of kind, intelligent, obedient sons. Two of them—the eldest and best beloved—early received each his portion, and took their several ways to distant portions of the country, intent upon establishing themselves in the world, and carving out their own fortunes. They were each possessed of an excellent education; and were well calculated to "make their way in the world."

They departed with a father's and mother's blessing resting upon them, and were remembered, with tears and earnest, hopeful supplications before the throne of mercy, ere their first day's journey was ended.

A period of nine years rolled rapidly by, and among the innumerable changes wrought during the time, was the removal of Major W—— from the "land o steady habits"—glorious, fondly remembered, ever-loved Connecticut—to the "far West"—a comprehensive term, which means any locality between western New York and the Pacific Ocean.

He was a man of sterling character; a true New Englander; intelligent, persevering, honest, shrewd, and withal a little ambitious. The Major dabbled much in politics, and being a good practical writer and speaker soon revolutionized the county in which he was settled. Gratitude and political power rewarded him first with a seat in the Legislature, and second with a sheriffalty.

A better sheriff than Major W——, that county had never been favored with.—During the first year of his administration the salutary effects of his perseverance and good counsels were seen and felt.

During the second year of his official life a notorious vagabond, known through the county as Bill Winchelsea, *alias* Caulkins, *alias* Ford, and half a dozen other assumed names, after a long course of petty crimes, repeated convictions and escapes, was at length charged with the perpetration of a foul murder. A widow who resided a mile or two from the country town and who was reported wealthy, was found early one morning in June, lying upon the floor of her barn, a few rods from her house, with her throat cut and her body awfully cut with an axe. It was known that Winchelsea had been at the house late the evening previous, and that he declared he would lodge there that night.—Soon as the murder was discovered, search was made for him, and he could nowhere be found. Suspicion naturally fell upon him, and the hue and cry was given.

Sheriff W—— sent out his deputies and a strong posse, and accidentally received information which led him to believe the murderer had fled down the Mississippi, he instantly set out alone in hot pursuit. He traced what he believed to be the 'trail' of the miscreant down as far as St. Louis, and there lost it entirely, and gave up the chase as fruitless. As he was preparing to return, he was taken suddenly ill of a fever, and for many weeks lay in a half-delirious and very critical state. At the end of that time he began to convalesce, and ere long recovered so far as to be able to return home.

During his absence, Winchelsea had been apprehended, tried, and convicted, upon proof so positive that the jury found a verdict of "guilty of wilful murder" without leaving their box, and sentenced to the ignominious death of the scaffold.

Major W. reached home on the day appointed for the execution. Being yet feeble, he begged to be relieved from the painful duty of hanging the poor wretch, and it accordingly fell upon one of his deputies.

The hour fixed upon for the dreadful murder which the law has legalized came round. At that moment a messenger arrived to inform Major W. that the deputy had fallen upon the scaffold in an apoplectic fit, and that the execution stayed his arrival. There was no alternative. The sheriff, though weak, and totally unfit for the terrible task, felt it to be his duty to promptly obey the summons.

In a few moments a rolling, heavy hum, and an unusual commotion in the ranks of the thousands gathered to behold the shameful death of a fellow creature, gave evidence of the arrival of the sheriff. The culprit was dressed for the grave, the fatal rope encircled his neck, the cap drawn over his face by the deputy befor the fit took him, at his request, remained as it had been adjusted. A brief prayer was offered up to God in behalf of the poor wretch, whose last minute had come. The clergyman and the sheriff then took him by the hand and bade him farewell. All

things were ready. The vast crowd was hushed to breathless silence. With a sudden movement the sheriff cut the cord, the drop fell, and the murderer was hanging by the neck, between the heavens and the earth.

A few convulsive struggles and all was over—justice was over. The multitude dispersed to their homes—but the tragedy had not yet reached its close.

After hanging the usual length of time, the body was "cut down" to be delivered to the physician—for friends the dead man had none—no, not one. The sheriff remained to assist in this last ceremony.—One removed the shoes, and another the long gown, and the sheriff himself pulled off the cap. The body was then lying face downward. A moment after it was turned over, and in the livid, distorted, ghastly features presented to view, Sheriff W recognized the countenance of his *own son*!—his eldest, his best beloved, his long lost son!

The son was indeed the murderer. *Bad company* had led him astray after he left his home in Connecticut. He soon squandered his money, and with that went his friends. Want stared him in the face.—Hunger pinched him sorely. Shame, and pride stifled the half-expressed desire to return, like the prodigal son to his father's house, confess and repent. Temptation took him captive, and he became a petty larceny thief, then robber, burglar, counterfeiter, and finally, after a long course of crime, closed the catalogue of his misdeeds with the capital crime of murder—murder committed for the sake of a few hundred dollars—and as we have related.

The other son lived long to bless and comfort his grief stricken mother; but she never recovered entirely from the dread shock.

The Heiress.

A sprightly rosy-cheeked, flaxened-haired little girl, used to sit, in the pleasant evenings of June, on the marble steps opposite my lodgings, when I lived in Philadelphia, and sing over a hundred little songs, and tell over as many tales in a sweet voice, and with an air of delightful simplicity that charmed me many a time. She was even an orphan child, and commonly reported to be poor. Often and often I sat after a day of toil and vexation, and listened to her innocent voice, breathing forth notes of peace and happiness, which flowed spontaneously from a light heart, and felt a portion of that tranquility stealing over my bosom. Such was Eliza Huntley, when I first saw her.

Several years had elapsed, during which time I was absent from the city, when walking along one of the most fashionable squares, I saw an elegant female figure step into a carriage, followed by a gentleman and two pretty children. I did not immediately recognize her face, but my friend, who was by my side, pulled my elbow. D. you not remember little Eliza, who used to sing for us when we lived in Walnut street? I did remember it was Eliza.

She used to be fond, said he, of treating her little circle of friends with romances [illegible] and in the gay circle of [illegible] under the auspices of her guardian.—It was said by some she was rich—very rich—but the amount of wealth did not seem to be a matter of publicity, however; the report, and as we generally believed, well founded report, was sufficient to draw around her many admirers—and among the number a few serious courtiers.

She did not wait long before a young gentleman on whom she had looked with a somewhat partial eye, because he was the handsomest and gayest of her lovers, emboldened by her partiality, made an offer. Probably she blushed, and her heart fluttered a little, but they were sitting in a moonlight parlor, and as her embarrassment was more than half concealed, she soon recovered, and as a waggish humor happened to have the ascendancy, she put on a serious face, and told him she was honored by his preference, but that there was one matter which should be understood before giving him a reply—"Perhaps you may think me wealthy; I would not for the world have you labor under a mistake on that point—I am worth eighteen hundred dollars."

She was proceeding, but the gentleman started as if electrified. "Eighteen hundred dollars," he repeated in a manner that betrayed the utmost surprise. "Yes, ma'am," said he awkardly, "I did understand you were worth a great deal more, but—"

"No, sir," she replied, "no excuse or apology; think about what I have told you—you are embarrassed now—answer me another time," and rising, she bade him good night.

She just escaped a trap; he went the next day to her guardian to inquire more particularly into her affairs, and receiving the same answer, he dropped his suit at once.

The next serious proposal followed soon after, and this too came from one who succeeded to a large portion of her esteem but applying the same crucible to the love he offered her, she found a like result. He, too left her, and she rejoiced in another fortunate escape.

She some time after became acquainted with a young gentleman of slender fortune in whose approaches she thought she discovered more of the timid diffidence of love than she had witnessed before. She did not check his hopes. In the process of time, he too made an offer, but when she spoke of her fortune he begged her to be silent. "It is to virtue, worth, and beauty," said he, "that I pay my court—not to fortune. In you I shall obtain what is worth more than gold." She was most agreeably disappointed. They were married and the union was solemnized, and she made him master of her fortune with herself. "I am indeed worth eighteen hundred dollars," said she to him, "but I hope never to enjoy more pleasure than I feel at this moment, when I tell you my fortune is one hundred and eighty thousand."

"Women," says Dr Lieberg, "were born to be married." We wonder if the good old man thinks that that is all they were born for.

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, Feb. 19, 1846.

THE OREGON QUESTION.—The British Minister and Mr Buchanan, have had a brief correspondence upon this important matter, resulting only in the offer on the part of Her Majesty's Government of Arbitration, and its prompt rejection on the part of our Government. That our Government, relying as it does upon an uncontrovertible title to the 49th parallel should reject the offer of the British Minister to refer the whole matter to Arbitration is not surprising. Had Packenham proffered our undisputable rights, and proposed arbitration for the territory intervening the 49th and 54th° of parallel, we have no doubt it would have been received and accepted by the Administration.

We conceive our title to the Oregon from 42 to 49° as good as it is to Massachusetts Bay, and the proposition of reference on the part of Mr Packenham of our title to territory between those parallels with that of our title North of 49° as preposterous as one would have been from Mr Fox during his term, and the North Eastern Boundary difficulties, to have submitted our rights to Massachusetts Bay to the Commissioners together with the disputed territory, to the Commissioners for adjustment.

What will be the ultimate result of the rejection of our Government of Mr Packenham's proposition we cannot predict.—Among the Solomons at Washington it is believed that will hasten the hour of termination of difficulties, and some go so far as to conjecture an offer on the part of the British Government of a compromise at parallel of 48° north latitude. Such a settlement, considering the existing state of our foreign and domestic relations will be acceptable to the great mass of our citizens, any thing less than that on the part of our Government, would create a civil revolution. Even that would be a compromise of our rights, only to be tolerated for conciliation.

Soon after the correspondence alluded to, was communicated to Congress, the House passed the resolutions for giving notice to Great Britain for the abrogation of the treaty for joint occupation. Some eighty speeches were made upon the subject of an hour's duration each. The Hon. JOHN Q. ADAMS, made his second speech enforcing his views of our rights to the whole of Oregon,—nothing less, and for the notice, and his vote is recorded first among the list of nays.

The resolves are as follows:—

"*Resolved*, That the President of the United States cause notice to be given to the Government of Great Britain, that the convention between the United States of America and Great Britain, relating to the territory of the North West Coast, West of the Stony or Rocky Mountains, of the 6th day of August, 1827, signed at London, shall be annulled and abrogated, twelve months after giving said notice.

Resolved, That the notice herein authorized to be given, is not intended to interfere with the right and discretion of the proper authorities of the two contracting parties, to renew or pursue negotiations for an amicable settlement of the controversy respecting the Oregon territory."

And they were adopted by 163 ayes to 54 nays.

WESTERN RAILROAD.—The following we presume will be interesting to those living upon the line of this road. We have always considered the high fare policy suicidal to the best interests of the corporation, and any yielding on the part of its Directors on this point, must be extremely gratifying to those traveling upon it.

Extract from the Report of the Directors of the Western Railroad Corporation, to the Stockholders, Feb. 11th, 1846:—

"After weighing maturely all these considerations, the undersigned have *unanimously* arrived at the conclusion, that a moderate reduction of the passenger fares, both *through* and *way*, is advisable for the present season."

This report is signed by George Bliss, William Jackson, Edmund Dwight, James Russell, Josiah Stickney, George Pratt, Robert Campbell, Abm. H. Howland, Directors.

Mr Bliss has retired from the presidency of the Corporation, and it is supposed his place will be supplied by Mr Gilmore.

HON. WILLIAM C. PRESTON, has been appointed President of the South Carolina College, and entered upon his duties.—We clip the following compliment to the Trustees from his Address to the students. To appreciate the compliment it must be borne in mind that the Trustees are all Democratic, and Mr Preston is a Whig.

"After thirty years absence from them, I return, but in a new and trying condition, with sympathies in all your pursuits, to be sure, and tastes not entirely alienated from science and literature, but with a deep and fearful anxiety, that I may, indeed must be, unqualified to discharge the trust as it ought to be. Under a conscious deficiency, I would have shrunk from this office, but that I yielded my own opinion to that of those for whose judgment, experience, and knowledge of the Institution, I have an entire deference. Of that Board of Trustees, whose command I obey, I can safely affirm, that having in the chances of life, been occasionally thrown with men, distinguished by the consent of the whole country, I have not found any where, even in those exalted stations to which a nation's interests call its most conspicuous citizens, a wiser, graver, or more highly endowed body.

To its discretion and intelligence, the destinies of this cherished Institution are well confided, and I hold myself ready to conform to its wishes with the same implicit confidence, whenever it may think fit to remit me to the pursuits of private life, as now, that I relinquish those pursuits in compliance with them.

I have the more willingly acquiesced in their judgment, as it has been in favor of one who had differed with the State, on some important and exciting questions.—To be made its trusted agent under such circumstances—to be put, without solicitation, in this place of confidence and honor—in which the interests, the hopes, and the affectations of the State are so deeply implicated, fills me with gratitude, and oppresses me with a painful sense of responsibility. In the swell of strong emotions which fill my heart, all vanity is quenched in the consciousness of inadequacy to make a suitable return."

☞ The Secretary of the Treasury has presented his Bill for the modification of the Tariff. It proposes a system of advalorem rates from 75 per cent. to 10 per cent. Mr Hudson, the member from the Worcestor district, and the friend of the present Tariff says that it is doomed, and that will inevitably be repealed at this session. We differ with Mr Hudson on this point, though our means of information are not so great as his. We believe the present Tariff will remain unmodified, unless a treaty of reciprocity is made, jointly with the adjustment of the Oregon difficulties.

NEW COTTON FACTORY AT THORNDIKE.—The new factory building at Thorndike, is nearly ready for the reception of part of its machinery. It is a magnificent structure of granite, 218 feet long by 60 or 70 feet wide; six full stories high with an attic sufficiently commodious for four thousand spindles. It is calculated for about four hundred looms, and corresponding machinery. The stone for its construction were taken from a quarry in its immediate vicinity, and as laid unhewn, presents a model for beauty of material, workmanship and magnificence, unsurpassed in the country. It is probably the most permanent building in New England, and reflects much credit upon the builders, Messrs. Potter & Fuller, and the agent of the company, J. B. Merrick, Esq. The factory will be put in operation the coming season, and will greatly increase the population and activity of the already, enterprising and flourishing village.

We are pleased to learn that Messrs. F. C. Merrick & Co. were insured upon their goods to the amount of $7,000, and upon the building $900, as follows—$3,000 at the Hartford Insurance office; $1,000 at the Protection office Hartford, and the $900 at the Mutual office Springfield.—This amount must nearly indemnify them from loss. Mr Converse's loss is about $400. No insurance.

SNOW.—On Sunday morning we were visited with a beautiful snow storm, which continued through the whole day, to the depth of about 14 inches. We have not had only one week's good sleighing this winter. The way the engines on the railroad looked on Monday morning, was a caution—ploughing, sneezing and puffing, making a furrow from Springfield to Boston.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—On Monday afternoon, about a mile from this depot, as the passenger cars were on their way to Boston, one of the axletrees of one of the cars broke, and the train was backed up to the depot to leave the car, which was supported by the other two wheels it being a car with eight wheels, consequently delaying the train about an hour and a half. No injury was received by any of the passengers.

We understand that the tannery in Hawley, belonging to Leavitt Hallock, Esq., was consumed by fire, on the 11th, with all its contents. Several sides of leather, and many hundred cords of bark. Loss—$10,000. Insurance—$3,500.

For the Palmer Sentinel.

Oregon.

(A.)

The Oregon River— Entrance — Discovery, &c.

The Columbia river is the largest on the western side of the American continent: and is navigable for the largest class of vessels, nearly the distance of 100 miles from the ocean; but its entrance is unsafe. Sands brought down its current have accumulated into subaqueous banks which extend nearly across the estuary, and thus bar the entrance. There is, however, on the northerly side, snug to the rock that forms Cape Hancock, a deep and narrow channel. The heavy seas which three-fourths of the year roll in, meeting adverse floods break with awful roar upon the bars. These constitute the appalling difficulty. The white crested waves lash, with furious rage, the cape; and bid mariners stand off, or advance with caution.

The first discovery of this river is not attributed to the Spaniards by most American writers. It is true the uncertain accounts of Haceta's voyage written by the chaplain and given to the world by Baron Humboldt, imply the river was not entered by them; but it is not there implied that Maurelle or Quadra, or some other Spaniard, before or after this voyage, did not enter and examine its mouth. To me it is clearly obvious that it was entered previous to Captain Robert Gray's voyage in 1792—Spaniards daring to ride the foaming surf, entered the majestic *Oregon*. Its being delineated on Maurelle's chart with nearly its true course, for the distance of 30 or 40 miles; thence, continued with a dotted line is as though Maurelle had said; to this, it has been examined—beyond, it is unknown. It is said in the journal of the voyage of Capt. Mears, a British subject, under date, July 6th, 1788—"A high bluff promontory bore off south east * * were pleased with the expectation of its being *Cape San Roc* of the Spaniards, near which they are said to have found a *good port*." The only port near this cape is inside of the mouth of the river Columbia.—In another place, Mears states, "We can now with safety assert that no such *river* as that of San Roc exists, as laid down in the Spanish charts."

More might be said to show the Spaniards to have been the original discoverers of the river Oregon. A few remarks will be made as to the derivation of this word.

Mr Robert Greenhow, Translator to the State Department, in his memoir concerning the Oregon territory, given to the Senate of the United States in 1840, has expressed the belief, that the word Oregon is not an *Indian name*; some other one concur in this opinion. Different views are entertained by Mr Irving in his celebrated romance, Astoria. "The existence of this river, however, was known long before the vessels of Gray and Vancouver; but the information concerning it was vague and indefinite, being gathered from the reports of the Indians. It was spoken of by travellers as the Oregon, and as the great river of the West. A Spanish ship is said to have been wrecked at its mouth, several of the crew of which lived for some time among the natives." These remarks are perfectly consistent; but strangely inconsistent are those found in the Memoir of Mr Greenhow. Referring to the above extract, it is said—"Upon these assertions no remark will be made, except by expressing a hope that they may be omitted in a future edition of Astoria, or that the author will state more particularly what traveller before 1792 has described a great river in Northwest America which can be identified with the Columbia; and when the Spanish ship was wrecked at the mouth of that stream." I will take upon myself to make the particular statement required of Mr Irving.

The following facts were stated to me, in 1835, by Mr E. R. Butler who in 1808 went to the Columbia in the ship Mercury, Capt. Geo. W. Ayers; where he continued living with Comcomby, the Cheenook Chief, for nearly two years. He left in the brig Lydia, Capt. Brown of Boston.—About the year 1792, a Spanish vessel from Manilla—cargo, beeswax, dollars, &c., was wrecked on the northern side of the entrance of the Columbia. Mr Butler became familiar with the history of *this and two other* similar disasters. He, himself dug from the beach a quantity of the wax which, with some of the dollars, Capt. Ayers brought away. The Indian of sandy hair and light complexion, of whom Lewis and Clarke made mention, was an offspring of one of this unfortunate crew. His age being 26 years, determined with a degree of certainty the time of the occurrence. The two other shipwrecks occurred some years previous, on the south side of the entrance of the river. The crews were massacred. These vessels were also Spanish.

Mr Greenhow not finding any such word as Oregon in vocabularies of Indian languages which had been examined by him, concludes, that "Carver invented the name himself." Oregon or River of the West occurs two or three times in Carver's Travels, published in 1778. This adventurer sojourned two years among the Indian tribes of Missouri; where, doubtless, he obtained a knowledge of both the existence and name of this river.

It is unquestionably the ancient name of the river now called Columbia. The Spaniards have called it such. Capt. Cook has written it Oregon on his chart of 1791. Humboldt speaks of "la mot Indian Origon." That particular observer and correct writer would not have called this word *Indian*, without good authority.

Mr Darley, in his Gazetteer thinks he can trace the name to *Origano*, the Spanish word for sweet majoram which he supposed grew on the banks of the river; but can it not be more properly traced to *Orjon*, the name of a large river in Chinese Tartary in a latitude corresponding to, that of the Columbia river. Near the mouth of the *Orjon* in Asia, lived a race of people called *Kilmucks*. About 30 miles south of the mouth of the *Origon* in America lived a tribe of Indians called *Kilmooks*. Now I apprehend, the Kilmucks were among the aboriginees of this Continent and brought with them this, with many other proper names used in the region of that tribe. I have not time now to explain upon the Greek word Oregon, which implies defence; and from which our Indian word may be derived.

The word being composed of three open vowel sounds, and, easily spoken; and having been laid aside from the river, was applied by myself to the country.

One thing more, and this note is ended. The very sound of the name Oregon, as spoken in books and lectures brings a painful sensation to my soul—because of ungrateful returns for having thrown down the high walls built by covetous speculators about Oregon; and the unexampled injuries done me for having rendered this name dear to thousands of my countrymen happily settled in that territory.

HALL J. KELLEY.

For The Sentinel.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE PALMER SENTINEL—*Gentlemen.*—The following communication appeared in the Boston Daily Times of Feb. 3d:—

"We published yesterday in our second Edition an account of the death of Mr Ebenezer Walker, who was said by the Springfield Statesman to have become deranged at a meeting of Millerites in Belchertown. Mr Himes has called upon us with the assurance that the whole story is a falsehood from beginning to end, that it has no other foundation than that a *brother* of this Mr Walker had attended some of the meetings. So great was the excitement in consequence of the promulgation of this story, that a school house at Palmer, where Mr Himes was holding a meeting, was attacked by a mob, and some of the windows broken in. An investigation into the facts however satisfied the people that they had been imposed upon by a false statement, and the Millerite meetings have suffered no farther molestation."

Apprehending that the public mind may be misled by this communication, we have thought proper to give a concise statement of facts in the case.

Mr Walker had ever sustained the character of a sober, industrious man, of good moral character and habits, and had not been a believer in the Millerite Doctrine. On the evening of Jan. 18th, he attended a Miller Meeting, so called, the exercises of which was conducted principally by a Mr Lyon and a brother of Mr Walker, both of whom were strong Millerites and exhorters at their meetings. The deceased went home from that meeting with great mental excitement, said he believed as his brother did, slept very little that night, the excitement continued to increase, took scarcely, no rest, and very little food, neglected his ordinary daily business, read his bible with great apparent intenseness of feeling, walking his room and talking to himself having occasional interviews and conversations with Lyon and his brother, above mentioned. Although his mind was greatly excited and to an extent deranged from its wonted operations, from the attending of the meeting of the 18th of Jan., which excitement and derangement continually increased, it did not become that of the *Maniac* till the 25th, being Sabbath day. He went on that day to a religious meeting held by the Methodists in the neighborhood, and at that meeting he became very boisterous, so much so as to break up the meeting. From that time he continued in the greatest excitement, very violent and furious toward those who watched over him; to that extent that it became necessary to confine him to prevent his doing any injury to himself, or those in charge of him. We were called as medical advisers, on Monday the day before his death; he resisted every prescription with the utmost determination while he lived; he died Tuesday evening Jan. 27th.

The evidence is most satisfactory that his mind underwent a great change on the evening of the 15th, and although it did not assume the worst features of that change for several days after, yet that the impressions then received in their legitimate effects, produced the dreadful results which followed, there can be no reasonable doubt.

HORATIO THOMPSON, M. D.
LOREN S. ALLEN, M. D.
February 16th, 1846.

NEW PAPER AT CABOTVILLE.—We have received the first number of a new paper printed at Cabotville, bearing the name of "CHICOPEE TELEGRAPH." It is of a very large size—price $2,00. The appearance of the sheet is *first rate*, reads well, and we wish it all the success that our small mite can afford.

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

CANINE SAGACITY.—On New Year's eve during the absence of the older members of the family, the house of Solon E. Belles of Sandisfield, took fire from some wood which was placed under the Stove to dry. The dog on perceiving this, went up stairs, woke the children by barking and howling, and then returned and pulled away the burning fragments from under the stove, and with the assistance of the children the fire was soon extinguished.

OLD TIMES.—In the days of the blue laws of New England, a shoemaker was condemned to be hung for something he had done; but on the day appointed for his execution, they discovered that he was the only shoemaker in the place so they hanged a *weaver* in his stead, for they had more weavers than they knew what to do with.

FACT.—Newspaper history proves that the grumbler at any particular newspaper is generally the borrower of it.

BENEVOLENT.—A beautiful child was lately found upon the steps of the house of a wealthy family in Winthrop Place, Boston, and it was taken in and a—— sent to the Poor House in South Boston.

FIRE.—The Flannel Factory of Messrs. Barnes and Denny in Clappville, was destroyed by fire on Monday morning of last week. All the machinery was destroyed and much of the manufactures.

$35,000 insurance was effected of this property. Cause of the fire accidental.

A LAND CARRIAGE propelled by its rider without the aid of steam or horse power, is attracting attention at Worcester.

Messrs. Bent & Bush's hat establishment, at Lowell, was burnt lately. Loss, $2500; insurance, $2500.

Look out for counterfeit 5's on the Manchester Bank, N. H. They are well executed, and calculated to deceive.

In New York there are over 250 licensed omnibusses.

Rock the cradle, is now rendered, agitate the responsibility.

One-third of the population of Oregon is composed of French Canadians.

A Brazilian introduction is—This is my friend, if he steals anything, I am accountable for it.

About forty applications for railroad charters have already been made to the Mass. Legislature this winter.

The number of bones in the frame work of a human body, is 260. Each hand and each foot contains 27.

The agricultural products of New York exceed by several millions the whole cotton crop of the United States.

A Yankee has invented a piano which plays by magnetism alone. Another has actually made a whistle of a pig's tail.

A lady once remarked that if she had had the naming of a *bustle* in the first place, she would have called it a *rump-us*.

A physician near Northampton, is said to have under his care 28 young ladies victims of incurable consumption.

There are 140 different species of the oak—70 of which are found in America and 30 in Europe. The oak will live 600 years.

The direct road—the railroad way to wealth, is through the *advertising column* of a newspaper.

The king of Prussia, caused 17,000 copies of the Scriptures to be printed for distribution among the schools of his realm.

Every man cannot become a Demosthenes, a Cyrus, a Franklin, or a Washington; but it is in the power of all to be wise and good.

Pleasures and pain are dealt out to us, in measures and at seasons we little dream of, by a power whose wisdom we dare not question.

There is a pig in Deerfield, one side of which is black as coal. What makes the fact still more wonderful is, that the other side is black also.

Those who purchase this paper will confer a favor on us by not loaning it to any one. Borrowers are always finding fault with a newspaper.—*Boston Daily Mail.*

The Proverb saith—Stealing never makes a man rich; alms never makes a man poor; and prayer never hinders a man's business.

A monument to the memory of Washington is to be erected at the seat of Government, the funds already obtained for it having amounted to $60,000.

Men are the artificers of their fortune, and whether success in life is their's or not, depend most frequently upon themselve alone.

In Mexico the custom is, when a duel is fought, to erect a cross on the spot, and every one that passes by throw a stone at the cross.

The farms of Belgium rarely exceed five acres, which support a family comfortably. Barley and hops are prominent articles of production.

Massachusetts Legislature.

Monday, Feb. 9.

The Senate was mostly occupied by corporations.

In the House it was ordered that the committee on the Judiciary inquire into the expediency of repealing the statute allowing the bodies of certain persons to be given to physicians for dissection.

Tuesday, Feb. 10.

The Senate was engaged on bills relative to *corporations.*

The House received from the Secretary of State, the number of special Congressional elections held since 1820, and said paper was ordered to be printed.

The resolves directing the Secretary of State to transmit a copy of all documents issuing from his office to each editor in the Commonwealth, passed to a third reading,after remarks in advocacy of the measure, by Mr Page of New Bedford.

Wednesday, Feb. 11.

Senate business as usual.

In the House by special assignment the bill concerning plurality elections came up at 12 o'clock. The motion of Mr Stevens of Andover, striking out the enacting clause of the bill to elect members of Congress at a third trial by plurality, and inserting election by plurality on the first ballot in all elections in the State.

Mr Taylor of Granby, and Hopkins of Northampton opposed, and the amendment was rejected by a vote of 60 to 121.

The question on electing members of Congress at the third trial by plurality then came up, and Mr Chandler of Boston moved an indefinite postponement. After remarks by several gentlemen in aid of the motion, the question was then taken by yeas and nays, and the bill lost by a vote of 160 to 73.

At 2 o'clock the House adjourned.

Thursday, Feb. 12.

Senate business as usual.

In the House Mr Denton made remarks on the insolvent laws.

In Convention the two branches chose Robert Campbell of Pittsfield, and James Russell of West Cambridge, directors of the Western Railroad Co.

Friday, Feb. 13.

Senate business same as it has almost invariably been.

In the House on motion of Mr Wilson of Natic, the bill relating to the arrival of Repealed Statutes was taken from the table, and put into the orders of the day for to-morrow.

At 12 o'clock, there being a great number of the members absent, some of whom were expected to speak on the above bill, on motion of Mr Green of Cambridge, a *roll call* was ordered with closed doors, and 199 members answered—nine of the absentees being from Boston.

The report of the conveyance of estate of guardians and deceased persons, was put into the orders of the day for to-morrow.

Congress.

Monday, Feb. 9.

In the Senate the Oregon correspondence was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Mr Cass's resolution, calling for information as to our defences on Lake Superior, was adopted.

The Bill for the augmentation of the Navy came up as the first business in order. Mr Westcott addressed the Senate at length, in favor of the increase proposed. He argued that the correspondence laid before Congress gave a new aspect to this question, and afforded an additional reason why the country should be defended.

In the House, Mr King of Ga., delivered a speech against the notice.

Mr J. Q. Adams succeeded him and defended the American title to the whole of Oregon.

Mr C. J. Ingersoll next took the floor, and delivered a very entertaining address of an hour.

At 3 o'clock precisely, the Chairman's hammer descended, and the voting began.

The previous question was demanded and ordered by the House, the question being on adopting the Report of the Committee of the Whole, which are in the following words, to wit:

Resolved, That the President of the United States cause notice to be given to the government of Great Britain that the convention between the United States of America and Great Britain, in relation to the Territory of the N. W. Coast, west of the Stony or Rocky Mountains, of the 6th of August, 1827, signed in London, shall be annulled and abrogated, twelve months after giving said notice.

Resolved, That the notice here contained is not intended to interfere with the right and discretion of the proper authorities of the two contending parties, to renew or pursue negotiations for an amicable settlement of the controversy respecting the Oregon question.

The question was then taken by yeas and nays and the resolutions were adopted—ayes 163, nays 54.

Tuesday Feb. 10.

In the Senate this was the day to which the Oregon Notice,reported from the committee on Foreign Affairs by Mr Allen, was postponed. The Resolutions and counter Resolution of Mr Hanegan and Mr Calhoun were made the special order also for this day. Mr Cass called up the subject, and it was taken up by a vote of 23 to 22.

Mr Allen then made his speech, as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, in favor of the Resolutions, and the assertion of our claim up to 54 degrees 40 minutes. He referred to the condition and policy of the five powers of Europe,—five *men*; or rather only four men, and one woman,—and showed that they were disposed, by their united strength,to interfere with the affairs of the American nations; of all which, this was the only one that could resist their power. He argued that Great Britain entertained no design to do us justice in regard to any thing, and that she would not relinquish Oregon.—He intimated that these allied powers had a common purpose, and one of them had formed a family alliance with the only monarchy in South America, and that they would make common cause for the purpose of extending their power and influence on the American continent.

Mr Allen did not finish his speech, and the Senate adjourned, leaving him on the floor for to-morrow.

The House received reports from Committees, mostly of a private nature.

The Fortification Bill was finally passed, with an amendment appropriating $300,000 for the armament of posts. The whole Bill appropriates $1,300,000.

The Revolutionary Pension Bill also passed.

Wednesday, Feb. 11.

In the Senate Resolutions were presented by Mr Cass, from the Legislature of Michigan, in favor of the assertion of the title of the U. States to the whole Oregon, up to 54 40.

Mr Allen, as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations,continued his speech in support of the Resolution reported from the Committee, for abrogation of the Convention of 1827. Mr Allen presented some very original and startling views. According to M. A.'s views, we are far from an adjustment of the Oregon question, for he strongly intimated that Great Britain had no other proposition to make, and that the question had now come to a crisis. He stated it as his opinion, that we should never have a fight against England alone, she would never attack us single-handed. He said that an alliance of foreign powers would be prevailed upon by England to interfere in this matter, for the purpose of insisting that Oregon should be an independent country, and a check to the power of the United States. He alluded particularly to France and Russia, the latter having a territorial interest in the same vicinity and the former having started the doctrine of a balance of power on the American continent.

The House to-day, did little or nothing, and but few of the members were present, being fatigued and worn out by the long and anxious sitting of the past week.

An amendment to the Revolutionary Pension Bill, appropriating about $1,700,000, so as to bring the marriage down to the year 1800, was debated at length in the Committee of the Whole, and was rejected by a vote of 103 to 37.

VALENTINE PRESENT.—"*Tell by Judas.*"—We received, last Monday, a letter mailed Nashua, N. H. On opening it we saw one of the prettiest little things we ever set eyes on, in the shape of a——*love-bar!* Who the fair donor is, or what her object can be, we can't imagine. To give our readers an insight into the mysterious *Valentine's day*, we clip the following from the American Encyclopædia:—

"St. Valentine, is called by some ecclesiastical writers bishop, but, according to others, was only a presbyter. He suffered martyrdom in the reign of the Emperor Claudius II., having been beheaded at Rome, and was early canonized. He was so eminently distinguished for his love and charity, that the custom of choosing Valentines, or special loving friends, on his day (Feb. 14,) is supposed by some to have originated from thence: others deduce it from the birds choosing their mates on this day; but it is more likely to be a corruption of a practice during the Roman *Lupercalia*, when the names of young women were put into a box, and drawn out by the young men."

A WORKING EDITOR.—A real worker is Dr Tabor, of the Northampton Democrat. In his last paper in reply to a suggestion of the Palmer Sentinel, which wishes him to finish his "articles upon the history of coffee," (and by the way we would join in the request of the Sentinel,) he says, "At this time we are acting as Editor, publisher, foreman, apprentice, and Printer's Devil, and working *every day* as we are now constantly doing either at the case or the press, and learning the printing business, we have no leisure to attend to it. The only time we have to fulfill our editorial duties, read our exchanges, and perform our scissoring, is in the evening after our regular ten hours' work.—*Greenfield Democrat.*

The Northampton Democrat says—"*A True Specimen of Meanness* is exhibited by those persons who return papers to an editor, and desire them to be stopped, without paying up arrearages, or even their own postage. Such meanness, editors have often to suffer, and also the loss of the *patronage* of such penurious scamps as will take a paper till the pay is demanded, and then discontinue it in a huff. To such noble *patrons* one may well say:—'*Good riddance to bad rubbish!*'"

That's it, Doctor.

We understand by the Northampton Democrat that a sudden death occurred in that town on Thursday last, at the Factory Village. It was an English woman who fell instantly dead while at work.—Cause unknown.

We understand that a case of seduction has lately come off in Springfield. The parties are an old man about 50 years of age, (the father of a large family) and a girl of 17. He was bound over in the sum of $300.

Hampden County Teachers' Association,

Will hold its next meeting at Westfield, on SATURDAY of the present week, Feb. 21st, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

All Teachers of the County are *earnestly desired* to be present. It is desirable that a full delegation should appear from the east side of the river. Every Teacher is requested to extend this notice and urge others to attend.

Several lectures will be delivered during the day; and many subjects profitable and interesting to Teachers will be presented. Meeting will close in time to return by the P. M. train of cars.

Per order of Association.

A. PARISH, Sec'y.

HUNT'S LINIMENT is sustaining a notoriety unequalled by any similar remedy. It requires no puffing to give it a reputation, it has been for some time, silently and surely securing it, and now when its beneficial effects have been experienced by so many the expressions of gratitude are continually appearing, and those who have been made whole by its means are desirous that the afflicted should no longer remain ignorant of its invaluable and infallible efficacy.

Mr Geo. E. Stanton, the Proprietor, is constantly receiving testimonials of wonderful cures, and many of the cures of the clergy almost exceed belief. In my own family and household, where the Liniment is used, it is considered indispensable. Mothers, who have had children afflicted with the Salt Rheum for years, have had them entirely cured by the use of a few bottles of the Liniment. Mechanics and Farmers, who have been troubled with Rheumatism, have found relief in its strength, and be most generous with his playmates in their youthful gambols, we must say the healthiness of them, and only a small lump on his back to remind him of his early sufferings.

The Liniment is sold by

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

Brighton Market.—*Monday, Feb. 16.*

At Market, 315 Beef Cattle, 1200 Sheep, and 760 Swine. 200 Swine have been before reported. 500 Store pigs and Swine among.

Prices—Beef Cattle—Last week's prices were fully maintained. We quote [illegible] Cows and Calves—[illegible] Sheep—Lots [illegible] Swine—Two lots of Swine were collected for the Cincinnati market, a distance of [illegible] miles. They appeared to be very fully sustained for Swine, either in lots or retail—nearly all of 4 droves remain unsold.

MARRIAGES.

In New York Feb 5d at St. Peters Church, by the Rev. Dr. Hugh Smith, Peter Hoffman Jr of Barre, to Miss Hannah M. Curtis of New York.

In Templeton Jan. 21st by Rev. Mr Washburn Mr Edson Higley, to Miss Sarah Swallow, both of T.

At Three Rivers on the 17th inst. by Rev. Mr Cudworth, Mr Freeman Smith of Amherst, to Miss [illegible] Bottomley of Palmer.

DEATHS.

In Ware 3d inst. Miss Susan King, daughter of the late William King, aged 29 yrs 7 mos.

In West Brookfield Feb. 7th, Mrs. Nancy M wife of Mr Virgil M. Sampson, 41.

In Amherst, Jan 25 Miss Rebecca Hawley, aged 19.

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

CARPETINGS AND FEATHERS,
CROCKERY, CHINA AND GLASS WARE,
Drugs, Medicines, and Paints,
W. GOODS & GROCERIES,
Flour, Salt, Lime, &c., &c.,
PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

NOTICE.

THE subscribers have fitted up a Counting-Room, in their *Store-House Building* near the track of the

Western Railroad;

where they may be found for the present. In consequence of the late disastrous fire, by which their store and stock of Goods were destroyed, they earnestly request all persons indebted to them by *Book account* or Note to settle the same without delay, and those having claims against us are requested to present the same. F. C. MERRICK & CO.

Palmer Depot, Feb. 17, 1846. 6-6t

MESSENGER'S NOTICE.

HAMPDEN, ss

ERASMUS D. BEACH, ESQ., a Master in Chancery, for the said county of Hampden, has issued a warrant against the estate of Hosea Beckard junior, of Palmer in said county, insolvent debtor and the payment of any debts and the delivery of any property belonging to said insolvent debtor, to him, or for his use and the transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law. A meeting of his creditors, will be held at the office of said Beach in Springfield, on the ninth day of March next, at 11 o'clock, A. M., for the proof of debts and the choice of an assignee or assignees.

ELISHA CONVERSE, Dep'y Sh'ff Messenger.

Springfield, Feb. 16, 1846. 6-3t

Table Cutlery.

THE undersigned having now in store a complete assortment of Knives and Forks, &c., they would invite those persons who are about commencing house-keeping, to call and examine the above goods, in connection with their extensive stock of Feathers, Carpetings, Crockery, Glass Ware, together with nearly all requisite furnishing goods

McGILVRAY & CO.

WANTED!

BY the subscribers to be delivered at the HOOP SHOP, near Palmer Depot, one hundred thousand White Oak and Walnut

HOOPS AND HOOP POLES,

averaging from 12 to 14 feet long, for which satisfactory prices will be given to be paid in goods at cash prices, at the Palmer Depot store. Samples of what is wanted can be seen and information obtained, by applying at the depot store, or calling upon A. C. CURRIER, Palmer Depot.

6 McGILVRAY & CO.

50 China Tea Setts,

OF new styles, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Silks! Silks!!

LADIES wishing for Rich Silks in a great variety of colors and qualities, can find them [illegible] wishes will be supplied and [illegible] to their [illegible] be found at any store in the State. Also [illegible] constantly at the Depot store.

McGILVRAY & CO.

Wanted Immediately!

A JOURNEYMAN Blacksmith is wishing to do custom work and shoeing. One that is well acquainted with shoeing [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

JOHN O. ALLEN

Palmer Depot, Feb. 16, 1846.

100 Packages Tea.

THE subscribers having [illegible] voice of Y. H. Sing [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

POETRY.

"She's nothing but a Country Girl!"

A young lady, daughter of an agriculturist, after having been introduced to a company of PROFESSED LADIES, in a neighboring city, heard one of them say to the others, in a low tone, accompanied with a scornful smile, "she's nothing but a country girl." Upon her return home, she sent the scornful Miss a note, which contained something like the following lines:—

I know that I'm a country girl,
And more than this I know,
That such far rather I would be,
Than her I'm writing to—
For pride of heart and scornful mien,
Detested are wherever seen.

A country-girl! and what is there
So dreadful in the name?
Though "verdant," yet I've too much sense,
For that to blush with shame;
For it will ever sound as well
To me, as that of a city belle.

I would not change my country home,
Where nature's scenes o'erspread,
For one where earth can scarce be seen,
Or blue sky overhead,
For all the wealth and splendid din
Your "languid beauties" revel in.

What think ye of our mother Eve,
Who dwelt in Eden fair?
No luxuries which gold procures,
Or dainties nice were there—
And as there were no cities then,
A country girl she must have been.

I hope for this you'll not deny
Your ancient parentage,
Unless yourself from all your race,
You wish to disengage—
If so, I pray let old and young
Be now informed from whence you sprung!

But if, as still I apprehend,
You are a girl of sense,
And that it is from pride of heart
You make such vain pretence,
Please now, humility of heart
Does to our sex new charms impart.

When next in some disdainful mood,
To say you are inclined,
"She's nothing but a country girl!"
This couplet bear in mind—
That scornful lip and haughty air
Ne'er made a homely face more fair.

What a Farmer Wants.

The Farmer wants a stable mind,
A purpose sure and steady,
To patient industry inclined—
For business always ready.

Good, careful habits, well infixed,
And judgment acting clearly,
To sift out truths with error mixed,
Though it should cost him dearly.

He wants a neat and prudent wife,
Who, when he earns, can save it;
Who kindly soothes the cares of life,
(Best gift of Him who gave it.)

He wants a snug and tidy farm,
And health and strength together;
A house and barn to keep all warm
In cold and rainy weather.

Heaven's blessing then must crown the whole,
Or all his hopes are blasted;
But with this resting on his soul,
The purest joys are tasted.

He then enjoys a bliss unknown
To those the world calls greatest;
Known only to the good alone,
The earliest and the latest.

HUMOROUS.

SCHOOL BOY WIT.—A poor old horse covered with wounds and pitiful sores, turned out to die by some cruel owner, found his way to the gate of the public school one day last week, where, he patiently studied away a starving existence. One of the boys fastened on his mane a paper with this notice:—

"*Wanted.*—A peck of oats. Enquire within."

A Yorkshire lad who had lately gone to service, having had salad served up for dinner every day for a week, ran away; and when asked why he had left his place, he replied:—"They made me eat grass i'th summer, and I wur afraid they'd make me yeat hay i'th winter—and I could not stond that, so I wur off."

A gentleman dining at a fashionable hotel, where servants were few and far between, despatched a lad among them for a cut of beef. After a very long time the lad returned, and placed the beef before the faint and hungry gentleman.

"Are you," said the gentleman, "the lad who took away my plate for this beef."

"Yes, sir."

"Bless, me!" resumed the hungry wit, "how you have grown since!"

"How many males were there in this family on the first day of June, under five years of age?"

"Males! what's that?"

"Boys, madam; how many boys were there?"

"Four."

"What! four under five years of age?"

"Yes, four."

"Some twins, I suppose, then?"

"No, there ain't no twins neither."

"How many males over five and under ten?"

"None of your business! You'll next ask how long I have been married. Its fine times if folks have got to tell all they have done in their lives!"

☞ Can you spell four score with two letters?—Yes, o, f, (eighty.)

AGRICULTURAL.

Neatness in Farming.

We have somewhere heard the remark that with the good farmer, everything gives way to his business—that utility is all, and appearance nothing; hence you are not to expect about his dwelling, his door-yard being cut up into mud by the farm-wagon and the manure cart, and the contiguity of barns, pig-pens, and kitchen, such as convenience, and not freedom from the peculiar odors of hog-yard and rich manure-heap may dictate.

Now to speak bluntly this is all nonsense. It so happens, that in farming, neatness and thrift invariably go together. The same love of order which prompts the farmer to clear his yard of broken barrels, old hoops, fragments of boards and sticks of wood, and whatever else defaces and defiles his premises,—also prompts him to have a place for every thing and every thing in its place, which is calculated to bear upon real and substantial profit.

Some of the very best farmers with whom we are acquainted,—whose eminent success and heavy profits, separate them in this respect in bold distinctness from the rest of their neighbors,—are patterns of neatness; and the touch of their hand in the expulsion of every kind of nuisance is visible all over their farms.—Their door-yards show that the master is "at home;" the barn-yard, which is not so near the house that all the butter and cheese manufactured is flavored with the effluvia, exhibits the same neatness, even where all the refuse of other places is collected for enriching in due time the rest of the farm. A farmer of our acquaintance, with 160 acres, in whose farm-yard we could scarcely ever discover a wisp of straw in the wrong place, remarked, "O, I don't attempt to make a great deal from my farm—I expend so much in improvements, that my clear profits are only about a thousand dollars a-year." Another of those neat farmers, in whose fields, cockle, docks, and chess, obtain no foothold, nor along whose fences, a solitary elder bush or nettle is even seen, raised twenty-seven hundred dollars worth of farm produce at the prices of 1844; and both of these farmers live in Western New York, where prices are comparatively low, entirely away from the peculiar advantages of market which nearness to great cities gives.

Now, let no one say that these remarks are made at the wrong season of the year, and that nothing can be done for neatness and order in the winter. The same general rule, in some shape or variation, has an almost infinite number of applications. The care of domestic animals in winter, needs pre-eminently the application of this rule. No animal can thrive well in the midst of dirt. Even a pig does not love dirt for dirt's sake—he only happens to be so much of a philosopher, or rather stoic, that he is willing to endure dirt for the sake of a soft and cool bed in summer; for it has been found that these animals thrive better and fatten much faster when kept clean and *well carried*.

Horses and cattle are often neglected in cleanliness. We have actually known some who did not clean the manure from their horse-stable for months, allowing it gradually to thicken under foot with accumulating litter till a foot in thickness,—and reasoning doubtless as the boy did who combed his hair once a month, and was astonished that such torture and trouble from the operation could be endured daily by other people. A farmer who does his own chores, can hardly afford to keep his horses so finely as the gentleman of wealth who has a man for no other purpose; but every one should have his stable floor perfectly clean at least twice every day, once in the morning, and once at night before littering, and oftener would be better. Remember that the oftener it is done the easier it is accomplished.

There are many other particulars where neatness may be attended to in winter.—Gate hinges and gate fastenings often need repair, that they may shut like clock work; boards become loose on old barns and board fences; tools become awkward for use, and need remodeling or renewing, and many other small matters, in doors and out, require attention. We are aware that to many of our readers, who are examples for others, such hints as the preceding are not applicable—to such we can say that they need not read them—like the man who chiseled on the stone at the fording place, "When the water comes to this stone, it is unsafe to cross."—*Albany Cultivator.*

Soiling.

Mr Shurtliff, of this village, an unpretending farmer, has a cow which he had kept in the yard during the summer. She has been kept on green fodder and corn meal.

This cow came in, Sept. 1841. One year from that time, to wit: Sept. 1842, for two days in succession, when she had her ordinary feed, she gave twelve quarts of milk each day—and there was no day, probably, in the year when she gave less, but many when she gave more. She is now good beef and will go to the shambles soon.

The quantity of milk which this cow gave in the course of the year, was not less than 1100 gallons; which at a shilling a gallon, would amount to more than $366.—*Worcester Spy.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Short Patent Sermons.

NEW SERIES—NO. 270.

To resume my labor of love, I will discourse this morning from the following text:—

He cheats himself, his neighbors too,
And, when from earth he passes,
Satan, to see his little soul,
Will have to put on his glasses.

My hearers—carefulness, vigilance, prudence, and economy are commendable qualities; but mercenary meanness and miserly avarice are almost too loathsome and detestable to be meddled with by any decent moral physician, like myself for instance. A germ of meanness, if it be not nipped at its first budding, will soon so overshadow and stunt every ennobling principle of the heart, that neither guano, fertalizing powders, nor all the manure of morality in creation will be able to make them flourish again. Man's soul, my friends, has an expandibility and a stretchativeness about it equal to India rubber.—When high, heaven-born, noble and generous thoughts are infused into it, it swells like a balloon, and rises into a purer and more ethereal element—far, far above the storms of debasing passion. In fact, it can't get down if it would, any more than an inflated blow fish can descend to wallow in its native mud. It scorns every dishonest deed, and spurns every low and niggardly practice. Pregnant with a generous and philantropic pride, sooner than take advantage of the weak, the defenceless and the fallen, you might expect the American eagle to prey upon the putred carcase of Mexico, or condescend to pick out the eyes of a prostrate nation. But when the human soul has long been exposed to the scorching rays of avarice, it becomes shrivelled up to fried shoe strings—nay, to the invisible atomy that concatenates with *nothing*. It becomes so insignificantly minute, that, ten millions like it, would rattle in a peanut shell.

My friends—too many of you (city folks especially) are over-inclined to meanness. I know some who are so vastly little—if I may be allowed the term—that, when they are brushed from earth into the devil's dust pan, the old chap will have to put on double-magnifying spectacles, and poke for a long while, among the rubbish of mortality, before he can find them. There's neighbor Tightfist, in some respects a worthy member of my congregation; and yet, I regret to say, that he is mean enough to chase a fat mosquito through a five-mile swamp for the sake of his suet. To his credit, however, he once made a sacrifice for the good cause by putting an unfortunate looking penny in the box, and going supperless to bed. And there's neighbor Grab, too; if he had the power, and could enrich himself thereby, he would brush the silvery stars from the firmament, snatch the golden sun from the sky, and sell the moon for old brass. If a sixpence were required at the gate of heaven, rather than pay the fee, I verily believe, he would rise from his resting place at midnight, and pick the lock with a tenpenny nail. Oh! you mean and pitiful pilgarlies! You think by cheating others, you enrich yourselves; but you cheat yourselves out of that contentedness and mental repose which the free-hearted, generous, philanthropic enjoy;—and which is worth more to a mortal than mountains of gold. By hording up every shilling you can get, you increase the burning thirst and intolerable itching for more; and when this incessant restlessness prevails happiness won't roost any more than birds will roost upon the nodding branches of the tree-top. The beautiful flowers of sentiment will fade in your cold bosoms—your tender feelings become like the parings of finger nails—philanthropy loses all its sweet liquor—your sympathies seem to be made of sole leather—you never feel the power and the poetry of love—you are perfect strangers to rational enjoyment. In short, your lives lead through a dark tunnel, at the farther end of which you appear to see nothing else than a sixpence glittering in the sun, and are forever shaking with the Jerusalem fidgets to get at it. If these be happiness, I have heretofore confounded the animal with some other creature that had hair on it.

Hints for Lovers.

If a youth is wooingly disposed towards any damsel, as he values his happiness, let him follow my advice; call on the lady when she least expects him, and take note of the appearance of all that is under her control. Observe if the shoe fits neatly, if the gloves are clean, and the hair well polished; and I would forgive a man for breaking off an engagement if he discovered a greasy novel hid away under the cushion of a sofa, or a hole in the garniture of the prettiest foot in the world.—Slovenliness will ever be avoided by a well-regulated mind as if it were a pestilence. A woman cannot always be what is called dressed, particularly one in middling or humble life, where her duty, and, it is consequently to be hoped, her pleasure lies, in superintending and assisting in all domestic matters; but she may be always neat—well appointed; and as certainly as a virtuous woman is a crown of glory to her husband, so surely is a slovenly one a crown of thorns.—*Mrs. C. Hall.*

A young friend of ours is possessed of rosy cheeks—very peculiar ones—which, did they embellish some female beauties we wot of, might prove very tempting to those biped bees who convert lip and cheek kisses into the sweetest honey. The "kitchen maid" of his boarding house—an honest, well-meaning piece of female clay—had noticed and "twigged" these ever-blooming rosy spots upon our friend's cheeks, and had finally come to the conclusion that art and nature, made them such. She was sure of it. She knew he painted; and she felt "werry peculiar" about it.

One morning, while eating her breakfast, she took occasion to broach the subject which so much occupied her mind.—Addressing herself to the good lady of the house, she said:—

"Duzn't Mr —— paint?"

"Paint!" said the lady, in surprise; "why no indeed."

"He paints, I *know* he duz!" exclaimed the maid, getting somewhat excited on the subject. "He duz paint," continued she, "and that's what makes his cheeks so red; and it's no sort of use to tell me he duzn't paint—for he duz, and that's the end on't."

The lady smiled good naturedly, and said no more. An hour or two after breakfast, she heard the maid coming down stairs like a wild steed, and the next moment open swung the door, and in she came with an air of triumph seldom witnessed.

"You say Mr —— duzn't paint, du you?" said she, very knowingly.

"Certainly I do," said the good woman.

"Wall, now, he duz paint, I know he duz—and I can prove it, tu;" saying which she held up in triumph to the gaze of her employer, about half a stick of—*red sealing wax.*

"There now," said she, "what do you think of that are? He duzn't paint, duz he? I told you he did, and I knowed it all the time. He nor you can't cheat me like that are."

Our good lady burst into a fit of laughter, such as she had not experienced for a long time. Finally, she informed the innocent maid of her mistake—told her what her supposed paint really was, and advised her not to say anything more on the subject. She carried the wax back, after testing its virtues for painting, saying, with a downcast look, "Wall, I guess he duzn't paint arter all."—*Me. Farmer.*

Dissipating Books.

Dr Mason of New York, in a recent lecture, reminded the young of his audience, that if they would not be mere cyphers, or worse than cyphers; that if they aspired to anything noble or valuable in character, the foundation must be laid now. It was in vain to think of spreading the prime of life in light reading, and becoming substantial honorable citizens afterwards.—Character was formed by the mental associations. If you associate now with light, impure, fictitious works, you unconsciously imbibe their spirit, and the evil lasts for life, and goes on, it is, to be feared, with never-ending progress of the soul.

To make a man worthy of the name, all parts of his nature, all the intellectual and moral powers, should be cultivated in due proportions. If by the popular reading of the day, you cultivate the imagination or the passions only, you make, instead of a well balanced mind, a monster of extravagance, or a pitiable object of fickleness and imbecility, not fitted for happiness, nor adapted to give quiet or comfort to any.

But, in regarding novels, you do not improve even the imagination; for instead of exercising your own, you only revel passively in the imaginings of another. You become his slave; and yielding yourself for years to such influences, it would be strange, if instead of anything like a healthful growth of the mind, you should not, as the result, become a cold, misanthropic, selfish being.

A man's mind will be proportioned to his object of pursuit. It can never be truly large, if its centre is self. Greatness implied goodness. The soul must be expanded, stimulated, invigorated by benevolence. Thus only can it be educated to grandeur, and kept in its proper orbit, as a creature of God and member of the human family.

The novel reader is in danger of becoming, not merely selfish, the child of passion and will, but utterly sensual and earthly, instead of the immortal, ever-rising, spiritual intelligence, which the Creator has made him capable of being.

You go to the novelist or the dramatist only for amusement—never for improving study, never for mental discipline, for motives to bear you on in noble and generous labors. You would as soon think of seeking stimulus to magnanimity and true greatness at the intoxicating cup. Away, then, from what sober reason and conscience condemns as foolish, as well as iniquitous. Time is too precious to be thus squandered.

☞ A gentleman, who had by a fall broken one of his ribs, was mentioning the circumstance and describing the pain he felt. A surgeon who was present, asked him if the injury he sustained was near the vertebræ?

"No sir," replied he, "it was within a few yards of the Court House!"

Why is flour like the earth?
Because it is ground.

A Word to Young Men.

Wishing and sighing, and imagining and dreaming of greatness, said William Wirt, will never make you great. But cannot a young man command his energies? Read Foster on decision of character. That book will tell you what is in your power to accomplish. You must gird up your loins and go to work with all the indomitable energy of Hannibal scaling the Alps. It is your duty to make the most of talents, time and opportunities.

Alfred; king of England, though he performed more business than any of his subjects, found time to study.

Franklin, in the midst of all of his labors, found time to dive to the depths of philosophy, and explored an untrodden path of science.

Frederick the Great, with an empire at his direction, in the midst of war, and on the eve of battle, found time to revel in all the charms of philosophy, and to feast himself on the luxuries of learning.

Bonaparte with Europe at his disposal, with kings at his ante-chamber begging for vacant thrones, and at the head of thousands of men whose destinies were suspended on his arbitrary pleasure, had time to converse with books.

And young men who are confined to labor on business even twelve hours a day, may take two hours of what is left for study, and which will amount to two months in a year.

Is that nothing? Ask Elihu Burritt.—Ask Simpson the great mathematician.—Ask Herschel, the first of astronomers.—Simpson worked at the weaver's loom, and Herschel was a poor fifer boy in the army.

Let your own experiment of what can be done in one year settle the question, whether to acquire useful information by regular and hard study, be praticable or desirable.

How to be Miserable.

Sit at the window and look over the way to your neighbor's excellent mansion, which he has recently built and paid for, and sigh out, "O, that I was a rich man!"

Get angry with your neighbor, and think you have not a friend in the world. Shed a tear or two, and take a walk in the burial ground, continually saying to yourself, "when shall I be buried here?"

Sign a note for a friend and never forget your kindness; and every hour in the day whisper to yourself, "I wonder if he will pay that note?"

Think every body means to cheat you. Closely examine every bill you take, and doubt its being genuine, till you have put the owner to a great deal of trouble. Believe every shilling passed to you is but a sixpence crossed, and express your doubts about your getting rid of it if you should take it.

Put confidence in no body and believe every man you trade with to be a rogue.

Never accommodate if you can possibly help it. Never visit the sick or afflicted, and never give a farthing to assist the poor.

Buy as cheap as you can and screw down to the lowest mill. Grind the faces and the hearts of the unfortunate.

Brood over your misfortunes; your lack of talents, and believe at no distant day you will come to want. Let the workhouse be ever in your mind, with all the horrors of distress and poverty.

Then you will be miserable to your heart's content, (if we so speak) sick at heart and at variance with all the world. Nothing will cheer or encourage you; nothing will throw a gleam of sunshine or a ray of warmth into your heart. All will be as dark and as cheerless as the grave.

Beauty.

Let me see a female possessing the beauty of a meek and modest deportment; of an eye that bespeaks intelligence and purity within; of lips that speak no guile;—let me see in her a kind, benevolent disposition—a heart that can sympathize with distress—and I will never ask for beauty that dwells in "ruby lips," or "flowing tresses," or "snowy hands," or the forty other et ceterus upon which our poets have harped so many ages. These fade when touched by the hand of time, but those ever enduring qualities of the heart shall outlive the reign of time, and grow brighter and fresher as the ages of eternity roll away.

It is said that Bronchitis, and all similar affections may be prevented by bathing the neck and breast every morning with cold water. The experiment is at least worth a trial.

The rum bottle is the devil's crucible in which he melts down all the good of man's nature.

THE RESPONSES.—An ignorant fellow being about to be married, resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the service; but by mistake he got by heart the office of baptism for riper years; so when he was asked in the church,

"Will you have this woman?" he answered—

"I renounce them all."

The clergyman said, "I think you are a fool.

To which he replied, "all this I steadfastly believe."

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SELECTED TALE.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

Our Hannah's Thanksgiving.

A New England Story.

BY M. HASTING WELD.

CHAPTER I.

It was an evening late in autumn. Farmer Burke entered his roomy kitchen with a pile of wood upon his arms which might have frightened an ordinary dray-horse into contumacy, but which the sturdy farmer seemed as little to regard as a lady would the weight of her fan. Dropping it upon the hearth close to the fire-irons, with the racket of a small earthquake, he drew back a step or two, and with several heavy stamps, scattered a storm of snow from his legs upon a circle several feet in circumference. Puss, in the corner, who had merely contracted her eye-brows in disgust, at the noise with which the wood was dropped, jumped up, highly indignant as the snow fell upon her back, and retreated with scampering bounds to a safe distance from the shower. The farmer's little son, who had watched his father's movements with the curious interest which children always show when the first snow of the season is brought into the house, clapped his hands, and shouted with glee at the cat's discomfiture; while he made a manly merit of standing stock still, without a "whimper," and permitting the snow which had been thrown upon his head to melt among his flaxen hair.

The farmer, after a pleased look at the little domestic incidents, proceeded according to rule, to replenish the fire. Raking open a bed of coals, which would have seemed a Vesuvius crater to a city economist in fuel, he deposited at the back of the deep fire-place an enormous log, and placed upon the top of that its mate, scarcely less in size. "Back-log" and "back-stick" thus planted, another huge piece of a tree trunk was placed upon the fire-dogs as a "fore-stick," and then the remains of the former fire were piled upon this ample foundation in a glowing pyramid. For a few moments it seemed as if the ice and snow upon the wood might defeat the purpose for which it was piled upon the fire. Streams of water and sap ran down in miniature rivers, while the drops which fell from the heated fire-dogs fizzed and spluttered. The heap of coals proved too much, however, for the ice-crusted bark, and the fire soon blazed up merrily, the farmer's honest face, with its deep shadows in the furrows shining in the light as he stood admiring his handiwork. His stalwart frame threw a gigantic shadow along the floor, which might have made him of Gath mistake the farmer for his kinsman. But a person more potent than Goliath, so far as Mr Burke was concerned was at hand. While the farmer complacently watched the evaporation of snow and moisture from his feet and legs, his wife came bustling in, and elbowing him aside, said, in a good-natured pet,—

"Well, I do declare, Mr Burke, a body might as well do for herself, as trust you men to do anything! you have brought in the wood, sure enough, but what a nice mess you have made of my clean hearth!"

The busy housewife soon "put things to rights," as the Yankee phrase is. The litter and confusion, ashes and rivulets disappeared before her broom, the cat resumed her contemplations in the corner, and the tidy air of everything made her husband remark, while he kept a safe distance from his wife's besom, that he believed women *were* good for something, after all!

"Aint they Hannah?" he asked, as the young woman addressed entered the apartment.

"Oh, you needn't tease Hannah with any of your nonsense," said the wife, laughing, she has something to do besides listening to it."

"Saves her ears for younger men's nonsense, I suppose,—hey, Hannah? Will he be here to-night?" the farmer roguishly asked; "Will he come home to Thanksgiving?"

Women are all alike, in farm-house and in town, in palace and in cottage, when it comes to rallying them about the affairs of the heart. They are in duty bound to be, or seem to be, very profoundly astonished, and very much offended, indeed. Hannah acted her part as well, from intuitive knowledge, as if she had a coquette's experience. Farmer Burke, after amusing himself a little further with the damsel's half-vexation, half-pleasure, while his wife, pretending to be the girl's friend, constantly played into the hands of her tormentor, bethought himself of finishing his out-door work for the wintry night. Pretending to be very much afraid of some household missile, which Hannah, with equal sincerity, feigned to be about to throw at him, he went out to take his last look for the day after the comfort of his cattle.

"Don't you bring any more snow in with you?" shouted his wife after him.

"Salt the sheep with your wit, father!" added Hannah. But although she had so emphatically disclaimed the expectation that any "*he*" would come, she did feel very sure of such an arrival, and, in her heart, very grateful for the day of Thanksgiving, which, in New England, brings home all the wanderers who can possibly pay proper heed to the Governor's proclamation. It is an American festival, and a glorious one, too—sending its kindly influences over all the days in the three hundred and sixty-five: for the reminiscences of one year scarce become dim, before the anticipations of the next begin to brighten. Parents and children and brothers and sisters, separated by the chances and changes of the world, re-assembled around the paternal board, learn better to know, and deeper to love each other. In the revival of their earlier, holier, and more simple and natural affections and impulses, they gather new strength for the performance of their several duties. Thanksgiving is furthermore a great *match-making* period and wedding era. The collegian from his books, the apprentice and other young cits from their occupations, and the young man "settled in the world" at a distance, all coming home, are apt in the hilarity and good humor, the freedom and hearty welcome of the "old place," to find themselves caught by some charmer before they are aware of their danger. Well do the young women understand the "times and seasons."

The farmer's wife looked at Hannah with a quiet and intelligent smile, as the maiden showed herself more than usually careful and industrious in making the apartment pleasant and comfortable. Very soon the bright light of the huge fire shone upon a scene of as substantial comfort and happiness as heart could desire. Its cheerful blaze showed the home made candle, with its flickering wick, into the shade, and revealed, upon the walls, the fanciful shapes of many a member of the aristocratic branch of the pumpkin family.—They hung in lieu of heraldic sign and baronial trophy; and if they did not perpetuate the deeds of an ancient line of freebooters, their high breeding testified to the agricultural skill of Farmer Burke, in raising none but most approved and *recherche* varieties of the best crook-necks. Other apposite garniture of the kitchen of a farmer, contented, "well-to-do," and "before-handed," hung upon the walls.

The steam escaping from the tell-tale oven, betrayed the circumstance, that more than its ordinary duties were imposed upon it, and the evidences of its labor done stood upon the shelves or "dressers," at the side of the room, which groaned under the weight of food enough for a regiment. Pies of apple, and mince, and squash, and pumpkin, tarts, and all the other culinary mysteries of the country kitchen, seemed to have sent the rosy face of the old-fashioned clock in the opposite corner contentedly to bed, while, like a dozing glutton, it talked in its sleep, and ticked away the hours which must intervene before the discussion of these edibles could be entered upon.

Hannah had given the hearth its last "dust," drawn the "light stand" to the fire, placed the father's chair in its accustomed place, and the mother's opposite, and put three or four apples down to roast, and a mug of cider near the fire to warm, when the father returned, and hanging up his hat on its accustomed peg, seated himself to enjoy these creature comforts.

"Bribery and corruptions," said the old man, as he held his bony hands to the fire, and then rubbed them with a friction which seemed as if it might have ground nutmegs.—"bribery and corruption! I see that Hannah is trying to buy me off from saying anything more about *him!* But I always thought she bought that ribbon to wear in company, and I can't see as there's anybody here now more than our own folks?"

"Gracious, Mr Burke," said the wife, "how you do run on! You plague the child's life almost out. But I can tell her if she humors her husband half as much as she has done her silly old father, she will be a slave to him as long as she lives, and too his children after him."

Farmer Burke cogitated within himself, at this home thrust, a reply which should serve as a double answer to his wife and daughter, but when he raised his head to it, he found his wife looking thoughtfully into the fire, and Hannah in tears, her eyes shaded by her hand. As the reader will have guessed, an important change was about to take place in Hannah's life—a change which would make the first inroad into the family circle. The eve of a wedding is, in a happy family, a thoughtful season, a time of mingled joy and grief. The daughter, despite of her fond anticipations of happiness in her new home, was overcome by her emotions at leaving the cheerful fireside where she had so long received and given comfort and assistance. She ran over in her mind her life, from her infancy up, and at every remembered instance of her father's kindness, and of her mother's love, and at every recollection with which her brother and sisters were associated, her treacherous eyelids betrayed her, and she could not contain her tears. The mother, who could appreciate her daughter's emotions, also busily reviewed her own experience, and looked back many years to the day when in her youth she took leave of her father's fire-side.

Nor are we to imagine that Farmer Burke was unmoved or insensible. He had, indeed, thought as much and as deeply, as either mother or daughter. His wife understood the evidence of this which he had given in the forced jokes which he had uttered to conceal the actual state of his mind. In this way, the kind, but rough old man had thought not only to conceal his own emotion, but to dissipate the gloom which he detected creeping occasionally over the anxious faces of his wife and daughter. But now the masks had now fallen off all around, and no one of the three needed words to interpret the other's thoughts. Thus they sat, in pensive silence, until Mrs Burke, with a woman's tact, made a diversion by saying,—

"Come Hannah you are letting your apples burn on one side, and freeze on the other!"

Upon this hint a pleasant little bustle relieved the silence.

"Now, father, the tongs!" said Hannah, and the old gentleman placed that useful implement as a lever beneath the wood, while Hannah drew out the iron dog, and inserted its red foot in the pitcher. The cider foamed up with a buzz and an odor which might have moistened the salivary glands of Jupiter himself—and he never had a more charming cup-bearer than our Hannah. The conversation, now that a certain subject seemed to be laid, though not formally broached, became busy and unreserved. The father threw aside his air of joking indifference, and conversed freely and kindly upon a separation to which necessity and a disinterested love of his daughter reconciled him, although it grieved him sore to lose from his household the child of his youth.

The long evening passed away—and Hannah more than once arose, as the jingling sleigh bells approached the house—but none stopped before the farmer's gate. The anxiously expected visitor did not arrive. Was it accident, illness, that delayed him? Could it be death? Or worse than death, was it indifference, coldness, desertion? Such things had happened.—Father and mother suggested a thousand reasons for the disappointment, each sufficient in itself, if it could only have been shown that it had any other foundation than fancy. Hannah said nothing, except to answer mechanically, yes, or no, as she perceived her parents desired and expected.

At length, for thus he always closed the day, the father turned to

"The family Bible, which lay on the stand."

Like the Ark of the Covenant to the great family of Israel, this book was to the household the token of God's presence, the centre of their hopes and fears and reverence, the visible family altar. Its leaves were consecrated to the memory of dear friends now in the grave. Every line of its text, every inch of its margin, every thread in its well kept green baize cover, say, the very table on which it rested, was hallowed by associations connected with the pleasant memories of those who, being dead yet spake by their reverend examples and their never forgotten precepts.—And in this book, as the chosen people anciently laid up their records before the Lord in the Temple, the births, marriages, and deaths of the family and kindred were recorded. Farmer Burke dwelt a moment on the space where the name of Hannah and her husband would soon be inserted, and then turned to the words of king Lemuel, which Solomon has recorded as a caution and example for a virtuous woman.

Then followed the prayer. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh; but one could hardly realize that the old gentleman, who an hour or two since joked his daughter so unmercifully, could pray so fervently and eloquently for her future welfare. But in the midst of the prayer, their ears were startled by approaching bells. Nearer they drew and nearer—the sleigh drew up at the door.—And now the old gentleman, aware of his daughter's feelings, and not a little pleased himself, in all the reserved portions of his prayer for all nations and kindred and dowering the doxology upon the middle of the performance, hurried to the door to meet—

Hannah's lover's fellow, who had come to inquire if Farmer Burke, or any of his folks could guess, judge, or calculate "what in natur had become of his son, John?"

Poor Hannah! She slept very little that night.

CHAPTER II.

The glory of a New England winter day, its literal glory, brighter than the eye can bear, is in the clear, cold, bracing, brilliant morning. The snow, which on the day preceding melted on the house-tops, and rocks and trees, hangs in dazzling drops, from which the light of the early sun dances in myriads of sparkling rays. The fields are coated far and wide with dazzling silver. The smoke of the chimneys tends straight up in delicate columns, contrasting, yet harmonizing with the clear, cold, sky. Every sound comes well pronounced and distinct to the ear; now the blow of an axe, now the noise of some play ful dog, now the clear laugh of some hilarious urchin, now the more than human jingle as the smoking horse dashes by you, and now comes the dolorous squeak-e-q-u-e-a-k of some heavy sled, or unseasonable cart-wheel. The patient oxen, with their ice-bearded dew-laps, step doggedly forward, putting down each foot as they proceed, as if they have a knowledge and wood concerned purpose in every step. Boys and men, well muffled in woollen neck-cloths and comforters, and women clothed in substantial fabrics, with heavy shoes, and now and then a pair of father's heavy stockings drawn over all, move briskly about, as if they had an eager and bounding life in them. Every sight is clear, and every sound, like the breaking of the snow under the foot, short and crisp.

All things appeared fitted for the season, the earth and sky, the people and the cattle, and the very fodder thrown upon the top of the sled, for the use of the cattle on the journey, looks as if it was placed there to keep the load warm.

On this Thanksgiving morning, a part of these signs and sounds were absent; lying the excess of others, and some strange ones peculiar to the day, supplied their places. If there were no sleds, there were the more sleighs. If the woodman's axe did not startle the echoes, now and then was heard the crack of the rifle or the report of a fowling piece, in the hands of some hobbledehoy, who could not be persuaded to keep his hands off the trigger until after dinner. But these irreverent noises ceased, when the "first bell" sounded loud and clear from the old Meeting House to warn the good people to hurry their shaving and ablutory operations, to be in season for the day's services.

Many were the happy meetings that day. Visitors to the houses of their parents exchanged greetings with friends whom they had not seen before for a twelvemonth, and now rejoiced to meet in health and peace. Looks of admiration, and honest exclamations of "How you've grown!" to the young,—and "How well you look!" to the old; declarations of delight, in charming children now introduced to the fathers of their fathers; the blushing joy of maidens at finding that eyes which they were familiar, had not forgotten in absence to seek their old signals of recognition; hearty grasps of the hand, and in many a case we suspect, a hearty kiss. All these things, and more, marked the general joy, and spoke plainer than words could do, the Thanksgiving of the Heart.

It must not be supposed, however, that no one was sick and sorrowful amid this rejoicing. Within sound of the church bells, under the very eaves of the sanctuary, lay one to whom the bright earth was about to close forever. Through a crevice in the shutters, a faint, but well marked ray of light was painted on the ceiling of the darkened room; and as the widow's eye counted, shadow after shadow, passing like shifting parallels over this light path, she knew, as they all moved one way that the meeting house was filling with grateful worshippers. And has she, the bed-ridden and destitute, nothing to be grateful for? Oh yes, much. Her friends had cared for her earthly comfort, and in all her sickness, though so far as her own means went, she was indeed destitute, the watchful and unobtrusive care of the humane had guarded against any suffering which attention could alleviate or remove. And now, upon the festive day, chairs and table, and cellar and store-room were filled with the offerings of those who acted upon the precept. "To do good, and to distribute forget not." Better than all, her peace was made, and she was ready to depart;—ready? We should have said *almost*. The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and the widow wept an erring daughter, and the pride of her mother.—Now in view of these scenes of wickedness and woe, Hannah wondered, that mother could not tell.

A light step in the room disturbed her reverie, and our Hannah stood by her bedside. After a few kind words of consolation and of gratitude were exchanged Hannah asked, "Can I do any thing for you?" The widow gently shook her head. "And are you resigned and happy?"

"I ought to be happy," answered the dying woman, "and try to be resigned—but oh, Hannah, Hannah! If I could but see my unhappy child once more before I die!"

Here the visitor could offer no consolation, and she did not mock the sufferer with the attempt. Bending over the bed, she took her hand with a look upon the widow's pale forehead, and as she went forth, she felt that it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting. What was the disappointment occasioned to the sufferings of this poor woman? And with a mind more serene than the former in which she left home, and a heart inclined to gratitude by her visit to another, she joined with composure in the greetings with which, in the public Thanksgiving

She could not help a latent hope, which would come in to interrupt her devotions, and distract her attention that when she went home to dinner she should find the dilatory lover there to meet her. She imagined him although in very contemptuous terms, to all of which one smile on her part was to very dear for a little while, just to give him his last lover's permission to be a witness of her very pity, and then as we have stated, was that appointed for the wedding. This was a circumstance which made his conduct all the more unaccountable, and, until explained, the more grievous. Did he dread now, what he had professed to look forward to with so much happiness? Was marriage like a disagreeable dose, which the patient must not see or smell, till ready to gulp and swallow it? Was it a mere a secondary affair, which he purposed to attend to between worse, without previous conversation with the other party in the contract? Or, grief affection would not let her busy fears sleep, had some terrible misfortune overtaken him, the news of which was coming, upon her wedding day, to crush her widowed heart at the very threshold!

These things pressed hard upon Hannah's mind, as her bridegroom's father met her on coming out of church, and with a hurried and troubled, but kind "D'ye do, Hannah?" passed on. He had heard no news then! With a strong effort she managed to maintain her composure sufficiently to answer the greetings and evade the questions of her many friends, as she hastened home. One look in the sitting-room—he was not there! She hastened to her own apartment, and tossing her bonnet aside, threw herself upon the bed, and burying her face in the pillows, gave loose to her long pent-up tears of grief, vexation—shame that thus innocently she should be made, as she felt she must be, an object of thoughtful curiosity and pity!

Her mother, who had followed her upstairs, looked in upon her an instant, and thought, with considerate kindness, to steal back again, unperceived. But Hannah's quick ear had caught her footsteps and rallying herself, she rose, and dried the traces of tears from her face, determined, if the worst came to the worst, to conceal her grief in her own heart, and put herself above compassion. The Thanksgiving dinner was a gloomy one indeed.—Hannah labored to force a conversation, but her father and mother were too much preoccupied, the former in his reflections, the latter in her sorrow, to second her. Many a quick, an anxious look Hannah cast and each had been exercised, was left unnoticed and thus dreary went over an occasion, on which the parties had fondly counted as one of joy.

Three—almost four o'clock—and no tidings of the bridegroom!

CHAPTER III.

While the family of Farmer Burke were wondering at home, the village was full of more substantial gossip. A late comer to thanksgiving brought a report, which had put all the settlement in an uproar against the absentee. His father, to whose ear it came, lost no time in tracing it to the narrator, and was compelled to the admission that appearances were so much against his son, that all that even a father's partiality could do, was to wait, and see, and hear the accused, before he utterly condemned him. He had a faint hope, that the young man would that very day appear and exculpate himself and therefore deferred to the last possible moment, all communication with Hannah and her parents.

By the wish of Hannah, everything proceeded at her father's house, as if there were no doubt or uncertainty. The rooms were prepared for the guests. The bride's maid decked her for the ceremony, as if the bridegroom were already there. The early comers to a country wedding soon began to arrive, many out of curiosity, to hear the news, and to wonder what would be done with the cake and wine, if the truant had, indeed, done all that scandal now asserted. But except that Mrs Burke, as she received her guests, looked perplexed and thoughtful, and that Mr Burke did not deliver his opinions on matters and things in general with the usual freedom, nothing could be perceived different from the usual preliminaries to all weddings.

At last came the bridegroom's father.—He took Mr Burke into a side-room—his wife, both wives followed. Scarce had they closed the door to keep out listeners, some of whom were ready to rush to the door to hear the news, when it opened again, and Hannah appeared. Her countenance betrayed its agitation, but her manner, as she passed to the side of her mother, gave her support, as the proceedings commenced, of which herself was the object. The bridegroom's father, with some hesitation, and much feeling, commenced by saying that the absence of his son was a source of as much pain to him, as it could possibly be to any one. Hannah's lips slightly quivered, but she did not interrupt his son, but he was pained, to say that a young man who had reached home that afternoon had passed him on the road, under circumstances that made it doubtful whether he could ever presume to show himself again, to his friends or family.—Joseph Yates—

"What?" interrupted Mr Burke, "Jo. Yates! A man they had to flog house! and if he's the witness, we must have better before we believe."

"Unfortunately," said the other, "he is just the best witness in a case like this.—He says he passed my son in a sleigh this morning, with a woman who tried to hide her face, but whom he knows to be one of the most abandoned in the city."

A pause followed, but no answer. The unhappy father continued.—"Now I have as strong hopes of my boy as a man could have, but such a thing as this, and on his wedding day too, and in a manner so open and ungodly. I can't overlook. Joseph says that he was just as free and 'chipper' with himself as if he had been racing with his mother, for he drove along on of a mine at his side, to make sure of the woman, and see if the man wouldn't blush."

There was a tap at the door. "Come in!" shouted Farmer Burke, who now felt as if the murder was out, and he did not care who knew it.

The clergyman walked into the room at the summons, and behind him, the bridegroom! There was not a little constraint in the greetings, but less in Hannah's manner than in any.

"There is a great call for diverse duties in our profession," said the person, moralizing as he warmed his fingers. "I have just left the dying bed of a poor widow."

A shade of color and emotion came into Hannah's face as she asked, "Has her daughter come home, do you know, sir?"

"Yes she is there, and a most affecting return of the prodigal it was, too," replied the clergyman. He had not finished his answer, before Hannah had, unseen, crossed the room, and vanished flowing into her mother's arms. Farmer Burke instantly slapped his back against the door—

"No a word of noise! Not a loud word!" he said. "She will soon come out of it, I warrant you; and I can see our way through now, clean as a new pin!—Hannah Burke always knew what she was about!"

The women did soon fidget Hannah back to consciousness, and the bloom on her cheek in a few moments exceeded her former paleness. Everything was soon formally explained, as Hannah's quick perception had divined. The bridegroom had waited a day, at the solicitation of the repentant girl, to bring her home to the bedside of her dying mother. She had sought him out to prefer the request, feeling that

it was such a favor as a good man can grant, while profligates, like his traducers, have not character sufficient to bear them out in doing well openly, under any questionable circumstances.

We need not say that the wedding was a cheerful one, and that OUR HANNAH'S THANKSGIVING, despite its unauspicious opening, was the happiest of her life. After the guests had left the house the family, with its new member, drew out to the kitchen, and busily talked over and over again, the occurrences of the day. "Why, where's father?" Hannah asked at length, as she suddenly missed him.

His stamp was heard in the passage and in a moment more Farmer Burke approached the fire-place, with a Pelion upon Ossa of wood upon his arms."

"Why what *is* the man thinking of?" said his wife, jumping up and screaming with laughter. "Does he fancy any body here wants to sit by the fire all night?"

The little boy, who had kept out of bed, under cover of the wedding, laughed,—he knew not why, but Hannah neither laughed nor looked up. The old man answered with assumed innocence.—"Well, I did not know." His wife with a judicious box or two on the ear drove him out of the room before her, and called her son after her. Hannah followed to the passage, and stopped her father's last joke, whatever it might have been, with "good night and pleasant dreams to you, for a good-hearted, good-for-nothing old tease of a kind father, as you always have been!"

Don't Laugh at Her.

Don't laugh at that girl. She has but just come among you, and, perhaps, is from some country village, where her manners and apparel were more fashionable than here. She may have left some little cottage—and a poor father and mother, and the very apparel at which you laugh may have cost her many an hour of unceasing toil—and she has feelings as well as you, She has come among you for the purpose of earning more than she can at home. Her bonnet, it is true, is not as fashionable, or as fashionably put on as yours, but she will procure one as soon as possible, and perhaps your laughter may induce her to run in debt for it, even before she has earned money sufficient to purchase it. Neither is her waist so small as yours, and you know, by experience, how much misery it will cost her to reduce it from its natural size. You know the feelings you experienced when, for the first time the corsets were drawn around you, and your jest may force her to draw them more tightly than you did. And her bustle is neither of the right size, nor does it hang as gracefully as yours. Yet she will learn, by and by how to form and proportion it, Therefore don't laugh at her, but remember that she is young, and treat her kindly. Your sportive jests may cost her even her life, or she may ruin her character to purchase those articles of dress which you enjoy.—*Wreath and Garland.*

A Pretty Face.

Yes, your friend has a pretty face, and that is all you can say. Her skin is fair, her eyes brilliant, and her lips are like a "crushed rose leaf." Beautiful to look upon—but what is her mind? Vanity lives in her bosom, and pride makes her actions detestable. And her form, what is it?

There are many such who have nothing but pretty faces to recommend them. Devoting much time and attention to look well, they seldom study, and are therefore deficient in intellectual acquirements.—Besides they are lazy creatures. Who rise early to iron and bake? Their mothers. Who scrub the floor, mend the stockings, and wash the dishes? Their mothers do all, while their beautiful daughters are standing before the glass, adjusting their hair, and fixing their dress. As wives what are they good for? A man better live single all his days, than to unite himself to a vain, proud and lazy young woman. He cannot live happy with her, unless he has a fortune for her to squander. Our advice is, look to the heart.—Study the character and not be carried away by a fair skin and pretty mouth, or a laughing eye.—*Portland Tribune.*

The Consumation.

'Twas twilight. Seated at a door in a moss-covered cottage, was the pride of the village—lovely Phebe. Her finely moulded form—her exquisite and voluptuous bust—her classic and beautifully chisselled features—her sweet lips—teeth of pearly whiteness—and such eyes!—two drops of liquid azure set in snow! and combined, 'twas enough to melt the heart of an anchorite!

Beside this angel knelt a youth, whose cheek, pale as ashes, told the tale—he was in love! "Tell me," said he in trembling accents—"Tell me this night my fate.—Keep me in agony no longer. Tell me what sacrifice I shall undergo for you—you, my soul's idol! Command me to perform a pilgrimage around this earth on burning coals—and it shall be done. Anything—anything, but cast me not off.—Plant a dagger in my heart, but keep me in suspense no longer. Say, lovely Phebe—will you—*will you be mine?*" He trembled—his heart throbbed—she saw he was ready to swoon—a crimson flush mantled her cheek—

Like the rich sunset 'neath Italy's sky.

She took his hand in her tiny fingers—put her smiling lips to his ear, and whispered—

"Obed—*I shan't be nothin' else!*"

A Weardale doctor was lately summoned to a cottage, at Harwood-in-Teasdale, and found a boy-patient in need of his services. "Put out your tongue," said the doctor.

The lad stared like a gawvison.

"My good boy," repeated the medical man, "let me see your tongue."

"Talk English, doctor," said the mother, then turning to her son she cried: "Hoppen thy gobblet, and push out thy lolliker!" the lad rolled out his tongue in a moment.

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, Feb. 26, 1846.

COURT OF INQUIRY.—*Charles Stearns.*—Most of our readers may be aware that a Court of Inquiry, composed of Gen. Wool, Gen. Cooper, Col. McLaughlin and Lieut. Shrivner of the United States Army is in session in Springfield, for the purpose of investigating charges preferred against Major Ripley Superintendent of the Armory in that place. The charges are made by several citizens of Springfield without political distinction, and are mainly, that the Superintendent has exercised an arbitrary power, in removing competent workmen, and in substitution of those unqualified for their places,—extravagance, and an effort to control the public press. The Court has been in session now more than a week, and but few witnesses have been examined, and their testimony, at the request of the Court is not to be published till the close of its session. What facts will be disclosed by the inquiry, we deem of little moment compared with the gross injustice a military superintendency of civil institutions must entail upon our country; and that Government is resting in wrong, that will permit an investigation like the one in question, with no intention of rooting out the system of the military superintendency of our Armories. It may be admitted that the investigation is due to the citizens wronged, and undoubtedly it is. But suppose Major Ripley is removed, what boots it if another "*military chieftain*" of like education, habits, and views, is put in his place. This superficial pruning is nothing but mockery;—put the axe to the root of the tree, and let the manufacture of National Arms pass from military to civil rule. A man educated for the "*tented field*"—a manufacturer of arms than a blacksmith to mend watches. He may be educated as our *military* men are, at West Point and they may *possibly* handle a sword and musket, but they are, we imagine, little used to that, or the field. They know more of our fashionable hotels than of military fields, and are better initiated to the report of champagne bottles than the discharge of musketry. Let men educated in the civil walks of life—the educated and intelligent mechanic superintend the manufactories of our National arms, and instead of our muskets costing seventy dollars, they will be manufactured for a quarter of the sum.—One of the foremost of the petitioners for the investigation stands Charles Stearns, and whatever may be the result of the Inquiry, whether Mr Ripley is discharged or not, the armorers and all the friends of humanity will be under a debt of gratitude to this gentleman for his efforts in their behalf. Those who heard his testimony must award him the merit of purity of purpose and a strong desire to do good to his fellow-man. He saw forty men discharged from their employment by Major Ripley, he listened to their story, and of the wants of their families. He entreated of Maj. Ripley to give them employment, but the prayer of humanity found no door to his heart. Mr Stearns visited Washington and laid the subject before Col. Talcott, who only had the power to advise—not to enforce—and the men were unemployed. The superintendency was fixed by Law—by our American Congress, and while our military men—the thirsty vampires of our Nations honor and perpetuity, were revelling in luxury and ease, the hard-handed mechanic—the man of toil was deprived of the means of subsistence by our own *Republican* Governmental Ordinance Board. Honor to Charles Stearns for his labor in behalf of the wronged laborer:—the philanthropic heart pulsates pæans of praise to his name, and the friends of humanity will every where honor his intention and labors.

APOLOGETIC.—We ought before this to have apologized to our readers for the poor quality of our paper. We purchased our paper of Mr Ames of Springfield, and paid him before it was manufactured. We paid cash down at a price the same as the Hampden Washingtonian, and the Manufacturer promised that it should be of the same quality. Our readers on comparison of paper can easily tell where the wrong, if any, lies. We have only four or five weeks stock on hand, after it is exhausted, we promise a better quality of paper, which will add much to the appearance of our sheet. Some of the sheets would hardly cover the form. Perhaps Mr Ames thought we was little "*green*," and couldn't tell good paper. He is welcome to all he makes out of us.

☞ We publish the following communication from a gentleman of the centre of Palmer, and as it appears in explanation of the course pursued by the citizens of the centre. We have no interest in the matter, and in publishing it, we wish it to be understood that we stand "independent" as regards the subject of a new town house. EDS.

For The Sentinel

TO THE PUBLIC.—It appears to be a query in the minds of many men, why the centre petitioned for a town house at the 4 corners, (so called) we will try to solve the question. We had no idea the town would vote to build a house at that place, but through particular request and influence of a certain gentleman, not 100 miles south of the above 4 corners, the article was inserted. This same gentleman pledged himself that he would go heart and hand with us for the centre; but if we failed we would break up and go for 4 corners; but said he had no thoughts of carrying the vote, neither did he desire to, for he thought the centre was the spot before any other. But we have been credibly informed that this same above gentleman, used his utmost endeavors a week before the meeting was to be held. Is this not deception, (or call it what you please.)—Now, gentlemen of Palmer, we appeal to your best judgment and understanding, are we ready this year to build a town house, the meeting house in the centre is at our service, and will not this answer at present. I think if we undertake to build, our taxes will empty our purses, for the town is deeply in debt. Let us look before we leap. TAX PAYING CITIZEN.

Palmer, Feb. 23, 1846.

"NATIVEISM NOT DEAD!"—We are credibly informed, that the Native Americans of Monson, are organizing for an Independent Native American ticket for Town officers. The whigs, democrats, and abolitionists, are also to run independent tickets. If all parties succeed in electing their candidates, our neighboring town will have a host of office holders for the ensuing year. What will be the result of the grand political melee is easily conjectured—a draw game and the holding over of the present officers.

JUSTICE COURT.—*Commonwealth vs. Almond Parker*—This was a complaint before Justice Cummins, charging the Defendant with abduction for the purpose of prostition. It was made under a Statute enacted last winter, making it a highly penal offence for a man to take or entice away, fraudulently and deceitfully, any unmarried woman of chaste life and conversation, from her father's house or any other house or place she may be stopping, for the purpose of prostitution.

The name of the girl in the case in question was Maria Chapin, whose parents live in this town, but who has herself been residing for some years past with an uncle of hers in Hartford. She is only 16 years of age, and the Deft. is about 40. The ground taken by counsel for the Commonwealth was, that on Saturday morning the 7th inst., the Deft. caused the girl to be taken from her mother's house on the hill, where she had been visiting a few weeks, on the pretence that she was going to be taken to the depot for the purpose of returning to Hartford: that instead of this she was carried to Hayden's tavern on the hill: that the object of the Defendant in having her taken there was the one referred to in the Statute; and that he did repeatedly have sexual communication with her between that time and the institution of the complaint.

It was also contended that she was of chaste life and conversation, till the Deft. began to have dealings with her. The magistrate being of opinion that these charges were sustained by the evidence, bound the Deft. over in the sum of $300, to the Criminal Term of the Common Pleas Court to be held in this town on the 3d Monday of May next. The examination commenced on Saturday last, and was concluded on Monday afternoon.

Propositions of marriage have been made by the Defendant, but, as yet, declined by the friends of the young female. —*Springfield Republican.*

NEW CHURCHES.—We understand that efforts have been commenced for erecting two new Congregational churches in Palmer, Mass.; one at the Railroad Depot, and the other at the village of Thorndike, about one mile from the old centre. Money nearly sufficient has been subscribed at the Depot, and between three and four thousand dollars at Thorndike. Both villages are flourishing and rapidly increasing and need stated religious instruction. Another large village is springing up on the western boundary of the town under the auspices of the "Boston Dutch Company." Palmer is destined to take a place among the largest in its county.—*New England Puritan.*

SELF MADE MAN.—Mr Gilmore, who has recently been chosen President of the Western Railroad Corporation, is, in the truest sense of the word, a self-made man. He was once a common laborer, in the employment of a large auction establishment in Boston. Subsequently he attained to the dignity of handcartman, and thus went on from step to step, until he became wealthy, and one of the most shrewd far-seeing business men of the city.

For the Palmer Sentinel

Oregon.

NUMBER IV.

Evidences of Spanish Voyages.

In the last preceding number mention was made of all such Spanish voyages to the Oregon coast, as are on record. There were undoubtedly others. Circumstances clearly indicate them. There may possibly exist manuscript accounts of voyages expeditions known to those, only, who have access to Spanish archieves.

From the time of the subjugation of the Philippines to that of breaking up her settlement on Quadra Island, Spain kept secret from other maritime nations the knowledge of her discoveries. It was her object, no doubt, to prevent competition in trade, and to conceal inducements which bounteous nature furnished for planting colonies in the territory she claimed as her own. Excepting the early expeditions under the viceroyalties of Cortez and his successor Mendoza, most of our knowledge of the Spanish visits to that region is accidental.

Baron Humboldt has given in his Essay on New Spain a few abstracts from the journal of the Santiago's voyage, in 1775, which he had been permitted to inspect, at Mexico. Also, the Hon. Danes Barrington published, in 1781, at London, a translation of Maurelle's journal, taken from the manuscript copy, at Madrid. The expedition of the Sutil and Mexicana, in 1792, with some occurrences of others, subsequent to 1774, were published in 1802, by order of the Government. From the small amount of interesting and important matter which this book contains, it would seem, but an abridged copy of the original journal.

The following facts afford evidence of voyages besides those of which the world have had accounts. It is stated in the history Drake's marauding voyage, in 1579, that there was taken from a Spanish ship a *set of charts* and a *pilot*, and that these were of great service in a cruise *up the coast*. Maldonado, in 1588, remarks, in reference to passages among islands which lie between the 54th and 56th degrees N. lat.—"being guided by a good *narrative of Juan Martinez, pilot-mayor*, a very old man of much experience."

Juan de Fuca represents himself as having been *pilot*, and not chief officer in the voyage in which the straits bearing his name were discovered; and also, as having been previously a *pilot* of "three vessels sent from Mexico, armed with one hundred men to discover the Straits of Anian." Fuca was one of the unfortunate crew of the ship Santa Anna which Cavendish, in 1587, burnt after having plundered it of a cargo worth half a million of dollars. He was in the marine service of Spain forty years. The very fact of his being pilot, indicates his having been on the coast previous to the one time when he acted in this capacity.

Martinez was *pilot* in 1774; and Maurelle *pilot* in 1775; both to high latitudes; yet it does not appear, in what voyages they had acquired a requisite knowledge of the coast.

The three shipwrecks which occurred at the entrance of the Columbia river, (see note under A.) were Spanish, and als public vessels. They were known to be such from the identity of the costume of the officers; and some articles of the cargoes.

Captain Dixon, in 1787, while on the coast, near the 56th degree of lat. notes in his journal that "an old Indian gave them to understand that a good while ago, two vessels had been at anchor at that place; and that they carried a great number of guns. The old man shewed a white shirt which was found to be made after the *Spanish fashion*." An Indian chief was noticed to have on a scarlet cloth cloak with old gold fringe about the shoulders." Dixon supposed that this and other showy articles "once belonged to some *Spanish Don*." He, also, supposed that the small pox which had proved fatal to great numbers of the Indians must have been communicated to them by the *Spaniards*.

Capt. Portlock associated with Dixon, expresses his disappointment while in search after the islands of St. Maria la Carta laid down on *old Spanish charts* then before him.

Captain Cook in 1778, (in the first English voyage ever made to that coast) found the natives about Nootka Sound well acquainted with the use of iron; and ascribes their great dexterity in works of wood to the assistance they received from iron tools. He speaks of iron and ornaments of brass; and noticed two silver spoons hanging from the neck of an Indian chief, which he thinks were from *Mexico*.

These are the voyages and evidences of voyages made by the Spaniards to the shores of Oregon; and let it be remembered, they were all public, and for the purpose of discoveries and surreys; and for the ultimate object of securing the right of domain.

In view "of so great a cloud of witnesses" who in reason can deny them the merit of having seen and examined every important place on those shores! Truly not an inch of ground was left for England or America to claim from priority of discovery.

HALL J. KELLEY.

☞ The Enigma by A. L. R., will appear in our next.

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

An Irish gentleman the other day, in the excess of connubial affection, exclaimed, "Heaven forbid, my dear, that I should ever live to see you a widow!"

The ordination of Providence, says a distinguished writer, is that *home* should form our character.

Sixty thousand wooden clocks were shipped to England last year, and a larger number will be sent this.

It is estimated that the total cost of St. Peters at Rome, is fifty-two million, five hundred thousand dollars!

The late Mrs Biddle of St. Louis, left property to the amount of six hundred thousand dollars.

Pittsburgh turns out 52,000 tons of manfactured iron, per annum.

The common watch beats or ticks 17,160 times in an hour.

There are forty different species of pine. The white pine grows to the height of one hundred and eighty feet.

The Massachusetts Bible Society has placed in 15 of the hotels of Boston, 613 bibles of good size, octavo.

There are 1500 applicants for the offices in the two mounted regiments that Congress has decided to raise.

A steamboat captain at New Orleans was lately fined fifty dollars for carrying a letter in violation to the Post Office law.

Farms at a fair valuation, managed as they may be, will nett the owners, who carry them out in person, more than six per cent.

Beans have been known to germinate after a lapse of 100 years.

In Spain, cows are worked with no less steadiness than oxen, even during gestation.

Baked bread produces, on the first day, from 81 to 79 per cent. of nutritive matter, while that of five days old yield from 81 to 82 per cent.

The city of Boston gives more for charitable purposes, than three times the same population in any other part of the United States.

Of the 176 prisoners confined in the Kentucky penitentiary, 73 have no education at all.

In Pekin, China, a newspaper of extraordinary size is published weekly on silk. It is claimed to have its existence more than 1000 years.

Mix 1 oz. of camphor, well pulverized, with 2 oz. bar soap, is death to bed bugs—this mixture is applied to the crevices where the bugs harbor.

Major Reybold, of Deleware and his 3 sons, raised last season, 90,795 baskets of peaches.

The farmers of Belgium have this proverb: "He who buys ashes for his clover crop, pays nothing; but he that does not, pays double."

The income of the Empress of Russia, is said to be one thousand and nine hundred dollars per day.

If a child is taken with the croup, instantly apply cold water, ice water if possible, suddenly and freely to the neck and chest.

What is the difference between a lady's beau and a lady's bustle?

Before the lady's face, the beau
Is spacious is a quack;
The bustle makes the greatest show
Behind the lady's back.

AGREEABLE,—to sit up all night to compose a Valentine for a young lady, and see her marriage in the paper the next morning.

A polite young lady recently asserted that she had lived near a barn yard, and that it was impossible for her to sleep in the morning—on account of the outcry made by a *gentleman hen.*

The best definition of old maid is: A woman of spirit, who will not submit to be the slave of the other sex.

The Magnetic Telegraph is now completed from Lowell to Boston, and will be in successful operation in a few days.—Miss Sarah G. Bagley is selected as the Lowell superintendent.

At Mobile, on the 4th, peach trees having a southern exposure, were already in full bloom.

The Cambria's Mail filled 84 bags, 12 iron boxes, and seven Portmanteaus.

THE STORM IN N. H.—It snowed all day Sunday and through the evening, in the interior of New Hampshire. The snow was accompanied by a heavy Northeast wind, which piled up the snow badly, and obstructed the roads very considerably.—The mails were much retarded.—*Traveller.*

What paper do you taken? asked one loafer of another.

Why, I take every one I can lay my hands upon, replied the other.

The world possesses too many such newspaper takers.

Thirty-one Days Later from Europe.

ARRIVAL OF THE CAMBRIA.

The steamer Cambria which left Liverpool February 4, arrived at Boston, on Wednesday night, after a passage of about 14 days, which at this season, is a remarkably short one.

The most important news is the proposition of the English Government for the total abolition or relaxation of protective duties on a number of articles.

By this proposition, Indian Corn, potatoes, fresh and salted meat, pork, bacon, vegetables, hay, animals, &c. are to be admitted immediately *duty free*—on butter and cheese, candles and soap, and other articles, the duties are to be reduced *one half* from the present rates. With regard to Corn, (wheat, flour, &c.) in lieu of the present sliding scale, when the average price of wheat is 48s per quarter, the duty is to be 10s the quarter, the duty falling by one shilling with every shilling of rise in price, till on reaching 53s the duty is to be a fixed one of 4s. This mitigated scale is to continue *in force three years*, and to disappear entirely on the 1st of Feb. 1849.

The Corn Market.—It appears that the English Government had bought on its own account a large quantity of indian Corn to be sent to Ireland free of duty, to alleviate the sufferings of the poor, and this fact with the heavy arrivals from the United States and the Continent, all of which had to go into stock, caused a heavy reduction in price. On the 27th ult. Sir Robert Peel, in Parliament, in a speech lasting nearly four hours, brought forward a series of proposed changes in duties, bearing principally on those articles most conducive to the comfort and happiness of the people at large. Food appeared to have his first attention; and on referring to the list of proposed changes annexed, it appears that while Wheat is to be at a duty of 4s. per quarter, Indian Corn, and all other cheap feeding stuffs, are to be admitted duty free. Of course it is almost impossible to foresee the results or advantages of this important measure, but there can be no doubt but it will tend to increase, to an immense extent, the already extended trade between England and the United States, and decrease the chances of war or disagreement on any grounds short of national dishonor.

Parliament was opened on Thursday, January 22, and her Majesty made her customary speech which is of the usual formal character, breathing peaceful and kind feelings.

The tone of the government officers and of the press respecting Oregon, is of the most moderate and peaceful character.—Sir Robert Peel, in some remarks in the House of Commons on this subject, said:

"I think it would be the greatest misfortune if a contest about Oregon between such powers as England and the United States could not, by the exercise of moderation and good sense, be brought to a perfectly honorable and satisfactory conclusion."

The European Times (Wilmer & Smith's) says:—

"The new policy of the United States, as indicated in the report of the American Secretary of State, has commanded much attention in the British Parliament. Sir Robert Peel spoke highly of the report in the great speech in which he introduced the new Tariff; and, subsequently, at the request of Lord Monteagle, the Government consented to reprint the document, and place it on the table of both Houses of Parliament—an honor which was probably never awarded to any similar document before. All these facts prove the desire which the British Government has to make our future relations with the United States as amicable and business-like as possible."

"The intelligence which has come to hand from the United States shows the angry discussions which have taken place in Congress; but the Cotton market has not been touched by it. Pacific people here, connected by business relations with America, express wonder that Mr John Quincy Adams, the steady and consistent friend of peace, should have shown the effects of age, on an otherwise vigorous intellect, by pandering to the prejudices and policy of the war party. Notwithstanding the bluster which is uttered in Congress, people here cannot bring themselves seriously to contemplate a war about Oregon; it appears to absurd for serious attention."

The accounts from Ireland, respecting the rot in the potatoes, are alarming. The disease has already destoyed nearly the whole winter stock. By the end of February, it is said, the great majority of the people will be without of any kind.

Trade in the manufacturing districts has slightly improved.

The Corn market have also improved, and the supplies having been small, the turn has been in favor of the seller. In the Liverpool market, bonded wheat was generally held at enhanced prices, which checked business, and few sales were made.

The European Times in noticing the change in the commercial policy of Great Britain, says:—

"Great Britain, at the present moment, is in a blaze of excitement; men talk and think of nothing else; they have set their hearts upon securing the great fiscal scheme, for the regeneration of the country, which the Premier has laid before par-

liament, and they desire to curtail the period fixed for the total extinction of the Corn laws. The friends of peace and progression, on this side of the water, hope—earnestly and sincerely hope—that the new policy will bind America to us by the ties of amity, brotherhood, and interest, and that the miserable squabbling about a barren waste will give way to more liberal, civilized and comprehensive views."

The propeller Massachusetts sailed from Liverpool for New York on the 21st of Jan. She has not yet arrived.

The Great Western is advertised to leave Liverpool on the 11th April, and the Great Britain on the 9th of May.

The Cambria brought out 85 passengers. The news from the European continent and the East is not particularly important.

MOST AWFUL CALAMITY.—One of the most heart-rending and afflictive calamities that ever befel our community, occurred in this village before dawn this, Tuesday morning. The dwelling of the Hon. Marshall M. Strong, now absent at Madison, as one of the Councillors in the Legislature from this County, *was consumed by fire—and Mrs Strong, with her son and daughter perished in the flames!*—Our whole community is horror stricken at this awful Providence! The pall of death seems to have spread over every house in our place—grief and mourning are depicted in every countenance, and sorrow and alarm agitate our entire population.

The servant girl with the little boy, were sleeping up stairs in the back part of the building; and Mrs Strong, with the little girl, were in her bed-room in the second story of the front part. And from the incoherent relation of the servant girl—whose agitation and distraction of mind, prevent her from recollecting anything very distinctly that occurred at that awful moment—it appears that when Mrs Strong and the servant girl were first awakened from their slumbers by the smoke or the cracking of the flames, they both involuntarily rushed out of doors in their night clothes.

Mrs Strong, at the instant she turned, and was made sensible of the danger around her, urged by a mother's all pervading affection for her offspring, and following the holy impulses of woman's nature, heroically rushed into the midst of the smoke and flames, with the frantic hope of saving her children!

Devoted woman! She and her darling offspring met a common fate! Ladders were procured, winidows burst in, and every effort was used by those first on the ground, to penetrate the mass of fire and smoke, with the hope of saving the victims from so awful a fate. But certain death awaited him who might have made the daring attempt to enter.

The remains of Mrs Strong, and her two children, were dug out of the ruins of the buiding this morning; their bodies were so nearly consumed, that it is utterly impossible to recognize them—other than the crisped and charred bones and remains of human beings. How agonizing, and how appalling, to even the manly feeling of the honored husband and father!

A gentleman started for Madison at 4 o'clock this morning, to carry the affective intelligence to Mr Strong.—*Ravine Advocate, Jan. 27.*

Mr Strong was a native of Amherst, a son of H. Wright Strong, Esq. He had resided in Wisconsin about eight years, and is one of the ablest Lawyers and most popular citizen in that territory. For several years he has been President of their legislative council. Mrs Strong, who heroically perished in the vain attempt to rescue her children, bore the maiden name of Hanks, and was formerly connected with Mrs Willard's Female Seminary at Troy, N. Y.—*Hamp. Gaz.*

NEW SEWING MACHINE.—I have seen a New Machine for sewing, which has recently been invented and constructed by a mechanic of Cambridge. So far as I am informed on the subject, this is the first attempt to construct a machine of the kind, and it appears to me to be a very successful one. The machine is very compact, not occupying a space of more than six inches each way. It runs with so much ease, that I should suppose one person might easily operate twenty or thirty of them, and the work is done in a most thorough and perfect manner. Both sides of the seam look alike, appearing to be beautifully *stitched*, and the seam is closer and more uniform than when sewed by hand. It will sew straight, or curved seams with equal facility, and so rapidly that it takes but two minutes to sew the whole length of the outside seam of a pair of men's pantaloons. It sets 400 stitches a minute with perfect ease, and the proprietor thinks there is no difficulty in setting 700 in a minute. The thread is less worn by this process than by hand sewing, and consequently retains more of its strength. The simplicity of the construction of this machine and the accuracy, rapidity and perfection of its operation, will place it in the same rank with the card machine, the straw braider, the pin machine, and the coach lace loom—machines which never fail to command the admiration of every intelligent beholder.—*Correspondent of the Worcester Spy.*

We are indebted to the Northampton Democrat for a condensed form of the Congressional & Legislative Proceedings.

Massachusetts Legislature.

Saturday, Feb. 14.

Senate—In the Senate this morning, the joint special committee appointed to examine and adjust the accounts of the Treasurer and Receiver General, reported their attention to the duty, that the accounts were rendered correctly, and that they were fully satisfied that the Treasurer had faithfully discharged his trust.

The bills reported yesterday had a second reading.

At 15 minutes after 12, adjourned.

Monday, Feb. 16.

In the Senate there was no quorum till 11 1-2so that business could be transacted after which *corporations* were on dock till one o'clock, when the days work was ended by an adjournment.

In the House the report relating to the revival of the repealed statutes with Mr Norton's amendments, came up for discussion.

Tuesday Feb. 17.

The Senate occupied a very short session on *corporation* topics. Thus far they have scarcely done any thing else.

In the House Mr Byington of Stockbridge from the Judiciary committee, reported a bill that in all cases of neglect to maintain and provide for the wife, the husband's wages shall be liable for her support; and that all monies deposited by the female in Savings Banke before as well as after marriage, shall stand to her credit, and can be drawn by her only.

Wednesday, Feb. 18.

Senate business as usual.

In the House on motion of Mr Wilson, of Natick, the order and accompanying resolution, in reply to the resolutions from the State of Georgia, which were submitted by him on the 3d inst., were taken from the table.

Mr Bryant of Barre, moved that the whole subject be indefinitely postponed, upon which the yeas and nays were ordered, and the subject was laid on the table by a vote of 87 to 71.

Thursday, Feb. 19.

Senate business as usual.

In the House, Mr Sturgis of Boston, presented the petition of John C. Tucker and others, for the House to take from last year's files the petition of Abbott Lawrence and 2000 others from Boston, for the State to remunerate the owners of Ursuline Convent of Charlestown, for the destruction of their property by a mob. The House voted not to meddle with the question by a vote of 110 to 57.

Friday, Feb. 20.

In the Senate business as usual.

In the House a committee was appointed to see what further laws are necessary relative to manufacturing and railroad corporations.

The most important paper this session, from the Secretary's office, relative to hunting up the claims of revolutionary soldiers, was unanimously taken from the table and referred.

Saturday, Feb. 21.

Senate business as usual.

In the House the discussion was continued respecting the revival of repealed laws, being the fourth day consumed in discussing this subject.

Mr Taylor of Granby was in favor of the passage of the bill, and spoke to that effect.

Mr Denton of Boston followed on the same side, after which the bill was pased to a third reading by a vote of 158 to 66.

Congress.

Thursday, Feb. 12.

In the Senate Mr J. M. Clayton, a whig, made a speech in favor of giving the notice.

In the House private bills were considered.

Friday, Feb. 13.

The Senate did not sit to-day.

The House spent the day in consideration of private bills.

Saturday, Feb. 14.

The Senate did not sit to-day:

The House was engaged solely in the consideration of private bills.

Monday, Feb. 16.

In the Senate Mr Hannegan of Indianna, made a speech on the Oregon question.—He discussed the question of title and made a clear title, and that derived by the U. S. out of the Spanish title, and that derived by the U. S. from discovery and exploration.

In the House resolutions were called for.

Tuesday, Feb. 17.

In the Senate Mr Colquitt, made a speech on the Oregon question.

The House was principally occupied with resolutions.

Wednesday, Feb. 18.

In the Senate the Oregon bill was discussed. Mr Dix delivered a speech upon it.

In the House the Indiana appropriation bill was then taken up in committee of the whole. Mr Giddings delivered a speech upon it.

Thursday, Feb. 19.

In the Senate a message was received from the President, transmitting all the information in the State department on the subject of the first instalments of the Mexican idemnity.

The House spent their sitting principally upon the Indian Appropriation Bill, which was finally passed.

Friday, Feb. 20.

Senate did not sit to-day.

In the House the speaker announced the first business in order to be the bill regulating the mileage of Senators. The bill was read for information—in substance that no Senator shall be allowed travelling fees for attending Executive sessions, unless he shall have actually travelled and performed the journey for that purpose, and that no constructive mileage shall in any case be allowed.

The yeas and nays were taken, and resulted—yeas 115, nays 10.

The House then went into consideration of private bills.

Saturday, Feb. 21.

The Senate did not sit to-day.

The House was engaged on private bills. When the adjournment took place, it was till Tuesday, in order to celebrate Washington's birth-day.

EDUCATION IN THE DIFFERENT STATES.—We give the following descending scale of education in the U. S. in 1840. It shows the number of white persons above the age of twenty-one, who can neither read or write.

No. 1. Connecticut—1 in 311.
No. 2. New Hampshire—1 in 159.
No. 3. Massachusetts—1 in 99.
No. 4. Maine—1 in 72.
No. 5. Vermont—1 in 58.
No. 6. Michigan—1 in 44.
No. 7. N. York and N. Jersey—1 in 13.
No. 8. Pennsylvania—1 in 22.
No. 9. Ohio—1 in 28.
No. 10. Iowa—1 in 17.
No. 11. Louisiana—1 in 16.
No. 12. District of Columbia—1 in 16.
No. 13. Maryland and Winconsin—1 in 13.
No. 14. Indiana, and Mississippi—1 in 10.
No. 15. Florida—1 in 8.
No. 16. Illinois, Arkansas, and Missouri—1 in 7.
No. 17. Deleware, South Carolina, Virginia, Alabama, and Kentucky—1 in 6.
No. 18. Georgia—1 in 5.
No. 19. North Carolina and Tennessee—1 in 4.

The Magnetic Telegraph between Albany and Utica, a distance of 100 miles, is in successful operation. The entire line to Buffalo is nearly completed. The same company are about contracting to extend a line from Albany to Springfield, and in a short time Springfield will be on the line of instantaneous communication by telegraph, with Boston, Buffalo, Washington, and the intermediate cities. The New York and Boston line will probably be completed about the 1st of March.—*Springfield Republican.*

The Hampshire Gazette states that the house of T. & L. Stearns of Starksboro' Vt. with all its contents, was burned on the 12th ult., and the only person in it at the time, the aged mother, about 70 years old, who was helpless from palsy, was burned to death. Her husband, Mr Jonathan Stearns, was formerly of Westhampton.

TERRIBLE STORM—LOSS OF LIFE AND PROPERTY.—The storm on Saturday night and Sabbath of the 15th inst., was more disastrous in regard to the loss of life and property, than any which has occurred for many years. We have not room for full particulars, but from a single New York paper, we learn about sixty lives have been lost in one wreck-master's district, and the amount of property is not yet fully ascertained; but enough is known to say that, from a quarter to half a million of dollars will fall upon the insurers of Wall street, from this gale.

The schooner Alabama stranded on Squam Beach, crew saved. Schooner Register struck about 10 o'clock, having a cargo of 900 barrels of turpentine; all saved except one passenger. Swedish bark Lotty, from Antwerp, got ashore, captain and mate lost.

Many other wrecks of less importance we shall not mention. The storm was also very violent at Philadelphia.

LADIES' FAIR.

THE Ladies of the Congregational Church, in Palmer, will hold a Fair at

John Allen's Hall,

Palmer Depot Village, on THURSDAY afternoon and evening of next week, March 5th, commencing at 3 o'clock.

Gentleman and Ladies of Palmer and vicinity are respectfully invited to attend.

Per order of committee.

Palmer, Feb. 25, 1846.

HUNT'S LINIMENT is sustaining a notoriety unequalled by any similar remedy. It requires no puffing to give it a reputation, it has been for some time, silently and surely securing it, and now when its beneficial effects have been experienced by so many, the expressions of gratitude are continually appearing, and those who have been made whole, by its means, are desirous that the afflicted should no longer remain ignorant of its invaluable and infallible efficacy.

Mr Geo. E. Stanton, the Proprietor, is constantly receiving testimonials of benefits received from its use, and many of the cures it had effected almost exceed belief. In one case a child had been a cripple for eight years, having wrenched the spine when at the age of two years by a fall from a chair. Medical treatment failed, but four bottles of the Liniment restored him to strength, and he now joins with his playmates in their youthful gambols, as robust as the healthiest of them, and only a small hump on his back to remind him of his early sufferings.

The Liniment is sold by

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

Brighton Market.—*Monday, Feb. 23.*

[Reported for the Daily Advertiser.

At Market 920 Beef Cattle 700 Sheep, and 550 Swine. About 140 Beef Cattle 200 Sheep and 80 Swine shipped on board the cars for to-day's market were hindered by the snow near Pittsfield and will not probably arrive until Tuesday night. The Swine reported unsold last week, changed hands Tuesday at about 4c, and 120 of which are again reported.

Prices—Beef Cattle—We noticed 9 extraordinary fat Cattle, fed by J. S. Wadsworth, Esq., Geneseo Flats, N. Y.—the best yoke was taken for the epicures of Worcester, at about $300—the others for the Boston market, at prices from 6 75 to 6 72. We quote prices generally to correspond with last week extra 6 50 a 6 75—first quality 6 00 a 6 25—second 5 50 a 5 75; third 4 25 a 4 75.

Sheep—Lots were sold from $3 to 4 50.

Swine—"Dull," "dull." One small lot only sold. at 3 1-2 and 4 1-2c, selected; a small number retailed at 4 1-2 and 5 1-2c. 400 Swine unsold.

MARRIAGES.

In Springfield, Feb. 24, by Rev. Dr. Osgood, Mr Charles Parmenter, to Miss Ann E. Clements.

At Cabotville, on the 15th, by Rev. A. D. Sargeant, Rev. H. M. Bridge of Malden, to Miss E. F. Cady of C.

At Hartford, on the 11th, Mr Justin Bolter, to Miss Mary S. Bartholomew.

DEATHS.

In Springfield, on the 5th, Henrietta, aged 17 mos. daughter of Ruggles and Hannah Smith.

In Wendell, Feb. 3, Widow Nabby Cummings, aged 72.

In Westfield, Feb. 10th, Susan, wife of Mr Roland Taylor, aged 59. On the 14th, Mrs. C. Moore, aged 61, wife of Mr Asa Moore.

In Belchertown, on the 22d inst., Mr Lemuel S. Mason, aged 45.

[Retail Prices Inside Quincy Market.]

PROVISIONS.

Butter, lump,	20 a 22	West'n do lb	8 1-2 a 9
do tub, lb	17 a 20	Lard, best, lb	8 1-2 a 9
Cheese, new milk, lb	8 a 10	Do. West'n. keg, per lb	8 1-2 a 9
do 4 meal	4 a 6	Veal, lb	6 a 11
Eggs, dozen	20 a 22	Calves, whole	5 a 8
Beef, fresh, lb	6 a 12	Lamb, lb	4 a 6
do salted, lb	6 a 7	Mutton, lb	4 a 12 1-2
do smoked	8 a 9	Sheep, whole	3 a 8
Hogs, whole	5 a 5 3-4	Chickens, lb	10 a 14
Pork, fresh	6 a 7	Turkeys, lb	10 a 12
do salted	7 1-2 a 8	Pigeons, doz	
Boston Hams, per lb	9 1-2 a 10	Geese, Men't	100 a 125

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, swt.		Tomatoes, bush	50
Do. ch.	200 a	Onions, bunch	3 1-2 a 4
Potatoes, pk	25 a	Beets, bush	a 75
Cabbages, dozen	25 a 1 25	Beans, "	1 75 a 2 00
Squashes, lb	3 a 3 1-2	Parsley, bnc	4

FRUIT.

Quinces, none		Apples, bush	100 a 150
Cranberries,	3 50 a 4 00	Pears, bush	
Chestnuts,	1 75 a 2 00	Apples, d'd lb	6 1-2
Shellbarks,	1 37 a 1 75	Oranges, box	2 00 a 2 25
Grapes, Hamburg, lb		Lemons, box	2 00 a 2 25
		Figs, lb	10 a 12

BEEF, PORK, LARD, &c.

[Wholesale Prices Inside Quincy Market.]

Mess Beef, bbl cash price	9 00 a 9 50	Ohio Mess	13 00 a 13 50
		do Prime,	11 00 a
Navy mess,	8 00 a	Boston Lard,	
Nav. do	7 50 a	in barrels.	9 1-2 a
Port, Boston ex cl bbl	a 16 00	Ohio do do	a 8 1-2
Boston clear	a 15 00	Boston Hams,	a 9
Ohio ex cl	a 15 00	Tongues, bbl	12 00 a 20 00
do clear	14 50 a 15 00		

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS.

Lump, 100 lbs	20 a 24	Cheese, best, pr ton	2 a 2 1-2
Tub, best, ton	18 a 20	Common, do	3 a 6
Shipping do pr ton	14 a 17	Eggs, 100 doz	18 a 20

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

Apples, bbl	2 75a3 25	bunches,	2 50a3 00
Beets, bbl	1 00a1 25	Pickles, bbl	4 00a5 00
Carrots, bbl	1 00a1 25	Peppers, bbl	2 00a3 00
Potatoes, bbl	1 50a1 75	Mangoes, bbl	8 00a10 00
Onions, 100			

LEATHER.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Phil. best, lb	22a23	N.Y.red, Pt	14a15
Do country,	20a21	Do do bel'w	13a14
Balt. city tan	20a21	East. slgh't	12a13
Do dry hide	17a18	Do dry hide	12a13

HIDES.—[Wholesale Prices.]

B. Ayres, dry hide, lb	12a12 1-2	African,	10a16
Pernam. do	8 1-2a9 1-2	Calcutta cow, g. salted	80a1 05
Rio Grande	12a13	Do dry	30a35
W. Indian	9 1-2a10		

WOOL.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Saxony fl. lb	38a40	Com. to 1-4 do	28a30
Do prime	40a42	Lambs, sup.	33a38
Do lambs	a	Do 1st qual	27a30
Am. full blood	37a38	Do 2d qual.	19a20
Do half blood	30a31	Do 3d qual.	16a17

LIME.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Thomaston, per cask	80a85	L'Etang. St.	
		Geo. co w l	a
Camden,	70a75	Do 1st qual.	a

HAY.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Country, cwt	1 00a1 05	Straw, cwt.	65a70
Eastern, ton	15 00a16 00		

HOPS.—[Wholesale Prices.]

1st sort, 1845	20a25	2d sort	a

HAMPDEN, SS.

To either of the Constables of the town of Palmer, GREETING:

IN the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are directed to notify the inhabitants of the town of Palmer qualified to vote in elections and in town affairs, to meet at the Meeting-House in the centre of said Palmer, on MONDAY the 9th day of March next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, then and there to act on the following articles:—

1st. To choose a Moderator to preside in said meeting.

2d. To choose all necessary town officers for the year ensuing.

3d. To hear the annual report of the Selectmen, and act thereon.

4th. To raise such sums of money as may be necessary to defray town charges for the ensuing year, and make appropriations of the same.

5th To determine the manner of repairing the highways, town-ways and bridges, the year ensuing.

6th. To bring in their votes for a County Treasurer.

7th. To hear the report of the Selectmen in relation to Guide-posts, and act thereon.

8th. To see if the town will accept of the list of names, as made out by the Selectmen for Jurors.

9th. To see if the town will dispense of building a Town House in said town for the present, and accept of the Meeting House in the centre of said town, to do the business in free from expense from the town.

10th. To choose Committee or Committees, and give them instructions.

11th. To hear the report of Committees and act thereon.

12th. To see if the town will vote to have all future warrants for calling town meetings published in the Palmer Sentinel, and designate how future meetings shall be warned.

13th. To hear the report of the Selectmen, of the alteration and laying out of the road from the Bridge below the dwelling house of Reuben Rogers, to the intersection of the public highway southerly of the school house in District No. 9.

And you are directed to serve this warrant by posting up attested copies thereof, at the three usual public places in the said town, ten days at least before the time of holding said meeting.

Hereof fail not and make due return of this warrant with your doings thereon to the Town Clerk at or before the time and place of meeting as aforesaid.

Given under our hands and seal this twentieth day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

JAMES GAMWELL, MARBLE K. FERRELL, GILBERT BARKER. } Selectmen of Palmer.

CARPENTER & JOBBING SHOP.

THE subscriber will open a new Carpenter and Jobbing Shop, near Palmer Depot, on or before the first of April next, where he will be happy to execute all orders in his line of business with which he may be favored. All work entrusted to his hands will be done with despatch and in a

WORKMANLIKE MANNER,

and by strict attention to business and faithfulness in the performance of all orders, he hopes to merit the patronage of his friends and the public.

6-3m* N. W. PRIME.

CARPENTER AND JOINER.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform those wishing to build, that he designs to enter more fully into the above business the coming season—Having had a thorough experience in the business, and designing to employ none but good workmen, with many thanks for former patronage would solicit a continuance of the same. He designs to finish after the latest and most approved style of

Architecture, Drafts, Plans,

and Elevations, executed with neatness. Also Bills of Timber and Lumber.

JAMES M. CURRIER, Arch.

Palmer Depot, Feb. 4, 1846. 6

NOTICE.

THE subscribers have fitted up a Counting-Room, in their *Store-House fronting* near the track of the

Western Railroad;

where they may be found for the present. In consequence of the late disastrous fire, by which their store and stock of Goods were destroyed, they earnestly request all persons indebted to them by *Book account or Note* to settle the same without delay, and those having claims against us are requested to present the same. F. C. MERRICK & CO.

Palmer Depot, Feb. 17, 1846. 6-6t

MESSENGER'S NOTICE.

HAMPDEN, SS.

ERASMUS D. BEACH, ESQ., a Master in Chancery, for the said county of Hampden, has issued a warrant against the estate of Hosea Reckard, junior, of Palmer in said county, insolvent debtor, and the payment of any debts, and the delivery of any property belonging to said Insolvent debtor, to him, or for his use and the transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law. A meeting of his creditors, will be held at the office of said Beach in Springfield on the ninth day of March next at 11 o'clock, A. M., for the proof of debts and the choice of an assignee or assignees.

ELISHA CONVERSE, Dep'y Sh'ff Messenger.

Springfield, Feb. 16, 1846. 6-3t

Table Cutlery.

THE undersigned having now in store a complete assortment of Knives and Forks, &c., they would invite those persons who are about engaging [illegible] to call and examine the above goods, in connection with the [illegible] of Pocket Cutlery, Carpenters' Tools, Wood Saws and with nearly all articles in [illegible]

McGILVRAY & CO.

WANTED!

BY the subscribers to be delivered at the HOOP SHOP, near Palmer Depot, one hundred thousand White Oak and Walnut

HOOPS AND HOOP POLES,

averaging from 12 to 14 feet long for which satisfactory prices will be given to the poor in goods at cash prices, at the Palmer Depot store. Samples of what is wanted can be seen at the shop [illegible] or calling upon A. C. CURRIER, Palmer Depot.

6 McGILVRAY & CO.

Silks! Silks!!

LADIES wishing for Rich Silks in a great variety of colors and qualities, are assured their wishes will be satisfied, and at as low prices as can be found at any store in the State. We solicit your examination at the depot [illegible]

McGILVRAY & CO.

Wanted Immediately!

A JOURNEYMAN Blacksmith is wanted to do custom work and shoeing. One that is well acquainted with shoeing will be preferred to whom good wages will be given. For further particulars enquire of JOHN G. KEEP.

Palmer Depot, Feb. 16, 1846.

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

CARPETINGS AND FEATHERS,

CROCKERY, CHINA AND GLASS WARE,

Drugs, Medicines, and Paints,

W. GOODS & GROCERIES,

Flour, Salt, Lime, &c., &c.,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

A. BLODGETT,

Watch Maker and Jeweler,

2 DOORS WEST OF THE PALMER HOTEL,

North side of the Railroad,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Watches and Clocks of all kinds carefully repaired and warranted.

J. D. BARBER,

Fashionable Tailor,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.

Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Garment is to be made out of the shop.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

J. S. & C. B. BAILEY,

Dealers in

JAPANNED & BRITANNIA WARE,

Stoves, Stove Pipe, Pumps and Zinc.

ALSO, MANUFACTURERS OF

Tin, Sheet Iron & Copper Ware.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846.

100 Packages Tea.

THE subscribers having just received a large invoice of Y. H. Ning Yong, Souc, and O. H. Tea, are now prepared to sell at Wholesale or Retail, at prices much less than ever before offered in this place. Merchants and others wishing to purchase tea by the package, are informed they can do so of us as low as they can buy in Boston, with the addition of the freight. Please call and examine for yourselves at the depot store.

6 McGILVRAY & CO.

Shawls!

THE undersigned wishing to close off the balance of their immense stock of Shawls, would say they will sell them now, for 25 per ct. less than they can be had at any other establishment. Their stock comprises a great variety. Among which are very rich wrought Cashmere Imitation do., Beautiful Printed Cashmeres, Rich Plaid Cashmere Long Shawls, Cashmere Long net, H. Thibet, and a variety of other kinds unnecessary to enumerate. McGILVRAY & CO.

Palmer Depot, Feb. 12, 1846.

Molasses.

12 HHDS. superior Molasses, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

500 GALLS. Eng. Lasted Oil, for sale at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

White Lead.

GROUND AND DRY in various qualities, for sale at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

50 China Tea Setts.

OF new styles, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Spices.

CITRON, Mace, Nutmegs, Cinnamon and other spices, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

VALUABLE REMEDY.

HUNT'S LINIMENT.

THIS CELEBRATED EXTERNAL REMEDY for the cure of Rheumatism, Cramps, Affections of the Spine, Pains in the Back and Chest, Sacred Lame Cramp, Ague in the Face, Tooth Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Issues, Ulcerated Sores, Salt Rheum, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Weakness in the Ankles, Nervous Diseases, Contraction of the Muscles, Burns, Corns, and Frosted Feet, is now almost universally acknowledged to be one of the Wonders of the World, and the BEST EXTERNAL REMEDY NOW KNOWN. And as a proof of the great [illegible] which has attended the following certificates from gentlemen of the highest respectability, is offered. There has never yet been discovered an external remedy which has proved so universally successful in all cases where it has been applied.

SING SING, May 18, 1845.

We, the undersigned, do certify that we have used Mr George E. Stanton's External Remedy, called HUNT'S LINIMENT, and have proved it to be fully equal to the characters it gives it. Its healing properties are truly extraordinary; and we most confidently recommend it as one of the safest and most certain external remedies that has yet been discovered.

Caleb Rosene, Editor Westchester Herald
Isaac Birdsall, Inspector M. P. State Prison
Albert Lockwood, Judge Court Common Pleas
James Locke, the extensive Horticulturist.
James B. Swain, Editor H. R. Chronicle.
M. Churchill, Principal of the celebrated Boarding School for Boys
Samuel F. Reynolds, Supreme Court Commissioner
R. R. Yoris, District Attorney
Theodosius Clark, Pastor M. E. Church
Robert Wilkie, late Agent M. P. State Prison.
Aaron Ward, late Member of Congress
Munson L. Lockwood, Clerk of the County
Wm. H. Peck, Agent M. P. State Prison,
B. C. Morse, Pastor of the Baptist Church
Benjamin Moore, Samuel Trowbridge,
Abraham Kup, Pierre Van Cortlandt,
Stephen Marshall, Abraham Miller,
John Aitan, Gilbert Miller,
Philip G. Van Wack, Edmund Blunt.
Benjamin Washburn

The following letter from the highly eminent Physician which has been attached to the Mount Pleasant State Prison for many years, is the best evidence of the value of this celebrated Liniment—

SING SING, Dec. 26, 1844

MY DEAR SIR—I received your note of yesterday, asking my opinion in relation to Hunt's Liniment, as prepared by Mr George E. Stanton. Knowing the many actions, and having frequently used it [illegible] and, in my opinion, the best Liniment now in use.

Very truly and respectfully yours,

A. B. [illegible], M. D.

Col. Pierre Van Cortlandt, Comptroller
I fully concur in the [illegible]
WM. N. [illegible], M. D.

Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all the principal Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the country.

CAUTION.—Although this External Remedy has been but a short time before the public, counterfeits have deemed it worth while to palm off a base and worthless article in its place. Be sure that each bottle has the name of the Proprietor blown in the glass. Hunt's Liniment engraved [illegible] Sing Sing, N. Y. None others genuine.

[illegible] & JANTON

Sole Sing Sing Agent.

AGENTS.—G. W. Gardner, East Longmeadow; Samuel Leach, Wilbraham; Shaw & Chapman, Springfield; [illegible] & Co. Monson; [illegible] & Co. Palmer; Knapp & Co. Ware; Anderson & Monroe, Brimfield; H. F. A. [illegible] & Co. Palmer Depot.

Depot Cabinet Warehouse.

THE subscriber would inform his patrons that he still continues to manufacture all kinds of Cabinet Ware, and would invite an inspection of his assortment. Among which are the following—

Grecian, Work, Card, Centre & Dining

Tables; Wash Stands and Light Stands; Common, French and Common Bureaus, French and Common Bedsteads; Grecian, Cane and Wood seat Chairs, &c., &c. His furniture is of the best

MATERIALS AND WORKMANSHIP

and his prices will be found to be as low as at any other establishment in the county. Call and examine and satisfy yourself.

Thankful for the liberal patronage he has thus far been favored, would solicit a continuance of the same.

N. B. All kinds of Job Work done at short notice. A. BLODGETT

Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846.

Wanted!

LUMBER of all kinds in exchange for goods for which fair prices will be paid.

McGILVRAY & CO.

200 PRS. LADIES' KID SHOES [illegible] at the Depot store by

McGILVRAY & CO.

GRAIN.

CORN, Rye and Oats, for sale at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

300 Doz. Kimball's

SPOOL THREAD, of 200 yds each—for sale low at the Depot store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

Shaving Soap.

HALE'S Celebrated New York Almond Shaving Soap, for sale by McGILVRAY & CO.

Salt.

TURK'S ISLAND, Liverpool and Dairy Salt for sale at the Depot Store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

Fresh Oysters!

Direct from New Haven by Railroad Express!

CONSTANTLY on hand, and furnished in any quantity at the lowest prices, by

A. BLODGETT

Palmer Depot, Jan. 14, 1846.

Woolens! Woolens!!

WISHING to close off the balance of our extensive stock of Goods adapted to the present season, will sell at a reduction from former prices, (which of course brings them very low.) Ladies and Gentlemen wishing for winter apparel at bargains, will please call and examine for themselves, at the depot store. McGILVRAY & CO.

Remnants.

REMNANTS of Prints selling low at the depot store. 3 McGILVRAY & CO.

Lard.

FRESH LARD and Lard Oil, for sale at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Fish.

PRIME Salmon, Mackerel, Halibut, Sword and Cod Fish, for sale at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

This Day Received!

LINEN Table Covers, col'd, Brown and Damask Alpaccas, very nice Woolen Covers, Tassels, Feathers, &c., all for sale low at the depot store.

McGILVRAY & CO.

Brass Clocks,

OF superior quality, both alarm and common movements, beautifully cased and warranted first rate Time Keepers. For sale low by

5 A. BLODGETT

Mirrors!

A LARGE lot just received and for sale low, at the depot store. McGILVRAY & CO.

Paper Hangings!

OF almost every style and price, just received and for sale low, at the depot store

McGILVRAY & CO.

Thompson's

SUPERIOR Patent Trusses, are for sale at the depot store. McGILVRAY & CO.

Glass.

WINDOW GLASS of nearly all sizes and qualities, for sale at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

POETRY.

Miss Mary.

Miss Mary is a charming maid,
A comely lass is she;
She every morning coffee drinks,
At evening, sips her tea.

She's never gadding in the street;
But loves to stay at home.
Her eyes are parted by her nose—
Her ringlets by a comb.

She has a very pretty foot.
And sometimes wears prunella;
On sunny days she sports a shawl—
On rainy, an umbrella.

She's virtue's self personified—
She scorns to do a wrong,
She keeps her tongue between her teeth,
Where people's tongues belong.

The poor have always found her kind;
She weeps for other's woe;
On Sunday eve she sits alone,
Unless she has a beau!

Each leisure moment she employs,
To cultivate her mind;
She ties her apron on before—
Her bustle on behind.

Whenever she a shopping went,
She paid for what she bought;
In sleep she always shut her mouth,
As every body ought.

Small faults she has, and who has not?
She strives them to reform;
When her toes are trampled upon—
"She's says "get off my corn!"

Accomplishments like these would make
A match for Count or Earl;
And all the neighbors say she is
A pattern of a girl.

A Hundred Years Ago.

Where, where are all the birds that sang
A hundred years ago?
The flowers that all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?
The lips that smiled,
The eyes that wild
In flashes shone
Soft eyes upon—
Where, O where are lips and eyes,
The maiden's smiles, and the lover's sighs,
That lived so long ago?

Who peopled all the city streets,
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek,
A hundred years ago?
The sneering tale
Of sister frail,
The plot that work'd
A brother's hurt,
Where, O where are plots and sneers,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,
That lived so long ago?

Where are the graves where dead men slept
A hundred yerrs ago
Who, when they were living, wept
A hundred years ago?
By other men
That knew not them,
Their lands are tilled,
Their graves are filled,
Yet nature then was just as gay;
And bright the sun shone as to-day;
A hundred years ago!

HUMOROUS.

Archdeacon Fisher, having preached an old sermon once which he was not aware that Constable had heard before, asked him how he liked it. "Very much indeed, Fisher," replied Constable; "*I always did like that sermon.*"

Why is a toper like a ship in the distance?" Because he is generally, "seen with a gluss."

"Massa, one ob your oxen's dead—todder too. I was 'fraid to tell you ob 'em bof at once, 'fraid you couldn't bore it."

LAWS OF TURKEY.--A gentleman in New Orleans was agreeably surprised the other day, to find a plump Turkey served up for his dinner, and enquired of his servant, how it was obtained. "Why, Sa," replied Blackee, "dat ar turkey is been roostin on our fence tree nights; so dis morning I seize him *for de rent ob de fence.*

HONESTY.—"Hallo, Jim, how is that you can sport your favorite team, now?—Haven't you just been through chancery?"

"Yes, Tom," replies Jim, with a crafty leer; "I went *through* chancery, but the horse and buggy went *round.*"

☞ A gallant wag was sitting beside his lady love and asked her why she was like a tailor.

"Because," replied she, "I am setting beside a *goose.*"

☞ A gentleman and lady meeting in a narrow passage, he politely enquired the name of the passage they were in; she answered, "Balam's." "Then," said he, "I am like Balaam stopped by an *angel.*"—"And I," replied the lady, "am like the angel, stopped by an *ass.*"

"Do you believe in fore-runners?" asked a nervous old lady of Deacon J.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the deacon, "I've seen them!"

"Yes," continued the deacon, fixing his eyes with a solemn stare on a dark corner of the room; "I see one now:"

"Mercy on me!" shrieked the lady, "where?"

"There! there!" said the deacon; pointing to where his eyes were directed; "that cat, ma'am, may be called a fore-runner, for she runs on all fours!"

☞ Why is an unserviceable gun like an office holder? Because it *kicks* mightily when it is *discharged.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Clearing Forests.

Within our own recollection it was a very general practice in the towns near Boston, to go into woodlots in winter, and single but the oldest trees, or such as had begun to rot, to be cut down for firewood. We believe that this mode of cutting is now very generally condemned.

When large single trees are felled in the midst of a forest, they crush the undergrowth, if there is any, and much retard the progress of what is to take the place of the trees removed. And when you practice thinning out your woodlots you must not expect the low trees that you leave for standards will grow fast. You will have large vacancies, overshadowed by high trees, that will produce no wood.

By thinning excessively you will often let in so much air and light that the wild grasses will come and form a tight sward. In such cases you must not expect your large trees to grow rapidly; for none grow fast in sward land. The leaves that contribute so much to enrich woodland with a thick growth, will be blown away in a lot that is too much thinned.

A lot that is designed for wood should be cut over once in twenty years, if not sooner. For young wood is better for the fire, and the stumps of young trees will grow more than twice as fast as trees coming from seed. But old trees send up no shoots that are worth protecting, and it is not profitable in any case to let trees grow so long for firewood that no vigorous shoots will come from the roots.

Cut clean therefore, great and small trees, and cut them as close to the ground as you can. The sprouts are found to start and grow as well when the clearing is done in June as in winter. August is the month when trees, or bushes in a pasture, are more likely to die at the root, than any month in the twelve. The lower the young tree is cut the more vigorous will be the sprouts. If you would have the roots die, cut your tree six feet from the ground, or girdle it one year before you cut it down.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

Advice to a Farmer.

The following extract was written and published more than twenty years ago, but is as good now as it was then.

"The farmer, as well as the merchant, ought to reckon with himself at least once a year. This is the proper time. How stands the balance with you at the end of the harvest? I trust you have nothing to do with the banks, so we will let them pass. Are your taxes squared up with the collectors? Are there no executions against you? Are all your laborers and honest tradesmen for the last year paid off? Are all your broken windows repaired? Is your cellar banked and pointed, so as to secure your sauce and apples from the frost? If so, let us go to the barn, and see whether the barn door, stable doors, racks, and mangers, floors and such like are set right for the winter. If we find all these things as they should be, then *a happy new year* to you! But if not, then set your boys immediately to threshing, to shelling corn and dressing flax—stop the calls of the collector, the visits of the sheriff, and the duns of your laborers and mechanics as quick as possible; buy glass and putty, repair your windows, and sell to the paper-maker the rags which had been used to stop your lights; secure your cellar before the frost penetrates farther. All this being done, go to the barn and do likewise. You may now sit down for the evening by a clean hearth, before a brisk fire in your snug kitchen or parlor, crack a few nuts, eat a few apples, and regale yourself and friends with a glass of pure spring water, and go to bed when you please."

Sheep.

The salting of sheep, the giving them pine boughs, and water regularly, are matters which should not be neglected thro' the winter and early spring months; nor is it less essential, that their bedding should be, at short intervals, renewed. In feeding them, *three* pounds of hay, daily, per head will be enough. They should however occasionally, through the winter, receive as a part of their food either beans oats, barley, buckwheat, rye or corn-meal, as also messes of roots of some kind. In early spring, and indeed until the pastures are ready for their reception, these latter additions of food should be particularly attended to. In turning them to grass in the spring, care must be observed, that, for some days, they be permitted to graze but a few hours at a time, and that they be furnished with hay during the day and night at their meals; as early grass is apt to bring on disorders in the intestines.—*American Farmer.*

CURIOSITY.—*Grafting.*—In the spring of '44, I put two grafts of an early apple, into an old bearing tree. In July or August following, I cut off one of the sprouts and put two buds in the other limbs. This summer the buds bore apples; one of them had four apples on it, which came to maturity; the grafts also bore apples; the fruit partook of the nature of the tree in which it was grafted to some extent.

Jersey Shore, Pa. ROBT. HAMILTON.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Old Maid's Thermometer.

AGE.

15. Anxious for coming out, and the attentions of the other sex.

16. Begins to have some idea of the tender passion.

17. Talks of love in a cottage, and disinterested affection.

18. Fancies herself in love with some handsome man who has flattered her.

19. Is a little more difficult, in consequence of being noticed.

20. Commences being fashionable.

21. Still more confidence in her own attractions, and expects a brilliant establishment.

22. Refuses an offer, because he is not a man of fashion.

23. Flirts with every young man she meets.

24. Wonders she is not married.

25. Rather more circumspect in her conduct.

26. Begins to think a large fortune not quite so indispensable.

27. Prefers the company of rational men to flirting.

28. Wishes to be married in a quiet way, with a comfortable income.

29. Almost despairs of entering the married state.

30. Rather fearful of being called an Old Maid.

31. An additional love of dress.

32. Professes to dislike balls, finding it difficult to get good partners.

33. Wonders how men can leave the society of sensible women, to flirt with chits.

34. Affects good humor in her conversation with men.

35. Jealous of the praise of women.

36. Quarrels with her friend who is lately married.

37. Thinks herself slighted in society.

38 Likes to talk of her acquaintance who are married unfortunately.

39. Ill nature increases.

40. Very meddling and officious.

41. If rich, as a dernier resort, makes love to a young man without a fortune.

42. Not succeeding, rails against mankind.

43. Partiality for cards and scandal commences.

44. Severe against the manners of the age.

45. Strong predilection for a Methodist Parson.

46. Enraged at his desertion.

47. Besomes desponding and takes snuff.

48. Turns all her sensibilities to cats and dogs.

49. Adopts a dependent relation to attend upon her feline and canine nursery.

50. Becomes disgusted with the world and vents all her ill humor on her fortunate relation.

Connubial.

"My dear, did John black them boots!"

"How should I know—I han't got noth-'n to do with your boots. It's washing day."

"But my love, you needn't speak cross."

"Speak so cross! I didn't speak cross."

"Oh—yes you did."

"I didn't."

"I say you *did.*"

"I say I *didn't.*"

"By gracious! I won't stand this. It's too bad to be treated in this way. I'll leave you, madam. We'll have a separation."

"Oh, Mr Slob—was ever a woman so abused. Here I've been working and scrubbing all day long, as hard as ever I could, and then you come home and talk so to me—jus kos I don't know noth'n about—your boots—oh!—it is to—bad, it is—boo-hoo!—boo-hoo!"

"Hem! Well, Nancy, I didn't mean to make you cry. Never mind—I reckon John has blacked my boots. Is them sassingers to be fried for supper?"

"Ye-e-es—my dear—I got um for you purticklearly."

Yankee Rovers.

At the New England dinner at Washington, on the 22d ult., Judge Woodbury said:—

"At this moment an emigrant from the shores of the Winnipiseogee Lake, in New Hampshire, holds a high rank in the Navy of Russia. Another from the same State has manufactured cannons for the Sublime Porte, in the dock-yards and armories of Constantinople; and within a month I parted with one of her hardy and intelligent mechanics, on his way to Mexico, where he and his family have built cotton manufactories, more than five hundred miles west of the capital of Montezuma; on rivers that tumble into the Pacific. Ask, likewise, who established the great stage lines in that republic, and you will find it was another emigrant from the mountains of the Granite State, and the carriages which now run over the ground where Cortez marched to victory, were built either on the banks of the Merrimac or the Hudson."

"Jack your wife is not so pensive as she used to be."

"No, she's left that off, and become plaguy *ex*-pensive."

Attraction.

BY DOW, JR.

My friends—you see the effect of attraction everywhere. Children, like vegetables, are attracted upward in growth by the sun, rain and atmosphere, till they arrive at maturity; then the earth exerts a counter attraction, and they gradually bow down to the dust, till finally they sink into it and disappear forever. The drunkard, while reeling home from the grogery, is attracted by both sides of the street, which accounts for his diagonal movements; and the hope of a comfortable snooze attracts him onward. One particular side of that fashionable thoroughfare to ruin, called Broadway, possesses positive attraction, as any one may see; and that house in which dwells an adored and adorable young damsel, contains attraction enough to draw a beau of two hundred pounds weight, half a mile out of the direct way from his boarding house to his counting room.—There is a mysterious mutual attraction between the sexes that my philosophy can unravel. They seem bound to approximate by a law of nature; and human law is no more of a barrier in their way, than a brush fence is to a mad bull in fly time, or a mud-puddle to the progress of Gospel truth.

My friends—you might place a lot of girls in one part of the labyrinths of Egypt and a parcel of fellows in another, with the most mazy and difficult windings between—blindfold and mouth-gag them all and leave them to themselves—and, my word for it, you would find them all in a heap in less than twenty minutes! Such is the marvellous power of attraction. It operates as my text says upon everything—the sea, the tides, the weather; but more pliable are its workings upon the he's and she's of humanity. They will get together as naturally as seeds of allspice floating in a barrel of hot rum. His influence upon a couple of lovers is at first gradual and almost imperceptible; but watch them and you will find that they keep nearing each other by hitches, with increased warmth and velocity, till, at length they are brought "smack up at the altar of Hymen, and fastened together for life—close-riveted, double-pegged, and back-stitched—so firmly adhered to one another, that no mortal power can rip them assunder.—Then, as they twain are one flesh, the husband has a perfect right to flog his wife as any atonement for his own sins, and she the privilege of pulling his hair for whatever errors she may commit. Surely the married are favored with liberties, comforts and blessings, which the unmarried cannot enjoy!

Now, my dear friends, I want you to let those things influence you the most that are the most attractive in themselves:—those are virtue, love, benevolence, morality, justice and truth. Let these be your objects of admiration through life, and you will lap up large quantities of consolation from the broad platter of peace, amid the trials and tribulations of a vexing world.

"Twenty-One."

James, in his beautiful novel of Morley Ernsteie, thus speaks of the age of twenty-one:

"It is a beautiful age, full of the spring, with all the vigor of manhood, without one touch of its decay; with all the fire of youth, without one touch of its feebleness. Oh, one-and-twenty!—bright one-and-twenty! wilt thou never come to me again? No, never! The cord of the bow has been so often drawn that it has lost its elasticity; there have been a thousand fruits tasted that have left but the rinds in the hands; there have been a thousand travel stains acquired that can never be washed off till the journey is done. That which is lost and that which has been gained, have both been gathered into two baskets of the past; and whatever the future may have in store, one-and-twenty, with its many hopes, its few fears, its buoyancy of spirit, its elasticity of limbs, its eagerness of expectation, its activity of pursuit, its aspirations, its desires, its faith, its garden of visionary flowers, and its atmosphere of misty light, can never come back to us, were we to whistle till we break our hearts. No, no; in the sad arithmetic of years, multiply what numbers you will, you can never get at one-and-twenty more than once."

GOVERNMENT OF A SCHOOL.—If any ask How can this hard task be done most easily? observe these simple rules, applicable also to parents in the little school of six "fine girls and boys."

1. *Govern yourselves.* Never speak in anger, nor strike without calmly showing the child your reason.

2. *Resolve that you will be master.* Never doubt your power.

3. *Never ridicule or villify a pupil.* Be manly and patient.

4. *Talk to the reason and conscience and affections of your pupil,* till you are satisfied his disobedience is sheer perverseness and passion.

5. Be Uniform—every day alike.

6. Be impartial—let no age, nor class be exempted from the law.

7. Let your authority be the "law of kindness," but see it is a LAW.—*Amherst (Mass.) Gazette.*

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Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846.

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Read the following certificates.

NEW YORK, March 6, 1845.

Dear Doctor—I am now connected with the De[illegible] Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy [illegible] to state, for the information of many [illegible] your TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT, 375 Bowery, on myself. About [illegible] informed me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a cough for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in [illegible] days I felt sure of being cured. In my case it acted like a [illegible] charm. I am entirely well, and I have recommended it to hundreds since and cheerfully do so on all occasions. By the means to use steadily *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery, and my friend has a claim on me for life. I may be found at the office of the Independent, Nassau street, Williamsburg, L. I.

A. N. CAMPBELL.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.

[illegible] with cough. The blood was [illegible] I [illegible] attendance, and I was entirely [illegible] of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery.

(Signed) ISAAC P. BALDWIN.

Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.

H. C. TOWNER, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs which has reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medicine had proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which age had materially impaired, felt that I could not much longer baffle the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARRET.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

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Palmer Depot, Jan 29, 1846. 2

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New York, Aug. 2, 1845

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VOLUME I. PALMER DEPOT, MASS., THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1846. NUMBER 8.

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SELECTED TALE.

From the Ladies' Book.

Aunt Jerusia's Gold Necklace.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

Nothing within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the obscure country-town of Redfield, had created such a "sensation," as Mrs Le Richmond's new house; it being the only three story house in the place, and except the meeting house, the only one painted white. Its situation, too, which was on an elevated piece of ground, added greatly to its imposing appearance. Many of the inhabitants were proud of this new and splendid edifice, regarding it as not only ornamental to the town, but as giving it a consequence which it did not before possess; and if a stranger inquired the way to the little Inn of Redfield, instead of saying as formerly, that it was a quarter of a mile from the meeting-house, they were in the habit of saying that it was half a mile from the large white house on the hill. Others, on the contrary, considered the building of so large and costly a house, as an innovation upon the primitive customs of the town, which ought by no means to be countenanced. Among these Miss Jerusia Hopkins, a spinster of fifty, set her face against it in a most decided manner, and gave people to understand that she should abstain from cultivating an acquaintance with so proud a woman as Mrs Le Richmond, and should use her influence with her sister, Mrs Fay, in whose family she resided, to induce her to follow her example.

Mrs Fay, the widow of a respectable farmer, had only one child, a daughter, who at the time of our story was sixteen. Lucy was a light-hearted, joyous creature, and the notes of the sweetest song-bird that thrilled on the ear from the woods, or the orchard when the trees were in full bloom, had nothing in them that sounded happier or more musical. She had, moreover, all the beauty and simplicity of the flowers that grew in the sunny nooks of the woodland, or on the borders of the clear brook near the homestead, where she loved to linger and observe the limpid water, as it quietly rippled over the smooth pebbles, or sparkled down the side of some old gray rock. Her eyes, which were of the most changeable of all hues, the hazel, were large and brilliant, and shaded by long, curved lashes perfectly black, although the cloud of curls that fell down her neck, were of a rich sunny brown. Her complexion was of a clear, healthful hue, in which ordinarily the lily predominated, but when exercising in the open air, the richest of roses seemed to be melting through her transparent cheeks. With all her beauty and sweetness, however, she was no favorite of Aunt Jerusia. "I do think," said she, one day to her sister, "that you are to blame about that girl."

"Why?" inquired Mrs Fay.

"Why! I should think you would know why. Don't she go roaming about the woods and down by the brook a whole hour at a time, doing no earthly thing but singing and plucking flowers."

"I know that, sister, but it is for her health to exercise in the open air, and it does my heart good to look at her when she comes back, with her eyes sparkling so bright, and her cheeks looking so red."

"She better exercise herself at the spinning wheel, as you and I used to, when we were of her age."

"She does spin five skeins a day, which is called a good day's work."

"Yes, but she is so spry, she can whirl off her five skeins by two o'clock in the afternoon. She might just as well spin her eight as not. She is what I call lazy, idle baggage, and the man who gets her for a wife will repent in dust and ashes, or I will never guess again."

Just at this moment Lucy bounded into the room, with a large bunch of frost flowers in her hand.

"Only see how beautiful these are," said she. "I could hardly step along the sunny edges of the woodland, without crushing them, they were so plenty."

"And it would have been no great matter if you had," said her aunt Jerusia.—"You had better be turning the spinning-wheel, and so I have been telling your mother."

"Now aunt, if you will not scold a single word," said Lucy, "as soon as I have finished spinning to-morrow, I will starch and iron your best sheer muslin cap, so that it will look as well as it did when it was new."

"I have no thoughts of scolding, Miss Flippant. I guess your cousin Jerusia"—and she applied the corner of her apron to her eyes—"would not accuse her old aunt of scolding."

Lucy made no reply, though a crushed tear sparkled on her long silken eye-lashes. But the ill humor of her aunt cast only a transient shadow over her spirits, and five minutes afterwards, when Celia Carter, a girl of her own age, was seen approaching the house, she ran to meet her with a face radiant with smiles.

"Did you know that a gentleman and two ladies from Boston, are visiting at Mrs Le Richmond's?" inquired Celia as they entered the house together.

"No—who are they?"

"Mr Clarence Le Richmond, her nephew, and a Mrs Allison and her daughter."

"Have you seen them?" said Lucy.

"Yes—they walked out after tea last evening and I happened to meet them."

"And how did they look?" inquired Lucy.

"Look! Why they looked like other folks, I suppose," said Aunt Jerusia, looking sharply up from a blue and white coverlet, fresh from the loom, on which she was sewing a netting fringe.

"Yes, as your aunt says," replied Celia, "they looked pretty much like other folks, only a little more stylish."

"None the better for that," said Aunt Jerusia. "Old as I am, I have spun and wove four *kiverlids* this year with my own hands—two bird's eye fashion, and two in the rose of Sharon. Now what kind of a figure would this city Miss you tell of, make in the loom, think ye?',

"I have heard" said Celia, "that Mrs Le Richmond intends to have a soiree, before they return to Boston."

"And what new-fangled thing is that?" said Aunt Jerusia.

"Celia means a party, I suppose," said Mrs Fay.

"Well, it is amazing," said Aunt Jerusia, "how genteel people do grow. In my young days when the boys and girls met together, we called it having a frolic. After a while they began to tell of having a party—and now, in order to be at the top-notch of gentility, you must call it having a sworry."

"You mean soiree, Aunt," said Lucy.

"To be sure I do, and I said a sworry—what do you think I said, Miss Flippant?"

"Come, Lucy," said Celia, "I want you to walk part way home with me, if you are not particularly engaged."

Lucy looked inquiringly to her mother.

"Yes, go child," said she, and Lucy went, regardless of the speech which her aunt commenced about idleness.

"Has not your aunt Jerusia a gold necklace?" said Celia, as they walked down the green lane that led to the road.

"Yes she has—why do you ask?"

"Have you never heard what a beautiful ornament gold beads make for the hair, woven with black bugles?"

"No, I never have."

"Hannah West, who has been living in New York, says the beads and bugles are woven into nets to contain the braided hair behind."

"I don't think that I should look so well with my hair braided as I do with it curled as I generally wear it."

Oh yes, you will; your hair is so bright and glossy, it will look beautifully braided."

"But how are the beads and bugles to be arranged?

"O Hannah knows how, and grandmother has promised to lend me her gold neck-lace, so I shall send and get some bugles in season for Mrs Le Richmond's soiree."

"Have you received an invitation so soon as this?"

"No, but that makes no difference, for we shall both of us be invited of course, and as I am going to send to-morrow for some bugles, I thought you might like to send at the same time,"

"I should," replied Lucy, "but I am afraid that aunt won't lend me her necklace.

"Why not? It will not injure it in the least."

"I know it—but I am so unfortunate, though I do my best to please her, to be no favorite of hers."

"It will be no harm to ask her," said Celia, "and as the person I shall send by, is going in the morning, it will be necessary for you to ascertain to-night."

"I am almost certain," said Lucy, "that she will not lend it to me. I will let you know, however, early in the morning."

When Lucy returned home, she took the first opportunity to consult with her mother relative to the necklace.

"I think your hair will look better as you always wear it," said her mother, "but since you seem so very earnest to have it, you can ask your aunt for it, though I think it will be of no use."

"I should think she might lend it to me, as she never wears it herself."

"I know she never does, but she designs it for your cousin Jerusia, and on that account, is very careful of it.

"Do say a word in favor of her letting me have it, will you mother?" said Lucy, who returned to the room, where her aunt was still busily engaged sewing the fringe to the edge of the coverlet.

Assuming all the courage possible, she said to her aunt, "I am going to ask a favor of you."

"That is nothing strange—what do you want now?"

"I want to borrow your gold necklace to wear one evening, and no more."

"Borrow my gold necklace?" said her aunt, dropping her work into her lap, and looking up with an air of utter astonishment.

"Yes, aunt, just for one evening, as I said before."

"And pray what do you want it for?"

"To wear to Mrs. Le Richmond's."

"I thought as much. No—I don't like the proud widow well enough to let my gold necklace go into her house. Besides, I am going to give it to your cousin Jerusia, who was named for me, and I never intended that any body should wear it again, till it goes round her neck the day she is eighteen, which will be the fourteenth day of next month, just two weeks and two days from to-day."

"I must say, sister," said Mrs. Fay, "that I am sorry that you feel so determined not to lend Lucy your necklace, for you and I both know, that it is natural for young girls of her age to like to look as well as they can."

"She wants to look well in the eyes of that city spark, I supose. Jedediah Green would make twice as good a husband.—Birds that fly in the air, are apt to light low."

Finding her to be inexorable, neither Mrs. Fay nor Lucy said anything more upon the subject. They had all been silent for five minutes or more, when Aunt Jerusia said, "Lucy, I have a mind to make a bargain with you."

"Well, aunt," said she, "what is it?"

"If you will engage to make me fringe enough for the red and white kiverlid I am weaving, I will lend you the necklace for one evening."

To this, Lucy readily assented, for the reluctance with which her aunt had acceded to her request, had made the ornament described by Celia Carter, appear doubly desirable.

The bugles were sent for, and arrived in due season; and it is doubtful, whether the pleasure enjoyed by Lucy and Celia in weaving them with the gold beads, under the direction of Hannah West, was not superior to that of wearing them. The next point to be settled was relative to their dresses, and after some hesitation on the part of Celia, whose inclination leaned towards a changeable silk, made out of an old one her grandmother gave her, but which, having been turned, looked as good as new, they concluded to dress in white. All this was settled before they had received the anticipated invitations. They came at last, however, and Aunt Jerusia being included in that sent to Mrs. Fay and Lucy, she was so far mollified as to say, she believed after all, that Mrs. Le Richmond was a real lady.

"Do you mean to go, aunt?" said Lucy.

"No, child," she replied, "but may be I shall go and take a social cup of tea with her in the course of the winter."

To Lucy, time crept with a snail's pace, till the desired evening arrived, and altho' the mantau-maker, who undertook to remodel her white dress according to the newest fashion, was not deeply skilled in the mysteries of her art, as she remained to assist in putting it on, she succeeded by a process known only to "the craft," to make it set, as she said, exactly like the dress Miss Allison wore on Sunday.

The Parsonage was the most handsomely furnished house of any that Lucy had ever seen, the parlor being adorned with a sofa covered with highly glossed copperplate of gorgeous color, and the floor with a carpet ornamented with red and yellow stripes, which the good dames of the neighborhood had spun and wove—and presented to the minister's wife on New-Year's-Day: she was therefore dazzled and almost bewildered by the flood of splendor which broke upon her when she was ushered into Mrs Le Richmond's drawing-room, the walls of which were nearly covered with pictures in massy gilt frames, and the windows concealed by curtains of the costliest fabric. She had too much tact, however, to suffer her astonishment to be perceived. The extreme beauty of her countenance, and the sweetness of its expression, almost immediately attracted the attention of Miss Allison, who requested to be introduced to her. Mr Le Richmond, too, the "city spark," as Aunt Jerusia called him, did not fail to perceive that she was by far the loveliest girl present, and sought an early introduction.—Much to her own surprize, she soon felt as free from embarrassment in their company, as when she was with her most intimate associates; for she had not yet learnt that it is the secret of true politeness, to make every person feel at ease within the sphere of its influence. She never spent an evening so pleasantly before, and when she returned home, as her Aunt Jerusia had gone to spend a week with her brother and his family, she, without any fear of being checked, commenced conversing with her mother, relative to what they had seen and heard.

All at once her mother exclaimed, "Why Lucy, what has become of your head-dress?"

Lucy started and put her hand to her head.

"I have lost it," said she, "but how, I cannot tell. What shall I do Aunt Jerusia will never forgive me if her necklace is gone."

As it was a bright, moonlight evening, they tho't if she dropped it while returning home, they might possibly find it; they, therefore, went quite to Mrs. Le Richmond's door, looking carefully at every step. Their search was unsuccessful, and they thought it possible that she might have dropped it before she left the house; but they could not think of seeking admittance, as they found by the lights that gleamed from the chamber windows, that the inmates had already retired to their sleeping apartments. Lucy returned home with a heavy heart, and her mother was far from feeling happy, for she knew that offering to replace the lost necklace by a new one, would be of no avail, as it would not be *the* necklace. Lucy slept little that night, and if for a few minutes she lost herself, black bugles and gold beads were ever before her eyes. Her only comfort was, that her aunt Jerusia was absent. It was like a reprieve to a criminal, and she indulged a faint hope that she might find the necklace before her return. In the morning she rose before the sun, and recommenced her search. She had gone up and down the road several times before there were any indications of the family being astir, at the great white house. At length she beheld a thin wreath of blue smoke borne upwards on the morning air, and assuming as much courage as possible, she approached the door and rang the bell. The door was opened by a girl, who informed her that Mrs. Le Richmond had not yet risen and would not like to be disturbed so early, but that she was certain that she would be perfectly willing for her to look for the necklace, in any apartment which had been open to the company the preceding evening, and that she would assist her in the search. It was not to be found, however, and Lucy was again compelled to go home, more despondent than ever. Directly after breakfast, she informed Celia Carter of her loss, who joined with her in making every effort to discover the lost treasure. The idea of encountering her aunt's anger so preyed upon Lucy's spirits, that she could neither eat nor sleep, and her merry song, and her still merrier laugh, were hushed. Time passed on till it wanted only three days of her cousin Jerusia's birth-day, previous to which she knew that her aunt would be at home. The next morning she dreaded to look out of the window, lest she should see her coming. About an hour after dinner, the chaise of her uncle Hopkins, which had been the family chaise of his father before him, its square top lined with spotted calico, and edged in front with a white linen fringe—came nodding up the lane. Lucy's face became suddenly flushed, and then she turned quite pale.

"Mother," said she, "do you tell aunt about the necklace, for I cannot."

Mr Hopkins assisted his sister to alight, but said he was in too much of a hurry to come in. Aunt Jerusia whose spirits were uncommonly good, said she had a nice visit, and that her niece Jerusia would make them a visit the next day.

"You know," said she, "that to-morrow is her birthday, and I intend to tie my gold necklace round her neck with my own hands. I suppose, Lucy, you have strung it, as I told you, on the yellow silk string. I have bought a nice piece of purple lustring ribbon to tie it with."

Lucy burst into tears, while Mrs Fay undertook to inform her sister that the necklace was lost. "But," added she, as she saw the storm of anger gathering on her brow, "I have money enough to purchase another, which you are welcome to."

"And what good will another do?" said Aunt Jerusia. "I valued it for the sake of its antiquity. It has been in the Hopkins' family almost a hundred years, and had it not been for that vain, idle girl of yours, it might have remained in it a hundred years longer. For my part, I think I am pretty well paid for indulging her in her foolish vanity."

Lucy endeavored to express her deep regret, in the hope that it would soothe her, but it only exasperated her the more, and she had wrought herself into a state of mind bordering on frenzy, when some one rapped at the outer door. Lucy opened it, and Mrs Le Richmond, Miss Allison, and Clarence Le Richmond entered. Lucy hastily attempted to obliterate the trace of tears, and Mrs Fay whispered to her sister, and begged her not to pursue the subject of the necklace in the presence of their visitors: but Aunt Jerusia had not the least idea of practising such forbearance, the less so, from her natural consequence being somewhat increased by her having on her red and green striped Italian silk, her best sheer muslin cap, and her high-heeled lasting shoes; a costume, which, in her opinion, put her on a level with Mrs Le Richmond, as far as personal appearances were concerned, while, in most other respects, she considered herself her superior. She accordingly took the first opportunity to inform Mrs Le Richmond that she had been reprimanding her niece for her carelessness. Mrs Le Richmond not knowing what answer to make to such a piece of family information, contented herself by a slight inclination of her head.

"The truth is," resumed Aunt Jerusia "when you had company a few days ago, Lucy, thinking, I suppose, that some city spark might be present, (as she spoke she cast a sidelong glance at young Le Richmond,) wanted to look mighty fine: so nothing would do but she must borrow my gold beads. Well she went content in wearing them round her neck, but she must go string them crinkle-crankle-wise, with a parcel of black bugles, with which she made a thing shaped a good deal like the net we boil greens in, to wear on the back part of her head. Well, she put it on, and wore it to your house, and that is the last I shall ever see of my beads, I suppose."

"She was so unfortunate as to lose them," said Mrs Le Richmond.

"Unfortunate! for my part I call it right down carelessness. You cannot think how idle and careless she is, and, in my opinion, she would be the ruin of the richest man in the world, who should be so unfortunate as to marry her. She is not much like her cousin Jerusia, I guess, my brother's eldest daughter."

"I would willingly replace the necklace by a new one," said Mrs Fay, "but the one lost had been in the family about a century, I believe, and it is more on that account, than its intrinsic value, that my sister so highly prizes it. The loss of it has made both Lucy and myself very unhappy."

Lucy, on whose cheek the blush of shame and vexation, had, during her aunt's speech been growing deeper and deeper, had, with the utmost difficulty suppressed her tears. The last words of her mother, spoken in a tone of sympathy, at once caused them to flow afresh, and she was obliged to leave the room. Clarence Le Richmond who had often thought of her since the evening he met her at his aunt's, felt highly indignant at Aunt Jerusia, whose remarks, by no means, lessened her in his estimation. Lucy bathed her eyes and face in cold water; hoping to be able to return, but on consulting her glass, she found the vestiges of recent weeping too apparent, which obliged her to content herself with looking from the window, to witness the departure of the visitors.

"What an opinion Mr Le Richmond must have formed of me," she half muttered to herself, "from what Aunt Jerusia said of me." She then thought of certain flattering attentions he paid her on the evening of the party. "But, if he should ever think of me now," she thought, "it will be only as a vain, idle girl, beneath his notice. How foolish I was for borrowing the necklace, for after all, my hair would have looked better as I generally wear it."

It did not occur to her, amidst her regret at what had happened, that she might not be considered a suitable match for a rich and fashionable gentleman like Clarence Le Richmond, as she was entirely ignorant of the distinctions of society, as they exist in large and populous cities.—Before leaving her room, she determined within herself to make one more thorough search for the necklace. She, therefore, directly after tea, put on her shawl and her cottage bonnet, and arranging her curls as becomingly as she could, as she would be obliged to go close to Mrs. Le Richmond's, she told her mother that she should be back before dark, and set out upon what she considered her almost hopeless excursion. She pursued her way slowly, stopping almost every minute to turn over the dry leaves, which the autumn wind had drifted under the fences.—She had arrived at the foot of the eminence on which Mrs. Le Richmond's house was situated, and was looking among the leaves beneath a large maple, when she heard some one pronounce her name.—She looked up, and beheld Clarence Le Richmond. Her face was instantly suffused with blushes, for the scene of the afternoon flashed upon her mind.

"You are looking for a certain net, composed of bugles and gold beads, I presume," said he. "What will you give me if I find it?"

"Oh, anything I have in the world," she replied.

"The price may be greater than you imagine," said he, smiling at her earnestness. He then drew a small package from his pocket, which, partly opening, so as to disclose its contents, he presented to her, saying, "This, according to your aunt's description, must be the lost treasure."

With a face covered with smiles, it was her first impulse to press her lips to the hand that restored it, but reflection came in season to check the action, and she attempted, in set phrase, to speak her thanks. The feelings of her heart, however could not find vent in such a formal way, and finally, though smiles still wreathed her lips, tears gushed from her eyes. Le Richmond drew her arm within his, slightly pressing her hand as he did so, and they proceeded slowly towards the homestead. It is probable that Lucy had never been so happy in her life. The weight, which from the loss of the necklace, had so long, heavily pressed upon her spirits, was removed, and it was evident, from Le Richmond's appearance, that he was far from regarding her in the light in which her aunt Jerusia had represented her. In his heart, too, there were many delightful emotions, which reflection, as yet, came not to crush. There was, to him, something perfectly unique in the simplicity and confiding manner of Lucy, which, joined with her beauty, was weaving around him a stronger spell than he imagined.

"It is so lovely an evening, will you not prolong your walk?" said he, when they arrived opposite the green lane that led to her home.

She declined, saying that she told her mother that she would be at home before dark.

"How strange," said she, looking up to him and laughing, when they had nearly reached the door, "that I never thought, till this minute, to ask you where you found the necklace."

"If you permit me to go in," he replied, "I will inform you and your mother and your Aunt Jerusia, all at the same time."

Aunt Jerusia gave him a sharp look over her spectacles, as he entered, as much as to say, "What brings you here, so soon again," and Mrs. Fay handed him a chair. Lucy, in the meantime, removed the bugle and gold bead net from its envelope, and handed it to Aunt Jerusia.

"Where, on earth, did you find it?" said she.

"Mr Le Richmond found it," Lucy replied.

"I want to know if he did. How lucky. Did you find it in the road, Mr Le Richmond?" she inquired, turning towards him a countenance which had undergone a perceptible mollification.

"No, madam, I found it in the shrubbery, suspended on rose-bush."

"I remember now," said Lucy.—"and it is strange I did not think of it before—that as the evening was very mild and beautiful, Celia Carter and I, and several others, went to walk in the garden without our bonnets."

"Well, I am sure I am glad that it is found," said Mrs. Fay, "and shall always feel truly grateful to the finder."

"So shall I," said Aunt Jerusia, "and if you will come to-morrow, afternoon, and take a dish of tea with us, you shall have the pleasure of seeing the gold beads round my niece Jerusia's neck. She is a nice girl, Mr Le Richmond, and will make a capital wife. Within a year past, besides doing a great deal about house, she has spun and wove a hundred yards of tow and linen cloth, and whitened it all herself, so that it looks more like a snow-drift than anything else. I can tell you that she is the master smart girl you ever saw in your life, and hasn't a drop of lazy blood in her veins. You won't catch her out in the woods after flowers, nor singing songs and

(*Concluded on the fourth page.*)

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

WOLF CHASE AND COMBAT.—Two Rocky Mountain wolves escaped from their cage in Managerie of Herr Driesbach, at Zanesville, Ohio, on the 11th; and the Gazette gives the following account of the conflict to secure them:—

At the time, there were four men in the building, Herr Driesbach, Paul Morgan, Abraham Shimer, and Arthur Crippen; but accustomed as they were to such animals, they thought only of saving the smaller animals that were fastened in different parts of the building, without apprehending personal danger to themselves.—Crippen ran out of the building to get a pitchfork, when closing the door after him it fastened itself, which kept him out.—Morgan hastened to take care of the riding monkey, when one of the wolves attacked him, and got him down, and as Shimer ran to his assistance, he was attacked and overpowered by the other wolf. At this moment Driesbach was the only one disengaged, and picking up a chair, he dashed it to pieces, to obtain a round for a club. With this at one blow he disabled the wolf that had attacked Shimer, but the other held with a death grip, and required repeated blows; nor did he relinquish the attack until he was knocked dead. The disabled one was afterwards shot. The men were badly bitten, and had they been alone would inevitably been killed, for one of them was already fainting.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The Providence Journal of the 20th says that the cotton mill of John Olney & Co., at Brand's Iron Works, was totally destroyed by fire yesterday morning at about 2 o'clock, together with a store on the opposite side of the street, owned by Edward Barber and occupied by Olney & Richmond. The loss in and on the factory buildings, owned by Olney & Co. and N. & A. Fenner, was $15,500: insured for $7,000 at the Aetna Office, Hartford, and $3,000 at the Hartford office. Loss on store $1400. A little boy, 12 years old, from some misunderstanding with his family, remained in the mill over night and was burned to death.

The dwelling house of Mr Hatstatt in New Salem was burned down on the first instant.

The house of Mr Reuben Jonnison in South Orange was damaged by fire on the 11th inst., to the amount of $300; insured at the Aetna office in Greenfield.

The dwelling house occupied by the Rev. Mr Tuck of the Congregational Society in Ludlow, was destroyed by fire on Friday last, with shed and out buildings. It was owned by several gentlemen, members of the Society. Furniture saved.

MOURNFUL STORY.—On Saturday last the bodies of the unfortunate passengers and sailors who were drowned by the wreck of the John Minturn, were brought to the "West Tunnel," on the Canal and Albany Railroad, to await the train from New York. There were three sled loads of them. It was truly a mournful sight, says the North American. The corpses of the Captain and Mate (Lady Mary) arrived at New London, and were buried there. The crew of the ship Constellation were not, we believe, on board the Minturn at the time of the most sad disaster.

The Supreme Court has been in session at Dedham for the last three days trying Peter Conner for murdering Edward Welsh in Roxbury last June. The case was given to the Jury yesterday, and after being out six hours, rendered a verdict of *Acquittal.*

We understand that it is in contemplation, to construct a railroad from Boston to New York. This line will pass across the northwest corner of Rhode Island, and directly through the city of New Haven.—The road will be constructed from Boston to Middleton, and from thence to New Haven.

The Albany Argus says that the grand jury of Cayuga county have found true bills of indictment against Hiram Rathbun principal keeper of the Auburn State Prison, and Metanchthon W. Cary, assistant keeper of said Prison, for manslaughter, in the case of whipping the convict Plumb.

HORRIBLE.—A colored man died recently of the small pox, at the head of South river, near Anapolis, Md., and so great was the fear of his neighbors *that his house was fired, and his corpse with all that the building contained, consumed!* He died because every one deserted him in his sickness.

In Essex county, N. Y. a week or two since, Fanny L. McAuley recovered $500 of Roderick had courted Fanny 3 years, and to cap the climax actually borrowed of her brother the change "to pay the marriage fee," and went right off and married another woman the same night, notwithstanding the plaintiff's *delicate* 'situation.'

PROBABLE MURDER OF A MOTHER AND HER BABES.—Some citizens of New Richmond, Ohio, recently saw a box floating in the river opposite that place, which, on being opened was found to contain the bodies of two infants, and portions of the breast limbs, &c. of a young woman—probably the victim of seduction, murdered by her betrayer to conceal his own infamy.—From some marks left by accident on the box, it is possible the perpetrator may be identified.

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, March 5, 1846.

COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF BOSTON AND CHARLESTOWN.—Several nominations for Collectors, Surveyors, and Inspectors, were acted upon and approved by the U. S. Senate last week. All important offices of the Customs in New England, nominated by the President, are approved, excepting the nomination for the Port of Boston.

MARCUS MORTON, it is well known was appointed to this place early last spring, and entered upon his duties on the first of May. At that time, no one could have expected that his name would "ever go a begging" for support where his reputation and fame was known. As a *man*, he enjoyed the confidence of all who knew him. Universally respected as a citizen, he had for a long series of years been before the people of the Commonwealth as a candidate for the highest office in their gift, enjoying and receiving the continued and increasing favor of the State, until 1840, by the aid of thousands of his political opponents, who sacrificed their political prejudices to the better feeling of personal friendship, he was elected Governor of the Commonwealth.

For many years he had enjoyed a seat upon the Supreme Bench, and by his judicial learning and judgment, he reflected honor upon his station and the Bench.—Of his truly distinguished and learned associates, none were greater ornaments—none by their decisions shadowed forth more true splendor upon the jurisprudence of the State, than he. Elected Governor in a State where his political opinions were in a large and respectable minority, and standing alone and upon the merits of his public acts, it may be said he truly enjoyed *otium cum dignitate.*

Elected Governor, he resigned his judicial robes. Sad hour for his supporters, when at the request and importunities of his friends he sacrificed general to political life. A year in the close of State and he was called to return, by the mandate of the people. Duty he was to elected—which he was called upon to sustain to his self the country and declare that would have strengthened and purified the public morals and sustained them, we say, has an editor who sees wrong practised in our midst, and the laws of God and men trampled upon, obliged to keep mum? If so, one might as well be in Heathenish darkness, or Egyptian bondage. In regard to its being "manifest approbation of the Mob Law," is a down right falsehood from the beginning to the end. We defy the editor of the Hampshire Herald, or any one else to find a single word, or sentence, in the whole article that sanctions or approves of it, unless it is construed by some shallow-pated fellow, like the editor of the Herald, to meet *their* ends. We say the editor of the Herald has misconstrued our meaning, or is guilty of an absurd falsehood. Let High Heaven be his Judge.

NEW BUILDINGS.—A new block of buildings was contracted for last week to be executed by the middle of April. It is to extend from A. Allen's store nearly to our office, about 80 feet. It is to be divided into a Dry Goods' store, a Jeweller's shop by Mr Farmington, and a shoe store by Mr Stowell of Wales. We are also credibly informed that Messrs. F. C. Merrick & Co. intend to erect a brick block, on the ground of the late fire, as soon as the Railroad Corporation settle upon the subject of the Depot location, if the Depot remains, as it probably will, where it is.

We have received the "Saturday Evening Post," the Prospectus of which is on the fourth page. It is a paper of high literary merit. Worth double the price.

For the Palmer Sentinel.

Oregon.

NUMBER V.

American Voyages, Discoveries, &c.

Many voyages were made to the N. W. coast by Americans, between the years 1788 and '92; but two only of them are of sufficient national importance to claim notice. These very essentially contributed to the validity of the title of the United States to the whole territory of the Oregon. All others (B. were like most of the English voyages, entirely commercial and uninteresting; and productive of no beneficial results to the public; and have no great bearing upon the Oregon question. In 1787, a voyage of *commerce and discovery* to that coast was undertaken by an association of enterprising merchants of Boston. Two vessels were fitted out; the *ship Columbia* and sloop Washington, and put under the command respectively, of John Kendrick and Robert Gray, who were furnished with crews selected from the most experienced and skillful sailors and mechanics in and about Boston—with commendatory letters from President Washington and Governor Hancock—with medals, both silver and copper, for distribution among the natives; and whatever else, might best conduce to a successful voyage, and make it of public utility.—The commanders, themselves were both active, shrewd and eagle-eyed men; and in these respects had not their equals among British navigators.

The medals had, on one side, the representation of the two vessels; and on the other, the names of the owners; to wit, Joseph Barrett, Samuel Brown, Charles Bulfinch, John Derby, Crowell Hatch and [illegible] Pintard. Thus prepared, these two vessels set sail on the first voyage ever projected by citizens of the United States to that part of the continent. They kept in company till after doubling Cape Horn, when separated by a violent gale.—The Columbia having been damaged by fightning put into a harbor at the Island Juan Fernandez. In four days she made the necessary repairs; and again spread her canvass to the wind. On the 16th of Sept. 1788, Kendrick enters Nootka Sound, and on the day following, Gray enters Clyoquot. These places were afterwards, respectively chosen for head quarters.

Gray's journal and log books testified abundantly to his achievements. They have afforded me much valuable information, not only as to the aspect and capabilities of that part of the country lying north of the 49th parallel; but to the manners and customs of the natives.

Gray passed much of the winter in exploring the coast and trading with the Indians north of Nootka. He particularly examined the principal islands between the 52d and 54th parallels. The large island which has since been called Queen Charlotte, he circumnavigated and determined Washington; and the passage between this and Quadra's Island was called Principe Sound. Returning from the north he enters Fuca's Sea and explored the whole of it. He succeeded Capt. Meares who admits that the "sloop Washington" penetrating the Straits entered an extensive sea, where she steered to the northward and eastward, and had communication with the various tribes of Indians who inhabit the shores."

On the 3d of July the vessels exchange masters. Gray taking command of the Columbia sailed for China, and thence, to Boston, where he arrived in Aug. 1790.—On leaving Nootka he took on board to carry to Macao a part of the crew of certain Portuguese vessels which had been captured, in the harbor of Nootka, for being there with the intent of forming a trading establishment, in a territory which the Spanish commandant, Martinez asserted, belonged to his Catholic Majesty.

The returns of this voyage disappointed the owners. A considerable loss being realized, two of them, Derby and Pintard withdrew from the enterprize. The Columbia leaves on a second voyage, and on the 5th of June, 1791, again enters the bay of Clyoquot. While on his way up the coast, in latitude 46 degrees and 16 minutes, Gray noticed an opening into the land.—Several circumstances induced him to believe it must be the mouth of some large river. He remained nine days attempting to make an entrance; but the strong current and unfavorable wind prevented.—On his arrival at Clyoquot, Cleshinah, a chief, informed him, that the Spaniards were then there; and that no English vessel had been seen since those captured.—He sails on a northern cruise; and in latitude, about 54 degrees, entered an inlet into which he penetrated eighty miles—it continued to extend in a northeasterly direction. This he supposed to be the *Rio de los Reyes Fonte.* He returns to Clyoquot where he met Kendrick, who reported that "while coming up the coast, he *bought* of the natives there, *landed estates,* and paid them in muskets, iron, copper, and clothing, and that he had made this purchase in behalf of the *owners.* He bought several other *tracts of land* for *himself* at and north of Clyoquot. On a visit at the village of Ashewot, south of the entrance of Fuca Straits, Gray was informed by the chief *Claheloko,* that Spaniards had been there teaching them white men's religion, that he and several others, and many of their children had been baptized. On the 20th of Sept. he began to prepare, in the northeastern part of the bay of Clyoquot, for winter quarters. There in the village of *Cleescocultzee,* about twelve miles from the sea, and six miles southerly of the village *Opesitar,* the resident place of the sovereign chief, Wickaninish, he built a fort which was called *Fort Defiance,* mounting it with four cannons; and put it under the command of Mr Haswell. He also, built, at this place a vessel of 40 tons which he called the Adventurer.

In March, 1792, he left this harbor to explore the coast southward; first going into Fuca's Sea; thence, returning by the southern side of the straits, he touched at every important place on the shore. He visited *Tatoosche* Island at the entrance of the straits, and Quimilth river a little further south. Proceeding along the coast, he put into a spacious bay in latitude 46 degrees and 50 minutes, to which he gave the name of *Bulfinch Harbour.* It is a commodious harbor; and of safe and easy entrance for vessels of small size. There is some ground to believe that Kendrick, the year before, had made more than one visit to this place, and that first of all, the Spaniards had visited it. Be this as it may, the present entrance is the first of which there is any certain account. Gray is, also, entitled to the credit of the first discovery of a considerable river called by the Indians, *Tshiltz,* coming into the bay from the east, which drains the flat country between the southern arm of Fuca's Sea, and the coast. After four days in this harbor, the Columbia proceeds on to the opening noticed, the year, previous; and on the 11th of May, drives into it; and continuing straight onward, she anchors ten miles up the Oregon river. Here she *filled up her watercasks.* The log-book will tell the rest of the story concerning this river and the working of the ship.

May 11.—At noon weighed and came to sail, standing up the river northeast by east: the channel narrow. At 4 P. M. we had raised upwards of twelve miles, when the channel was so very narrow that it was almost impossible to keep in it, having from three to eighteen fathoms water. At half past four the ship took ground.—We backed her off, stern foremost, into three fathoms, and let go the small bower, and moored ship with kedge and hawser. The jolly-boat was sent to sound the channel out. It was found not navigable any further up; so, of course, we must have taken the wrong channel. So ends, with rainy weather; many natives alongside.

May 15.—Light airs and pleasant weather: many natives from different tribes came alongside. At 10 A. M. unmoored and dropped down with the tide to a better anchoring place: smiths and other trades-men constantly employed. In the afternoon Captain Gray and Mr Hoskins in the jolly-boat went on shore to view the country.

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May 18.—Pleasant weather. At 1 the morning began to come aboard, at half past 1 came to sail, standing down river with the ebb tide; at 7 were come to two fathoms, sandy bottom; the entrance between the banks from northeast by west, distance 3 miles. At 9, took up the anchor and came to sail, but the wind soon came flattering: came to, to wait for high water and dinner. Latitude observed, by degrees 47 minutes north; many canoes alongside.

May 19.—Fresh wind and clear weather. Early a number of canoes came alongside, seamen and tradesmen employed in their various departments.

Captain Gray gave this river the name of *Columbia's river,* and the north side of the entrance *Cape Hancock;* the south *Adams' Point.*

May 20.—At 1 P. M. took up anchor and made sail, standing down river. At 2 the wind left us, being on the bar with a very strong tide which set on the breakers; so we were obliged to bring up in three and a half fathoms: the tide running five knots. At three quarters past 2 a fresh wind came in from seaward: we immediately came to sail and beat over the bar. At 5 P. M. we were out, clear of all the bars. A breeze came from the southward, we bore away to the northward. Gray again visits Clyoquot and Nootka; and thence, sails for places further north. Between Washington's Island and the continent, his ship struck on a rock while under full sail, which very much damaged her. It was with much difficulty he reached Nootka where he made repairs.

In Oct. 1792, the Columbia in company with the brig Hope, Capt. Ingraham left the coast for home, sailing by the way of Canton.

No sooner had the navigator reached on the N. W. coast than he began to make important discoveries, and before his final departure from it, next after the Spaniards he had examined, and drawn maps of every considerable island, river, bay, strait or sound between the 46th and 54th parallels. Capt. Kendrick, also, made prior or subsequent examinations of most of these places.

After the exchange of vessels, in 1789, Kendrick continued on the coast over two years, making Mawinna his head quarters. This place is about five miles up the sound from *Uquot* or Friendly Cove near the entrance.

In the beginning of the winter of 1790, he built at Mawinna a fort which he called Fort Washington, and in the close of that year, he made a cruise into Fuca's Sea, and explored a large part of it.

In the summer of 1791, he purchased of the native chiefs for himself and the owners of the two vessels, several extensive tracts of land situated on the coast, between the 47th and 50th parallels, for which payments were made as stated by Gray. The deeds were witnessed by the officers and crew of the Washington, and the purchases allowed by Quadra the Spanish commandant at Nootka. (C.) The deeds, in 1793, were authenticated by a notary public at Macao.

Concerning the conveyances to himself, he wrote from the island of King Kong, March 1, 1793, to Mr Jefferson, then Secretary of State as follows—"I have the honor of enclosing to you the copies of several deeds by which tracts of land, therein described, situated on islands on the northwest coast of America have been made to me and my heirs forever, by the chiefs of those districts, who, I presume were the only just proprietors thereof. I know not what measures are necessary to be taken to secure the *property* of these purchases to me, and the *government* thereof to the United States." * * * * *

Kendrick left Nootka Sound, in Oct. 1791, for China, by a northern passage which the natives called *Ahucaset,* but was called by him Massachusetts Sound. It lies on the north side of a large island included among his land purchases, and called *Kendrick's Island.* The Indian name was *Nuchatlet.* He arrived at Lark's Bay, 15 miles from Macao, the first of January, 1792, having sailed by the way of the Sandwich Islands. The supercargo of the brig Hope, represents the cargo as consisting of 1000 prime otter skins, with other furs of different kinds and qualities. After disposing of this cargo, worth at that time in that market $80,000, he returns to the Sandwich Islands, and engages in a new line of commerce, that of transporting to China *sandal wood,* which grows on those islands. This article was in great demand in all the Chinese empire, on account of its odoriferous quality, and its savory incense for their gods. This trade was originated by him. Capt. Kendrick was killed at Owyhee on the 4th of July, 1793, by the accidental discharge of a cannon. After this, his clerk J. Howell, took command of the Washington, and proceeded with her, to China, taking also, in possession, Kendrick's papers including the deeds.

The vessel was cast away in the Straits of Malaca, while under Howell's command.

HALL J. KELLEY.

For The Sentinel.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Please insert the following in your paper:

There is a great deal of feeling manifested in regard to the Town House in this town, and as I feel an interest in the welfare of the inhabitants of this town, I would like to make a few remarks in regard to building a new one.

We are asked if we are ready to build now? I answer, yes, as well now as ever we shall be, in looking around I find that this town is not only ranked among the west-most, but it is in a thriving condition, and its voters are increasing very fast, and we well know the present house is too small for the number of voters; some have proposed taking the Meeting House at the Centre, and they ask us to accept that. So far as I am concerned, I should have no objection to that, for if I am rightly informed, the house was built by a tax, and belongs to us now, and as it is not in a convenient place for the people to go to do their town business, I think we had better sell it at auction, and build a new town house as large as the town requires for doing business. * * * *

We here omit a portion of the letter which is too personal in its insinuations for us to publish, without the name of the author. We publish this in courtesy to the *two* parties upon the question of building a town house. Both having had a hearing in our columns through their respective agents, neither of which are known to us, we shall publish no more on the subject, unless conceived in a spirit of magnanimity, avoiding personalities, or under the signature of the writer, as advertisements.)

Let us go to work like rational men and save the money that we should have to pay to Cesar, that would soon build a good house, or let us impose a tax that would pay our debts and build a house, and should we fail in all this, I ask what would be the best to sell old Black Pete for $2000, and appropriate the money for the house?

We thank the aristocracy of Palmer Centre for their petition for a house at the four corners. They have done a noble deed, and accheived a heroic victory over Thorndike. A victory stamped too legible upon the history of Palmer, to fade before this generation passes away.

A TAX PAYER.

Thorndike, Feb. 28th 1846.

The fifth number of the New York Illustrated Magazine has been laid upon our table. It is well worthy of patronage. It is certainly one of the cheapest Monthly Magazines we know of. A new volume commences in May. Let no one fail to have their name on the list in season to receive the first number.

An indictment has been found at last against John Johnson, the wealthy old man of Greene N. Y., for the murder of Mrs Bolt, two years ago.

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

A blacksmith brought up his son, to whom he was very severe, to his trade.—The urchin was a most audacious dog.—One day the old gentleman was attempting to harden a cold chisel which he had made of foreign steel, but could not succeed. "Horsewhip it, father," exclaimed the young one, "if that will not harden it I don't know what will."

The settlement in Castroville, in Western Texas, numbers over 400 inhabitants, possessing about 1000 head of cattle, in one of the finest ranges for stock to be found in Texas.

If we go to war, father, said a bright eyed boy the other day to his clerical parent, from what part of the Bible shall you get the text for a new sermon?" The good minister being taken with surprise at the question, thought a moment and then smoothing the locks of the child with a sort of paternal pride, answered that he believed it would be from *Lamentations.*

A court out west has decided when a gentleman visits a lady but once a month, if courtship at all, is of a very cold character, and not such as to warrant a jury in inferring a promise of marriage.

John Adams was at one time called upon by some one to contribute to foreign missions, when he abruptly answered;—I have nothing to give for that purpose.—There are here in this vicinity six ministers, not one of whom will preach in the other's pulpit. Now I will contribute as much, and more than any one else, to civilize these clergymen.

A rustic in England in speaking of some depredations committed by a person on his employer's grounds, said that some gentlemen had done them. "How do you know it was a gentleman?" "Oh, because he keeps fourteen horses and another man's wife."

Great excitement prevails at Lancaster, Pa., with regard to the conduct of a dog, that howls about a pond, and refuses to leave it. The authorities suppose that his master was murdered and cast into the pond, and they are preparing to drag it.

The Cincinnati papers mention several cases of insanity caused by attendance on the Millerite meetings of that city. One woman cut off and burnt her hair, destroyed her dresses, and sat waiting to be taken to glory in her *chemise.* Others, without being quite sure of future bliss, have been equally wild and fanatical.

A very valuable lead mine has been discovered in Texas, on a small tributary of the Trinity, about twenty miles west of Dallas.

Dean Swift says it is with little-souled people as it is with narrow-necked bottles, the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring out.

There are six water cure establishments in the U. States.

When the insane are placed under proper corrective treatment in the early stages of the disease, from 75 to 90 per cent. recover.

The earliest Scottish newspaper made its appearance under the auspices of Cromwell, in 1652.

The most abundant tree in our country is the Butternut or the White Walnut.—Its sap affords sugar equal to the maple.

The number of this most unfortunate of the human family, the Idiot, whom the census returns as included in the population of N. Y., is 610.

The steamer Belle Zane had on board of her, when she sunk some weeks since, twenty-seven mail bags, which are lost forever.

Cotton yarn has been spun so fine by hand in India, that one pound of it would reach 115 miles.

There has been an increase in the import trade of the U. States with Great Britain, within the past twenty five years of two hundred per cent.

Ham, Shem, and Japeth, mean in the original Hebrew—Black, Red, and White.

The last Wheat crop in the United States of which we have returns, (that of 1842,) was computed at 95,660,000 bushels.

Three hundred building were erected in the American portion of New Orleans last year at a cost of about $1,000,000.

The State of Massachusetts owns two and a half millions of acres of land in the State of Maine.

The beauties of the credit system can be seen by looking over the subscription list of the publishers of the Democratic Review. They have about $40,000 due to them.

We often hear young ladies express the wish that they were gentlemen. We question if they'd do so, if they could once taste the luxury of shaving on a cold morning with a dull razor—chilly water—and poor soap. Go away! Saw-filing is a fool to it in comparison.

Albert J. Tirrell is to be tried on the 24th of March.

The school house in Northville, Worcester, was destroyed by fire last week.

Massachusetts Legislature.

Monday, Feb. 23.

In the Senate this morning, bills were reported authorising the 1st Congregational Society in Sandwich to sell parsonage land, and establishing the salary of the Register of Probate for the county of Barnstable at $600 per annum.

The bill incorporating the Essex county, which came up for a third reading was passed over.

At 10 minutes past 12, adjourned.

In the House after the reading of the Journal, and prayers by Rev. Dr. Jenks, a number of petitions, &c., were presented and appropriately referred.

At 3 minutes past 2 o'clock, on motion of Mr Palfrey of Boston, adjourned.

Tuesday Feb. 24.

In the Senate this morning, the bill concerning the wilful and malicious injury to personal property in certain cases.

A bill was reported authorizing the General Convention of the Baptist denomination to use the name of the Baptist Missionary Union.

In the House after the usual morning exercises, a number of petitions were presented and referred.

Papers from the Senate were disposed of.

The committee on the judiciary reported that the resolve relating to postage ought not to pass.

At 8 minutes after 2 o'clock, the House adjourned.

Wednesday, Feb. 25.

In the Senate this morning, the resolves authorizing the Governor to retain Counsel for the Commonwealth, in action now pending in the Supreme Court at Washington, and the resolve on the petition of David Ellis, were passed to be enacted.

A bill was reported incorporating the New England Female Reform Society, with a capital of $50,000.

At 1 o'clock adjourned.

In the House the resolve instructing the members of Congress from Massachusetts to oppose any proposition to increase the present rates of postage, after considerable discussion was laid upon the table, on the table, on motion of Mr Wales of Boston.

The orders of the day were then laid on the table on motion of Mr Chandler of Boston.

At 5 minutes before 2 o'clock, the House adjourned.

Thursday, Feb. 26.

In the Senate bills were reported relating to the erecting of Furnaces, for the Manufacture of glass, and incorporating the Charlestown Gas Co.

In the House the committee on the Judiciary reported the bill concerning the wages &c. of married women in a new draft.

The committee on Education reported a bill to establish a Teacher's Institute, which was ordered to be printed.

At 1 minute past 2 o'clock, the House adjourned.

Congress.

Monday, Feb. 23.

No business of importance was transacted.

Tuesday, Feb. 24.

In the Senate to-day, Mr Breese presented a memorial from Mr Whitney on the subject of a railroad from Lake Michigan to the Pacific, which was referred to the Committee on public lands.

Mr Dickenson of N. Y. raked up the Caroline and McLeod affair and the northeast boundary case, to show that negotiations with Great Britain would be of no use.

As to the McLeod case, he said that, to be sure, McLeod was acquitted; but then he was defended by the United States.

It has been stated in the other house (by C. J. Ingersoll) that the government paid the counsel a fee of five thousand dollars on that occasion—a fact which was before unknown.

Mr Webster here remarked, "*It is false, whoever asserts it!*"

Mr Dickenson said he was very happy to hear it.

The House was engaged to-day on the river and harbor bill.

ROBBER DEFEATED.—A boy returning home from Montreal, with the price of a pair of oxen, was lately accosted by a highwayman, who presented pistols, with the usual order, "stand and deliver!" The boy becoming alarmed, pulled from his pocket the purse containing the money, which fortunately dropped on the road; the robber immediately jumped out of his sleigh, which was then some yards in advance of the purse, and ran back for his longed-for treasure, when the boy, with great presence of mind, took hold of the reins, and drove off as fast as he could, with both horses and sleigh. The robber then fired his pistol, the contents of which passed through the back of sleigh and between the boy's legs. The boy reached home in safety, and after examining the sleigh, found in the box of it, which was locked, the sum of three thousand francs. —*N. Y. Weekly Sun.*

LITHOGRAPHIC PRESS.—M. Nicolle, a French Artist, is said to have perfected a machine for Lithographic printing, by which one man may work off 2000 copies of delicate designs, or 20,000 copies of writing per day.

DAGUERREOTYPE MINIATURES.—Ladies and gentlemen wishing to have their likenesses taken, will do well to call on Mr. W. H. Pratt, at John Allen's Hotel, where they will be attended upon with the greatest pleasure imaginable. We had the pleasure of sitting the other day for ours, which was done to a charm, and looked as "natural as life." We noticed some very beautiful specimens, which Mr P. had taken, among which was our Savior on the Cross, taken from a lithographic painting, and also the factory at Thorndike, which looked admirably.

Persons wishing to call and examine his specimens, can do so with pleasure.—Likenesses taken without regard to weather.

☞ The Court of Inquiry is still in Session at Springfield. Some twenty or thirty witnesses have been examined. The tenor of their testimony we are unable to present our readers at present, as the Court has an "injunction in courtesy" upon their publication till the testimony is all in. When the examination is closed we shall give such parts as may be interesting from every day's proceedings, fully reported, both in support of the petitioners, and in justification of the accused. Justice in the premises, is all the complainants ask—it is what Public Officers should not escape.

SUICIDE.—We learn that a son of Col. Longley of Belchertown, came to his death by hanging, last Saturday night, at the Worcester Insane Asylum, where he has been some two or three years. He turned his bed up, wound a sheet around his neck and fastened it to the top of the bedstead. He was a young man of extraordinary talents, and was truly an ornament to his friends and the society in which he lived. His writings, (some of which we have seen) contain thoughts as sublime, and soul-exalting as we ever met with. He was about 35 years of age.

For The Sentinel.

Enigma.

I am a word composed of 8 letters.
My 8, 5, 1, is that which retains soul;
My 7, 8, 5, is the name of an animal;
My 8, 3, is the name of a river in Europe;
My 7, 4, 8, is the name of a creeping animal;
My 4, 8, 7, 6, 5, is that with which every empty vessel is filled;
My 6, 7, 8, 5, is an article of clothing;
My 5, 2, 4, 4, 5, is a body of men;
My 6, 3, 2, 8, is an exclamation used in play among children;
My whole constitutes an article of a Tailor's Kitt.

A. L. R.

FIRE.—We understand that a fire broke out in the Batting Factory at Belchertown, which was consumed, together with a grist mill. We have not heard the particulars.

MILLERISM—MISERABLE DELUSION—GROSS WICKEDNESS.—We understand that the disciples of Second Adventism have recently been holding a meeting at Gill, Mass., in which have been exhibited some of the most shameful scenes of gross and debasing fanaticism and wickedness of which we have heard. The meeting was at the house of a Mr Severance, and two of the leaders were a fellow by the name of Hathaway, from Dover, and a Kendall from Dummerston. In the course of their senseless and fanatical ravings, it was concluded that one of their number might and should become the scape-goat for the sins of the whole assembly. David Miller of this place, who has labored under the Millerite delusion until he has become perfectly demented upon the subject, and who had been inveigled by Hathaway and Kendall to leave his family in utter destitution and join them in stirring up the brethren, was selected for the scape-goat.

After some process by which the sins of the other disciples were transferred to him Hathaway, a man of powerful frame, under pretence of driving out from him the sins thus accumulated upon his head, made a most brutal assault upon Miller, and bruised his head and face literally black and blue, all of which Smith bore with Martyr-like submission. Other extravagances and outrages were committed, some of which it would not be delicate to describe. How long this would have continued it is impossible to say, had not the good people of Gill broken up the meeting, and driven such of the actors as did not belong there out of town.

Demented fanatics is altogether too soft a phrase to apply to the leaders in such scenes too shocking to decency, virtue and humanity. They are miserable, strolling vagabonds, actuated by the vilest passions and richly deserve the scorn of society, and the severest lash of the law.—*Vermont Phœnix.*

We can hardly take up an exchange without reading something similar to the above, in all parts of the world. It is evident that this accursed delusion is doing more to destroy the peace, health and prosperity of the community, than any other two evils in the world.

☞ Business is as lively as it has been for many a day. To judge by the crowded exterior of our Stores, we should say they were doing a rushing business within.

DISGRACEFUL AFFAIR.—A duel was fought at Richmond, Va. on Thursday last, between John H. Pleasants, Esq., Editor of the Richmond Whig and Thomas Ritchie, Jr., editor of the Richmond Enquirer. The affair was inhuman and sanguinary—the parties taking their position each with a six barrel revolving pistol, bowie knife and sword cane. One party discharged five chambers the other four, advancing toward each other, then closed with the bowie knives and canes. Mr Ritchie received a gash on his face from his mouth to his ear, while Mr Pleasant was wounded in the abdomen and taken for dead—he however recovered in a degree and hopes are entertained that he will survive. Mr Pleasants has long been editor of the Whig, and is fifty-five years of age. Ritchie is 25, and is son of Thomas Ritchie, editor of the Union.

LADIES FAIR.—We invite the attendance of our readers at the Fair, to be holden this evening at Allen's Hall. We anticipate every thing in the best of style, and we doubt not that those who attend will be rewarded for their presence.

BIBLICAL CURIOSITY.—The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra, contains every letter of the alphabet, and is the only one thus distinguished:—

"And I, even I, Artaxerxes the King, do make a decree to all the treasurers which are beyond the river, that whatsoever Ezra the Priest, the scribe of the law of Heaven shall require of you, it shall be done speedily."

Brighton Market.—*Monday, Mar. 2.*

[Reported for the Daily Advertiser.

At Market, 480 Beef Cattle, 700 Sheep, and Swine. About 60 Beef Cattle, 500 Sheep and two Swine unsold.

Prices—Beef Cattle—We noticed a few extra 5 75 a 6; first quality 5 50 a 5 75; second 5 a 5 25; third quality 4 50 a 4 75.

Swine—We took in pairs and sent 7 1-2 a 8 3-4; and one at 4 and 5c. At retail 4 1-4 and 4 1-2c.

[Retail Prices Inside Quincy Market.]

PROVISIONS.

Butter, lump,	20 a 25	West'n do lb	8 1-2 a 9
do tub, lb	17 a 25	Lard, best, lb	8 1-2 a 9
Cheese, new milk, lb	8 a 10	Do. West'n. keg, per lb	8 1-2 a 9
do 4 meal	4½ 6		
Eggs, dozen	20 a 22	Calves, whole	5 a 6
Beef, fresh, lb	6 a 12	Lamb, lb	4 a
do salted, lb	6 a 7	Mutton, lb	4 a 12 1-2
do smoked	8 a 9	Sheep, whole	3 a 3
Hogs, whole	5 a 5 3-4	Chickens, lb	10 a 1
Pork, fresh	8 a 10	Turkeys, lb	10 a 17
do salted	7 1-2 a 8	Pigeons, doz	
Boston Hams, per lb	9 1-2 a 10	Geese, Mon't	100 a 125

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, ext. bushel		Turnips, bush	50
Potatoes, pk	20 a	Onions, bunch	3 1-2 a 4
Cabbages, dozen	75 a 1 25	Beets, bush	a 75
Squashes, lb	3 a 4	Beans, "	1 75 a 2 00
		Parsley, box	a 6

FRUIT.

Quinces, none		Apples, bush	100 a 150
Cranberries	3 00 a 4 00	Pears, bush	
Chestnuts,	1 75 a 2 00	Apples, d'd lb	6 1-2
Walnuts, bu	1 25 a 1 50	Oranges, doz	200 a 300
Grapes, Hamburg, lb		Lemons, box	2 25 a 2 50
		Figs, lb	10 a 15

BEEF, PORK, LARD, &c.

[Wholesale Prices Inside Quincy Market.]

Mess Beef, bbl		Ohio Mess	13 00 a 13 50
cash price	9 00 a 9 50	do Prime,	11 00 a
Navy mess,	8 00 a	Boston Lard,	
No 1 do	7 50 a	in barrels,	8 1-2 a
Pork, Boston		Ohio do do	a 8 1-2
	a 16 00	Beef, fresh,	
	15 a 16 00	Tongues,	12 00 a 13 00
Ohio mess	15 a 16 00		
do clear	14 50 a 15 00		

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS.

Lump, 100 lbs	20 a 24	Cheese, best,	
Tub, best, ton	15 a 20	pr ton	8 a 8 1-2
Shipping do		Common, do	5 a 6
pr ton	14 a 17	Eggs, 100 doz	20 a 22

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

Apples, bbl		Beans,	
Beets, bbl	1 00 a 1 25	Parsnips, bbl	1 00 a 1 25
Carrots, bbl	1 00 a 1 25	Peppers, bbl	3 00 a 4 00
Potatoes, bbl	1 50 a 1 75	Marrows, bbl	3 00 a 10 00
Onions, 100			

LEATHER.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Phil. best, lb	20a22	N.Y.red, Pt	13a15
Do country,	29a30	Do do he'vy	13a14
East slaught	20a21	East sleh'r	14a15
Do city tann	17a18	Do dry salt	12a14

HIDES.—[Wholesale Prices.]

B Ayres, dry hide, lb	12a12 1-2	Vene.	16a16
Pernam. d.s	8 1-2a9 1-2	Calcutta cow,	30a1 10
Rio Grande	12a13	g. salted,	40a70
W. Indian	9 1-2a10	Do dry	

WOOL.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Saxony fl lb	50a60	Com to 1-4 do	22a25
Do prime	40a41	Lambs, sup.	33a38
Do lambs	a	Do 1st qual.	27a30
Am. full bl'd	37a38	Do 2d qual.	13a20
Do half blood	30a31	Do 3d qual.	14a17

LIME.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Thomaston, per cask	85a90	L'Etang, St. Geo. co w l	a
Camden,	75a80	Do 1st qual.	a

HAY.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Country, cwt	100a1 06	Straw, cwt.	65a70
Eastern, ton	14 00a15 00		

HOPS.—[Wholesale Prices.]

1st cost 1845	20a25	2d sort	a

☞ Among the most distressing maladies are those which internal remedies fail to alleviate, spinal affections, ague in the face, and a catalogue of other simular ills to which humanity is subject. A variety of nostrums are advertised as panaceas for these painful visitations, but one article we know not infallible, is at least almost so, in effecting a cure—it is *Hunt's Liniment* which is continued for its sterling qualities, by the most eminent men in the medical profession, as well as by a host of most respectable persons who have experienced its benefits. The cures it has accomplished partake so much of the marvellous, that one's faith is taxed in giving credence to them; but we are assured that even incipient deformity has been checked,—and we believe the fact to be beyond controversy. In that dreadful disease, Rheumatism, the application of the Liniment has never failed to give relief to the sufferer; indeed in all cases where an external remedy can be effectual, this has been found eminently so. The Proprietor is a highly respectable gentleman, occupying a responsible station under government, and this fact may be considered a guarantee, that the Liniment is not to be classed among the prevailing charlatanry of the day. It is sold by most of the respectable Druggists throughout the country.

The Liniment is sold by

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, Feb 28th, by Rev. Mr Cadwell, Mr Lucius Smith of Belchertown, to Mrs Thankful Parsons of Palmer.

By the same, March 2d, Mr Richard C. Ball of Princeton, to Mrs Lucy Roper, of Palmer.

DEATHS.

In this town, Feb 28th, Mary Ann, daughter of Capt A. N. Bowey, aged 1 year and 5 mos.

In Ware, Feb. 12, Julia, wife of Mr Hiram Cady, aged 27.

In Nashua, N. H. Feb. 18, Charles J. Fox, Esq. aged 33—a young man of fine talents, and much esteemed.

In Monson, Feb. 21, Mr John Rockwood, aged 57.

In [illegible], Jan. 31, Mrs [illegible] wife of Mr Lewis Lewis.

In Wilbraham, Jan. 16, Mrs Mary B. Lazelle, wife of Mr [illegible], and daughter of the late Wm Bowdoin Esq. of Ware, aged 32.

LADIES' FAIR.

THE Ladies of the Congregational Church, in Palmer, will hold a Fair

at

John Allen's Hall,

Palmer Depot Village, on THURSDAY afternoon and evening of next week, March 5th, commencing at 3 o'clock.

Gentleman and Ladies of Palmer and vicinity are respectfully invited to attend.

Palmer, Feb. 25, 1846.

Auction Sale!

A [illegible] stock of Goods [illegible] Merrick Cooley, at Palmer Depot, will be sold at Public auction, on Wednesday Afternoon, 11th inst.

R. SHURTLEFF.

Sale to commence at 9 o'clock, A. M.

Sale positive without reserve.

Palmer Depot Mar 4, 1846.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

HAMPDEN COUNTY SS.

Court of Common Pleas, February Term, A. D. 1846.

JOHN [illegible] Monson, vs. Howard et al of said Monson, Defendant. This is an action for the foreclosure of a mortgage of a tract of [illegible] part of the Grant [illegible] January A. D. 1845, will appear.

It now appearing to the Court, upon the suggestion of the Plaintiff's counsel, that the Defendant cannot after diligent search be found within this County, and further appearing, on the inspection of the Officer's return, that no personal service was made upon the said Defendant [illegible]

Ordered, by the Court here, that the said Defendant cause his appearance to be entered at the next Court of Common Pleas to be holden at Springfield within and for said County of Hampden, on the third Tuesday of June next, by publishing an attested copy of this order in a public newspaper printed at Palmer, in the county of Hampden, once a week, three weeks successively, the last publication to be at least thirty days before the sitting of said Court, and by sending a copy of this order by mail, postage paid, to the said Howard at his last and usual place of abode, that he may then and there appear and answer to the Plaintiff's bill of complaint, or the same will be taken pro confesso, and such proceedings had thereon as to the Court shall seem meet.

A true copy.—Attest, [illegible] Register.

C. TORREY, Pff's. Attorney, Palmer Depot.

A large assortment of the most valuable

FAMILY MEDICINES!

Among which are Tuttle's Norman's (Peruvian) Bull's, Richardson's, Phelps', and Brown's Bitters. Hull's, Gardner's, Wright's, Brandreth's, Lescure's, Smith's (sugar coated) Peruvian Pharmacy, Bull's [illegible] Pills, Brandreth's Vermifuge, Dr. Ayer's Cathartic Pills, Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Dr. Ayer's Vermifuge, Dr. Ayer's Pain Extractor, Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor, Dr. Ayer's Tooth Wash, Dr. Ayer's Liniment, Dr. Ayer's Ague Pills, Dr. Ayer's Blood Purifier

POETRY.

The Poor and the Rich.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stone and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold a fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares,
The bank may break, the factory burn,
Some breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands would scarcely earn
A living that would suit his turn;
A heritage it seems to me,
One would not care to hold a fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit,
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labors sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it;
A fellow feeling that is sore
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

Oh, rich man's son, there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens soft white hands;
This is the best crop from thy lands,
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

Oh, poor man's son scorn not thy state,
There is worse weariness than thine;
In merely being rich and great;
Work only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last—
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast,
By record of a well-filled past!
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Aunt Jerusia's Gold Necklace.

(*Concluded from the first page.*)

such kind of trash; but on Sunday she can sing a psalm-tune equal to any one of them. Now, Mr Le Richmond, it is none of my business, but I should like to ask you a question or two."

"Certainly, as many as you please."

"Well, people do say, that you are rich enough to buy a dozen such farms as we have in our town;—now I want to know if it is really so or not."

His color heightened a little as he replied, "That must depend upon what they are valued at."

"I see you don't care to deny it," said she, "and my advice is, that you marry some real smart girl for a wife, and settle down among us. Now my niece, Jerusia, will have a fifty acre lot for her portion, which will make a pretty snug little farm, I tell her. Don't you think so, Mr Le Richmond?"

"I should think it would," he replied.

"Well, you must come to-morrow afternoon, as I said before, and take a dish of tea with us, and you will have a chance to see her. She isn't a girl to take the eye at first, but she will do twice the work that Lucy will, and not spend half so much on finery."

Mrs. Fay now joined her own cordial invitation with Aunt Jerusia's, and he promised to take tea with them, the ensuing afternoon.

The next day, directly after dinner, the old chaise was again seen nodding up the lane. In a few minutes, it stopped opposite the house, and Miss Jerusia alighted.

"Now, Sam," said she, addressing her brother, a boy of a dozen year's old, who came with her, "go right back as fast as you can, for father wants the horse for the cider-mill, this afternoon."

Aunt Jerusia went to the door to welcome her niece, followed by Lucy.

"I began to feel afraid that you wouldn't come," said her aunt. "I expected you before dinner."

"Well, I did calculate to," she replied, "but I was busy stringing apples, and I ought to have staid at home this afternoon, and kept on stringing, it is such complete weather to dry them."

"But you must consider, child, that your eighteenth birthday don't come only once in your lifetime, and we expect the city spark here to tea."

"Do tell me—well, I am glad I wore my white gown. I thought, at first, of wearing my new calico, but finally I thought I would dress in white, considering it was my birthday."

"Well, I am glad you did wear it, for upon the whole, I think Mr Le Richmond quite a nice young man. I took care to give him a hint about your spinning and weaving, and the fifty-acre lot."

"La—did you, aunt?" Now I am sure I shall not know which way to look, when I come to see him."

Miss Jerusia had, during the foregoing colloquy, entered the house, and divested herself of her bonnet and shawl. In almost every respect, she formed a striking contrast to Lucy. Her size, for a person of her sex and years, was of surprizing amplitude, and exposure to the sun and wind, while whitening her hundred yards of cloth, for she was generally in too much of a hurry to put on her cape bonnet, had so embrowned her skin, that it was nearly the color of her hair, which was somewhere between a brown and a flaxen.—She still adhered to the obsolete fashion of wearing a large comb, with a top four or five inches high, the gloss of which, she occasionally restored by the white of an egg. She had made an attempt to curl her hair, by putting it in papers the night preceding, but, being all unused to the curling mood, it already dangled from her forehead and temples, in a kind of stringy style, which made her look as meek as her own barn door fowls, when their plumes were drooping from exposure to a sudden shower.

"If Mr Le Richmond is coming, I suppose I had better keep my gloves on." said she, producing a pair of coarse, white thread gloves, which she said she had knit between sunset and dark, when she could see to do nothing else.

"La, no, I wouldn't," said her aunt, approaching her with a smiling countenance with the necklace suspended from between her thumb and finger, which she gently vibrated in the sun, which shone in at the window, in order to make it glisten, and look as tempting in the eyes of her niece as possible. "There," said she, "don't you think you will look handsome with this round your neck?"

"La, aunt," she replied simpering, "you don't expect me to praise myself, do you?" But I will say this, I always thought a gold necklace set off a girl more than anything."

"Well, you know that I always told you that I should make you some kind of a present the day you were eighteen, and this is what I meant to give you—so sit down in this chair, and let me tie it round your neck."

She obeyed, and the necklace was tied with the purple ribbon, in a manner quite satisfactory to Aunt Jerusia.

"There," said she, "now go and look in the glass, and see if it don't look handsome."

Miss Jerusia viewed herself for some time, with an air of great complacency, when happening to glance her eyes out at the window, she saw Clarence Le Richmond coming up the lane.

"Dear me," said she, hastening to a chair, and taking her knitting-work, which she said was a pair of meetin' gloves for Sam, "he won't think me so industrious as you told him, if he catches me without any work in my hands."

She had only time to get fairly engaged, before Le Richmond entered.

"This 'ere girl," said Aunt Jerusia, "is my niece, that was named for me, that I told you about," and he very gravely made a bow, and Miss Jerusia rose and made a courtesy.

The combined advantages of being dress in white, and having her neck adorned with a gold necklace, much to Aunt Jerusia's surprize, did not wholly atttract his attention from Lucy, although her dress was nothing better than a pink and white gingham, and her neck was without an ornament, except the brown glossy curls, by which it was shaded.

"What o'clock is it?" said Aunt Jerusia, desirous to see whether, his watch was gold or silver.

"Half past four," he replied.

"If I may be so bold," said she, "I should like to just look at your watch."

"With the greatest pleasure," said he, handing it to her.

"Now do you suppose this is real gold?" said she.

"So the watch maker told me," he replied.

"Likely as not it cost you the matter of fifty dollars."

"Yes, Madam, more than twice that sum."

"Do tell me if it did! Here Jerusia, take it and look at it, so that you can have it to say you have had a hundred dollar watch in your hand."

"Well, it *is* handsome—that is certain," said Jerusia. "Our schoolmaster's is just nothing at all to it, Here, Lucy, I suppose you want to look at it don't you?"

Lucy blushed, as with an air of embarrassment, she received it from Jerusia's hand, and was about to rise and return it to Le Richmond, who prevented her by rising himself, and taking it. The half hour before tea, was spent in a manner peculiarly edifying to Aunt Jerusia, who descanted on the virtues of the "fifty acre lot" with great volubility. She, moreover, informed him, that two large chests, which sat in a certain back chamber, and which contained household linen enough to last twenty years, would certainly fall to the share of her niece. In the meantime, the younger Jerusia plied her knitting-needles most indefatigably, throwing into her countenance a look of great demureness, highly proper and becoming for the occasion, and never, but once, opening her lips, when she remarked, if she didn't mind and get Sam's gloves done for him to wear to meetin' the next Sunday, he would be awful put out with her. Though Le Richmond, as in politeness bound, lent an attentive ear to Aunt Jerusia, his eyes frequently wandered to Lucy, who, with cheeks glowing from a consciousness that he was regarding her, looked lovelier than he had ever seen her before. As soon as the sun had fairly sunk below the horizon, Miss Jerusia rolled up her knitting-work, and said she must go, for Sam said, if he came for her at all, it would be before sunset. As she was putting on her shawl and bonnet, in an adjoining apartment, she whispered to her aunt to know if she thought Mr Le Richmond minded her gold necklace.

"Mind it!" said her aunt. "Yes, indeed, I guess he did. I saw him look it over and over again, and once, he kind of smiled like, as much as to say he thought it looked handsome."

"Did he, though?" said Miss Jerusia, looking very much pleased.

"I am certain he did," replied her aunt, and I should think nothing strange, if he should offer to go home with you."

"Shouldn't you? Well, I shall be so frightened. If he offers me his arm, had I best take it or not?"

"No, indeed. According to my idea of things, it would be amazing bold on so short an acquaintance, and I should advise you not to walk too near him, but now and then edge away towards the other side of the road."

Le Richmond, as Aunt Jerusia had conjectured, offered to accompany her home, though, it must be confessed, that the look he cast back on Lucy, showed that it was an act of politeness, which he would have willingly dispensed with. Aunt Jerusia stood at the window observing them, as long as they remained in sight, and was greatly satisfied to find that her niece obeyed her parting advice to the letter.

Clarence Le Richmond found Autumn so very attractive in the country—so he told Mrs Le Richmond—that he came to the conclusion not to return to the city, so soon by several weeks as he had at first intended. He often, by the merest accident, met Lucy during her customary rambles. It was the last of November, and so warm and bland, that it seemed as if Summer had returned to shed one more sunny smile on the scenes where she had lately reigned, that one of those accidental meetings took place between them.

The clear air had renovated her bloom, and as she stooped to gather the brown nuts, thickly strown beneath the trees, she looked beautiful as a young wood-nymph. It so happened, for he certainly had premeditated no such thing, that he addressed to her certain words, such as are found only in a lover's vocabulary. And can it be doubted that these words were to Lucy's ear, even more musical than the wood-bird's song, which she had ever loved so much? Reflection came, in a calmer moment to Le Richmond, yet he did not repent. Why should he? He was in possession of a large fortune; he was subject to no person's control, and Lucy was beautiful, sweet-tempered, and so young, that there was ample time for her to learn every thing necessary, in which she was deficient, while her mind was still pliant.—Lucy's mother was consulted, and Mrs Le Richmond, was, likewise, admitted to their councils, the result of which was, that Clarence and Lucy were to be married at the expiration of one year. Although Aunt Jerusia greatly wondered of Le Richmond's folly in choosing Lucy, when her niece Jerusia, with her "fifty acre lot," and her store of household linen was ready to accept him, she was put into good humor by an elegant silk dress, presented to her by Le Richmond. A still sunnier gleam shone in upon her temper, when just as she was trying to decide in what fashion to have her dress made, she was informed that Squire Hichens, a widower of forty five, and the richest farmer in town, had offered herself to her niece Jerusia, and was accepted.

Kissing in the Dark.

The Cincinnati Atlas relates the following rich incident:—

We have a friend—very fond of the society of the ladies, but extremely modest and diffident withal. A few evenings since he went to make a call upon an acquaintance who had recently taken to himself a wife, young and beautiful, and as a matter of course, overflowing with affection for her husband. Now this lovely wife of a week, like all other young wives, could scarcely survive the brief absence of her husband for the discharge of his business; and always upon his return met him at the threshold and smothered him with kisses. It so happened when our friend called that the husband was absent, but was momentarily expected by the fond and anxious wife. She heard his foot fall upon the step, and supposing it to be her husband, rushed forth to meet him; and he scarcely laid his hand upon the bell-pull, before the door flew open, and his neck was encircled by a pair of white arms, and burning kisses fell thick and fast upon his lips and cheeks—while a full and throbbing breast was strained to his! Here was a trying situation for a diffident man; and our friend came near fainting on the spot; but fortunately the lady discovered her mistake in season to prevent such a melancholy event, and he escaped from the house more dead than alive. The last we saw of him he was leaning against a tree, fanning himself with his sombrero, in order to recover strength to regain his lodgings.

AGRICULTURAL.

Comparative Value of Hay, Vegetables and Corn.

I wish briefly to draw the attention of farmers to the value of hay, compared with other crops, for the feeding of stock. An acre of hay yields one ton and a half of vegetable food. An acre of carrots or Swedish turnips will yield from ten to twenty tons; say fifteen tons, which is by no means an exaggerated estimate. It has been ascertained by experiment, that three working horses, fifteen and a half hands high, consumed at the rate of two hundred and twenty-four pounds of hay per week, or five tons one thousand and forty-eight pounds of hay per year, beside twelve gallons of oats each per week, or seventy-eight bushels by the year. An unworked horse consumed at the rate of four and one-quarter tons of hay in the year. The produce, therefore, of nearly six acres of land is necessary to support a working-horse by the year; but half an acre of carrots, at six hundred bushels to the acre, with the addition of chopped straw, while the season for their use last, will do it as well if not better. These things do not admit of doubt. They have been subjects of exact trial.

It is believed that the value of a bushel of Indian corn in straw and meal, will keep a healthy horse in good condition for work a week. An acre of Indian corn, which yields sixty bushels, will be ample for the support of a horse through the year. Let the farmer then consider whether it be better to maintain his horse upon the produce of half an acre of rutabaga, which can be raised at a less expense than potatoes, or upon the grain produced off an acre of Indian corn, or, on the other hand, upon the produce of six acres of his best land in hay and grain; for six acres will hardly do more than to yield early six tons of hay and seventy-eight bushels of oats. The same economy might be as successfully introduced into the feeding of our neat cattle and sheep.

These facts deserve the particular attention of the farmers who are desirous of improving their pecuniary condition. It is obvious how much would be gained by the cultivation which is here suggested; how much more stock would be raised; how much the dairy produce might be increased; and how much the means of enriching the land and in improving the cultivation, would be constantly extending and accumulating. But when we find, on a farm of two hundred acres, that the farmer cultivates only two acres of potatoes, one acre of ruta-baga, and perhaps a quarter of an acre of carrots, we call this "getting along," in the common phrase; but we can hardly dignify it with the name of farming. I am aware that labor of a proper kind is in many cases difficult to be procured, and with our habits, as difficult to be managed. Farming, likewise, can in few situations be successfully managed, unless the farmer has capital to employ, equal at least to one year's manure, and one year's crops. A large portion of our farmers also, from the nature of their habits and style of living, are so prosperous and independent, that they have no occasion to extend their cultivation beyond what it now is, in order to meet their wants; and to incur all the trouble, vexation and risk of employing more labor, expending more capital, and increasing their cares.

But it is not fair to produce such instances as any examples of husbandry, when carried on, as all other branches of business, to be successful, must be carried on with intelligence, skill, industry, enterprise; and all the capital and all the labor which can be advantageously employed in it. I will not, however, anticipate such general views of the subject, as I propose to take in the retrospect of the whole survey. —*Coleman.*

A Water Proof Glue.

Melt common glue in the smallest possible quantity of water, and add, by drops linseed oil that has been rendered dry by having a small quantity of litharage boiled in it; the glue being briskly stirred while the oil is added.

Glue will resist water to a considerable extent by being dissolved in skimmed milk.

The addition of finely legivated chalk, to a solution of common glue in water, strengthens it, and renders it suitable for signs or other work that is exposed to the weather.

A glue or cement, that will hold against fire or water, may be made by mixing and boiling together linseed oil and quick lime. This mixture must be reduced to the consistency of soft putty and then spread on tin plates and dried in the shade where it will dry very hard. This may afterwards be melted like common glue, and must be used while hot.

DIAMOND CEMENT.—This article so much esteemed for uniting pieces of broken glass, for repairing precious stones, and for cementing them to watch cases, and other ornaments, is made by soaking isinglass in water until it becomes quite soft and then mixing it with spirit in which a little mastic and ammoniacum have been dissolved.

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Palmer Depot, Mass, Jan. 1846.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE undersigned grateful for the past liberal patronage which they here acknowledge to have received at the hands of the public, are happy in again announcing that their

STOCK OF MERCHANDISE

is complete, and they are now as ever, ready to sell Goods at such prices as will enable them to sustain the reputation they have already secured to themselves by selling Goods *cheap*. It is not their purpose to assert that they will sell Goods less than any other concern, but nevertheless *know* that they possess facilities for selling some goods which others do not. Keeping as they do almost every article that the people require and getting a small advance on each article sold, affords them ample remuneration for their services, at the same time operating beneficially to the purchaser. Another thing which is very essential, which should also be taken into consideration, our goods have all been purchased during the past four months, and as every one must be aware that many goods are much lower than they formerly have been, it becomes an incontrovertible fact that they can afford to sell at much less prices, than those who having already a stock on hand so large as will not admit of an extension at this season of the year, consequently have not availed themselves of these extra advantages. We do not pretend to say but that others are in many respects able to compete with us on prices. But at present we have confidence to believe that we can offer as great inducements to the community for trade as any other House in the country, and all who may favor us with a call are assured that they will not go away dissatisfied. For particulars see our advertisements.

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846.

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BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 Bowery New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds Asthma, Consumption, Liver Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates.

NEW YORK, March 6 1845

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy publicly to state, for the information of every body, the wonderful effects of your TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT, 375 Bowery, on myself. About five years since, all my acquaintances about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being cured, I was so much relieved by it. In my case it acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well, and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery, and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the Democratic Advocate, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly, A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured entirely by one bottle of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) ISAAC P. BALDWIN.

Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.
H. C. TOWNER, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which age had materially impaired, felt that I could not much longer baffle the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those why are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARRET.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly, J. & A. SNYDER.

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New York, Aug 20, 1845

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In this time which has served for the life and death of whole generations of periodicals, and the rise, meridian, and decline of many a rival. The Post has kept the even tenor of its way, by its own intrinsic health and strength—now following, oftener leading the public taste, but not departing from its independence to minister to the transient newspaper follies, which, compared to the existence of the Post, are indeed emphemeral. We shall continue in this path, endeavoring, in the

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to present the latest and best authenticated intelligence, divested of party hue and interested bias, and resting solely on the basis of truth as far as it is ascertainable; We endeavor to select and publish intelligence of value and importance to citizens engaged in all the three great interests,

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VOLUME I. PALMER DEPOT, MASS., THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1846. NUMBER 9.

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SELECTED TALE.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

TOO PROUD.

A Sketch from Real Life.

BY JANE WEAVER.

"What do you intend to do?" said Edward Hanson to his brother Frederick, as the orphan boys sat together, about two months after the death of their last parent.

"It is necessary for us to act speedily, for our money is nearly gone; and it will not do for us to starve."

"What do *you* intend to do?" said Frederick, who, though the eldest, seemed disposed to hear his brother's plans, before he announced his own.

"I shall look out for work of some kind, and that, to-day. The truth is, there is no choice. Bread we must have, and wishing won't bring it; so we must labor for it as better persons have done before us."

"I don't see that," said Frederick. "Father was a lawyer, and the first of his family who stooped to be even that, for all the rest were gentlemen and lived on their estates. What would he think if he was alive to see his sons hiring out as day laborers, or even going behind a counter. No, I'll never stoop to that—I'll starve first!—But there's no necessity for such extremities," added Frederick, in a less vehement tone, "for old Mrs Newton, you know, has invited us there, and I shall accept the invitation."

"What! go where you are not wanted!" exclaimed Edward, indignantly. "I am sure, Frederick, you said, when the letter came, that the old lady was barely civil, and gave the invitation merely because she was our nearest relative, and thought hard things might be said of her by the censorious, if she neglected us entirely."

"Yes! There is no doubt that she would be glad to get rid of us, and that is one reason why I am going there. She was under many obligations to father, when he was wealthy and she only a sort of charity companion to mother. Father got her a rich husband—and now that the tables have turned, it is but right she should support us."

"I am too proud to go," said Edward.—"I would rather work my fingers to the bone—live on bread and water—sleep in a garret—and go shivering, half clad, from December to March, than eat at a table or sleep under a roof where I was not welcome!"

"And *I*," retorted Frederick, "am too proud to be a base mechanic, and disgrace my ancestry. Surely, Ned, you are not in earnest. You don't mean to go to work like a clod-hopper."

"You use strong terms," said Edward, with a flushed cheek, "when you call mechanics base, and stigmatize laborers as clod-hoppers. It is no disgrace to work! *My* pride consists in personal independence, in being the hanger on of nobody; yours, in a dead ancestry, who were robber-chiefs in the dark ages, and have been drones in society ever since."

"Oh! you vile leveller," said Frederick, have you no spark of our forefather's pride?—none of the reverence for knightly honor which has ever distinguished the Hansons? You are a scandal to our name," he continued, rising. "I used to think you were in jest, when you praised honest labor. I find my mistake. But you must go your own way. For my part, I still remember I am a gentleman's son, and that the aristocratic hands of my race have never yet been disgraced by labor."

"But how do you expect to live? Mrs Newton has only asked you there for a few months; you cannot expect her to clothe as well as feed you."

"I shall marry an heiress," said Frederick, unconsciously looking in the glass at his fine person.

Edward heaved a sigh. His own rigid notions of personal pride, revolted from his brothers plans; but he knew words would be in vain; so he only extended his hand and said:

"Well, do not let us part in anger. We are the only survivors of our family—and though we follow different routes in life, I would not that we should be enemies. I hope you may be happy."

"You will reconsider your determination," said the elder brother, accepting the pledge of amity. Work is as unpleasant, as it is derogatory, to a gentleman. Your notion of being dependant on no one, is, I grant, a romantic one, and apt to beguile the imagination of a man like you; but you'll soon find that to live on coarse fare—to have a hard master over you—and to be thrust continually into the society of boors and base mechanics, is a bad damper on your enthusiastic notions. I am older than you, and—take my word for it—you'll repent of your bargain and follow me to Mrs Newton's."

Frederick, accordingly, went to Mrs Newton's; and Edward sought out a place. He soon found a respectable mechanic, a bricklayer by trade, who agreed to take him as an apprentice, and as five years of his minority remained, Edward was bound to Mr Simpson for that time. His superior education, and his cheerful disposition soon made him both respected and loved in his master's family, and every year increased the esteem with which Mr Simpson regarded the young man.—Mr Simpson's business was a large and extensive one, and Edward made himself so useful to his master by keeping accounts after his day's work with the trowel was done, that he rapidly acquired a standing which none of the other apprentices obtained. These, at first, laughed at our hero for laboring with the pen, after his day's task was over, and would have persuaded him away to some place of idle amusement; but Edward replied, "No, I prefer obliging Mr Simpson who is so kind to me. For cards or the theatre I have no taste.—Pray, then, excuse me." When Mr Simpson heard this, he said, "Edward is right. He has his fortune to make, and is wise in not wasting a moment's time. Constant industry, and a disposition to oblige, is the only way for a man, without capital to rise in the world. Edward will yet be rich, while some of his fellow-apprentices will die beggars."

Frederick found but a cold reception at Mrs Newton's; but he was resolved, for the present at least, to see no slights. He was three years older than his brother, and already something of what is called a man in the world. He purchased fine clothes on credit, which his living at the rich Mrs Newton's enabled him to do: and, with the same passport, he soon worked his way into the best society of the place.—he was really a handsome young man, possessed courteous manners, and was known to be the descendant of a once illustrious line. Thus he soon became a favorite. But Frederick could not shut his eyes to the fact that he was only a favorite to a certain extent; he was welcome at dinner parties, was invited to soirees where he could be made useful, and was allowed to promenade with the elder females occasionally. But he saw that no mother permitted him to become intimate with her daughters. Rich fathers eyed him suspiciously. In a word, he was regarded as a pleasant hanger-on, but nothing more. "A deuced fine fellow," said the sons of the rich families with whom he associated, "but poor as a rat. Sisters mine," this was addressed to the sisters where the young man had any, "you may flirt with him to pique others into offers, but don't be such fools as to fall in love with him." Nor did the sisters seem disposed to disregard this prudent advice.

How Frederick lived was a miracle to many of his acquaintance. He still resided with Mrs Newton, who found him useful to deliver messages among her fashionable acquaintances, the office really of a footman, whose wages Mrs Newton thus saved, though the proud blood of Frederick Hanson would have boiled at an insinuation of the truth. But he required money occasionally, and at first it was a serious affair for him to obtain it. At length he discovered that many gentlemanly men did not despise occasionally plucking a pidgeon at a game of billiards; and Frederick learned accordingly, as he was a good player, to meet his tailor's bill by this method. Now and then he borrowed ten or twenty dollars for a day or two, of his rich young acquaintance; and it came at last to be a standing jest, "that Fred. Hanson's borrowing, was a new way of pocket-picking." To this state of degredation was he reduced, because he was too proud to labor honestly for a living. He tho't it a disgrace to be a mechanic; but considered it no stigma to impose on an acquaintance.

While Frederick was thus sinking lower in the estimation of all honorable men, and even had become a bye-word among his fashionable acquaintances of both sexes, Edward was slowly but steadily advancing in the esteem of his employer, and establishing a valuable character for enterprize, industry and rectitude. He had, moreover, won the affections of Mary Benson, one of the loviest of her sex.—She, like Edward, was poor: but they relied on Providence: and comforted themselves with the reflection that their mutual love would smooth an otherwise thorny and difficult path. But their future was not as dark as imagined. Edward was now approaching his twenty-first year, and as he thought how soon he would be left to depend entirely on himself, his brow occasionally became clouded with those fears of the future which even the most sanguine experience.

"What is the matter, Edward?" said Mr Simpson to him one day. "You have at times lately, looked care-worn. Does anything weigh on your mind?"

Edward hesitated a moment, but there was an expression of such kindness in Mr Simpson's face, that he resolved to make a confidant of his master.

"I have done," he said, "what you will probably consider a very foolish thing. I am engaged to be married, and to one as poor as myself. She is, I am sure, all that I could desire in a wife; and it is best, perhaps, that a young man should be early settled in life: but I fear I may have been too precipitate, for if I should fall sick, what will become of my family? A journeyman mechanic makes enough to live comfortably, I know; but alas who shall ensure me against sickness on my own part, or on that of my wife, both equally expensive. Yet, perhaps, these very fears which many would call prudence, are sinful. Should we not trust in God for all things?" he continued, looking up at Mr Simpson, with a more cheerful expression.

"You are a noble young man," said Mr Simpson, with warmth. "Nor do I know that you have acted wrong in betrothing yourself. The heart is generally more to be trusted in such affairs than the head;—and you especially would be the last person to act against the dictates of reason.—Pray, who is the lady?"

"Mary Benson."

"The very one I would have chosen for a son, had I one of your age. No, Edward you have done right. A good wife is a treasure not to be obtained every day!"

Edward crimsoned with pride and pleasure, while Mr Simpson continued.

"The worldly wise, my dear boy, would say you and she ran a great risk in marrying with such means, or rather no means at all. But happiness does not depend on money; it springs from other and better causes: and love can sweeten many a privation, and nerve us for many a difficult task. I only speak thus to convince you that you have mistook me, in fancying that I was too old and calculating to approve of your engagement. Now to come to business. I have been thinking of your approaching majority, and have felt that I could ill-afford to lose you. When a man gets to be fifty, as I am, he naturally wishes for repose; and I would, therefore, have some capable person to take the chief labor of my business off my shoulders. You are just the person I desire.—Become my partner, with one-fourth of the profits now, and a third after two years; I will present you with a thousand dollars to furnish a house, and then you and Mary can be married at once. What say you?"

What could Edward say! His eyes filled with tears and his voice refused its office; he could only press Mr Simpson's hand and look his thanks.

Years passed. Happily married to a woman he adored and who returned his affection devotedly, prosperous in business, esteemed by society, and conscious of a life well-spent, Edward Hanson, the once poor boy, was a living example of what industry, enterprise and honesty can achieve in a free country like this. He is now a large proprietor of real estate and has long retired from active business, Mr Simpson, his kind patron, having been dead many years. Edward has purchased back the estate that once belonged to his family, and resides there part of the year. His intelligence, wealth and comprehensive views give him the first station in whatever society he chooses to mingle. Several times the people of his native country have solicited him to be their representative in Congress; but he is of her opinion that he can do more good at home educating his children and attending to works of beneficence. In both these his wife ably assists him; and their progeny reward this care, by being the best behaved and intelligent of the neighborhood.

Frederick never succeeded in marrying an heiress. After the death of Mrs Newton, which happened many years since, he would have been without a home, if his brother, already rising in the world, had not come to his aid. As Edward had children to educate he did not care to have a man of his brother's character about his house; so he tendered Frederick an allowance, sufficient for the comfort though not for the superfluities of life, on condition that he abandoned gambling. To this the elder brother submitted. Frederick boards at one of the most aristocratic houses in the city, and manages with strict economy to dress in good style. But as most of his allowance is thus expended on show, he has nothing left for other comforts. The old habits of his life still cling to him. He is noted for drinking other people's wine, riding in other people's carriages, and occasionally inflicting himself as a self-invited guest at other people's country houses. As he lived, so he will die, thoroughly selfish. He often talks of the antiquity of the Hanson family, and now and then insinuates that there is royal blood in their veins.

Thus, while the younger brother is everywhere esteemed, the older brother is everywhere a laughing stock. Reader! it does not answer to be TOO PROUD.

A Yankee Story about a Barometer.

It was near eight o'clock in the evening, when the overseer of a plantation in the interior of this State was aroused from a half kind of stupor, caused by the combined influence of the heat of the weather and the odor of some genuine Havana leaf, by the shrill cry of "House! house!—Haint there nobody to hum here?"

"Jim," shouted the overseer, looking towards the negro quarters, "go to the gate and see what on earth all that howling's for!"

Obeying the order, Jim hastily unbarred the gate, and there drove up one of those nondescript vehicles known as a Yankee pedlar's wagon. There emerged from the vehicle aforesaid a curious specimen of nature's handiwork. He was a tall, slim man with a pair of small, twinkling grey eyes; a nose whose only occupation seemed to be sniff and twitch whenever its owner spoke. The mouth of the individual was ornamented with a slight pucker, and his whole appearance denoted that he wished to place himself in the smallest space possible. In proof of this, his bell-crowned hat stuck directly on the top of his head; his coat and vest had evidently belonged to a younger brother, and his pantaloons lifted him like Indian rubber.—Yes, in one thing he was profuse, and that was what he termed "his hair." It was beautiful hair—in color a "de beats gorgor," or may be what the uncivilized would call "a yaller taffy color." It was combed behind his ears, and fell in graceful negligence on the back of his coat. In fact take him "all in all," at first sight, one would be impressed with the idea that Nature had made Joel Spry, for such was his name, at the very lowest terms, of the most ordinary material, and on the very cheapest scale.

"Wa-al," said he, after surveying Mr Simmons, the overseer, for a second or two, "your name be'ant Hobson—no, not Hobson—no, not Hobson, Tompkins; no, darn the name! And after studying that book on nommotichny, (nemotechny) too, that tells allers what people forgot, only to think that I can't think of. Oh, now I get it! Your name be'ant a-a Jenk—I say mister, what might be your name?"

"Simmons," answered the overseer.

"Wa-al, now, only to think! I thought of that name all the while, and yet I could not git it out. Why, mister, the man that keeps the plantation adjoinin' your'n, told me that you was almighty cleaver, and said he thought as how I mought do a little tradin' with you."

"Well," said Simmons, "what have you got to sell?"

"Sell?" said Joel, with a look of wonder, "what have I got to sell? Why, Mister Simmons, I got all on earth that can be sold. Calico, potash, cutlery, calomel, broadcloth, buttons, yarn, nutmegs, allspice, clocks, thermometers, barometers—"

And, as if a sudden thought struck him, looked apparently in the overseer's face, and in a voice of the utmost solicitude, said, "Now, Mister Simmons, du you want a first rate *ba*-rometer? You don't know how much you could save. It'll tell you when it's a-going tu shine—when tu plant—and when tu hoe—when tu—"

"Oh," said Simmons, cutting Mr Spry, very short, "I'll bet you fifty dollars against all you have in your wagon, that I have an old blind nigger who can tell the changes of the weather with more precision than the best of your barometers!"

"I swow!" chuckled Mr Joel Spry to himself, "if here be'ant a chance to make the pewter, then I'm darned! Simmons, I'm your man; down with the dollars, and I'll unload the wagon."

Suiting the act to the word, the bet was was speedily arranged. Mr Joel Spry, with great care, took out two large boxes, one marked "dry goods," and the other "fancy articles," and had them careful, deposited in the overseer's room.

"Neow," said he, after taking a stiff glass of Monongahela, "it's a gittin' late, and I want tu commence. Bring forth the nigger that'll match this *ba*-rometer."

"Here, Jake!" bawled the overseer.—Forthwith there hobbled from the negro quarters an old Ethiopian, three shades darker than charcoal, as blind as a bat, and four times as ugly.

"Har, massa, har am old Jake."

"Jake, what kind of weather are we going to have to-morrow?"

"Cloudy wedder, massa, cloudy wedder. Old Jake's big toe feel like de debbil tonight."

"Wa-al, if that don't beat all that ever I hearn tell on, I wish I may be darned," said Mr Spry, with a horse laugh. "Only tu think, a blind nigger tellin' the state of the weather by his toes! Oh, Jehosaphat!"

"Well, sir, and what says the barometer?" said Simmons.

"Says? Why it says clear light winds, and not a drop of rain."

"We'll see," said the overseer. "Jim, fodder this horse, and put the wagon under the shed. Mr Spry, this is your room. Good night, sir."

"Good night, Mr Simmons. But wait awhile, neow du take care of them boxes. I got nearly four hundred dollars' worth of goods in 'em, and if the cutlery gits damp, or the calicoes git siled, I shall be ruined."

With this injunction the parties retired to rest. The next morning, when they awoke, the sky was overcast, and the aspect of nature portended a long fall of rain.

"Alm! what did old 'Jake' tell you Mr Spry?" was the first remark of the overseer.

"Wa-al, neow, the quicksilver in my barometer must a' been damn. But I say, neow, friend Simmons, you'll let me have another trial. You won't take all that a poor feller's got on airth, just on account of the quicksilver's bein' damp?"

"Oh, no," said the good natured Simmons, "you may try every day for a week, your board and your horse's feed shall cost you nothing, but at the end of that time I must either have your goods, or you my fifty dollars."

Mr Joel Spry concluded the bargain with some apparent hesitation, but seemed resolved to make the best of a bad case. Every night Spry's barometer was putted against old blind Sukey's toes, and regularly every morning the toes came off victorious. Spry who ate all the time like a horse, and actually commenced getting fat, declared on every succeeding morning that "he should be ruined past redemption."—He tore his hair, clenched his hands, cursed old Jake for a hobgoblin, and swore that had he been born in Salem, he would have been hung for a wizzard. At last the seventh day came. It had rained for six days previous, without intermission, and now, as old Jake, through his science in toeology, had predicted the night previous, in opposition to the indications of Spry's barometer, the sun shone bright and beautiful.—

Spry took his mare from the stable and harnessed her in his wagon. With tears in his eyes, he bade the negroes who were laughing at him, "good bye," and actually gave old Jake the barometer, which had cost him so much trouble.

"Simmons," said he, "you won the bet fairly—take the things, and keep 'em, and never say agin that you never knew an honest Yankee pedlar."

"Well, well, good bye," said Simmons, "I wanted to teach one of you cussed Yankees a lesson, and I guess that I've given you what you deserved."

"Wa-al," sobbed Spry in a most melancholy tone, "it can't be helped. Good bye Simmons,. Git up, Nubby;—git up, you tarnal crittur!" So saying, he applied the lash to Nubby, and she moved off at an astonishing rate. When Spry had got out side the gate, he turned around and said in a loud nasal tone, "I say, Simmons!—them boxes of mine is full of goods. Full to the brim with brickbats and cornstalks! Got a week's board and lodgin', and horse feed for nothin'! I know'd it was agoin' to rain for a week, and that I couldn't travel! That *ba*-rometer of mine is patent, and no mistake. I say, Simmons, how is old Jake's toes? Gee up, Nubby!"

"Here, Jim, get me my gun!" said Simmons, in a terrible fury.

"I draw'd the load out afore you was up this morning," shouted Spry who was now out of danger.

"Well," said Simmons, almost out of breath with anger, "if ever I see a Yankee pedlar on this plantation again, if I don't shoot him I wish I may lose a year's pay, and be hanged into the bargain!"—*N. O. Delta.*

There is a moral in this line.

The Life of a Newspaper.

WRITTEN BY ITSELF.

My life is shortly told. My first impression was the sensation of a tremendous but short squeeze, which instantly awoke *me* into life and thought. I was now spread out to the light, and a glow of intelligence completely pervaded me. My ideas were at first new, multifarious and confused; nations, politics, courts, wars, speeches, merchandise, lightnings, feasts, deaths, marriages, ditties, poetry, &c., &c. made up all my thoughts, which were various and mixed. I lay in a state of wonder and great amazement.

I soon found that I was but one of a very large family, that was ushered into this curious world at the same time. Our whole family was laid in regular order in a pile; my situation, being one of the first born, was particularly uneasy, damp and uncomfortable. I had a silent, intuitive, longing wish to get into the world, which was at last gratified.

Morning came, and I was carefully folded and laid, Moses like, in a basket, by a boy who was called the carrier, and borne into the street. The said carrier I soon found to be an object of interest and desire. He was soon accosted by an elderly looking man, with threadbare, rusty breeches—

"Have you a spare paper this morning, my boy?"

"No, sir," was the short reply and he trudged on with us muttering, "not as you knows on, old grimes; you are the same chap that promised me some coppers for the paper the other morning, and hain't paid me yet; you are too stingy to take the paper, you won't get another from me, I guess!"

My brethren were now all leaving me, being deposited at their proper destination; at length my turn came, and I was tucked into the crevice of a shop door.—The first sample of the kind was not at all alluring. I had not been long in my new situation, when a reluctantly early comer, swinging a key in his hand, wistfully eyed me;—and casting a look about him, hastily seized me, and thrust me into his pocket. My rightful owner, by virtue of advance pay, being in sight, hailed and arrested the pilferer, and with threats compelled him to relinquish the prize. He entered his store, and I soon found that I was the first object of his attention. After hastily drying me by the fire, in which process I narrowly escaped conflagration, he ran over me, and fixed his eyes upon sales at auction, advertisements, &c. I was then more particularly examined and dismissed with condemnation.

"Nothing but foreign news—Congress and Cabinet—love stories, and accidents by flood and field. A newspaper should be a commercial report, one side at least should be devoted "to prices current." I was then pettishly thrown on the counter, but was soon in requisition. A boy came in with a "Please to lend me your paper for a few minutes, just to look at the ship news?"

The request was reluctantly granted, with something about the plague of paper borrowing and a determination to stop it. I was soon borne to a neighboring house. The good old woman, whose husband was at sea, eagerly sought the ship news, but was disappointed in her search.

"How negligent these printers are," said she, "not a word of intelligence of the Wind Bird: they print of Poland and poetry, and fill their papers with advertisements, and that is all they care about."—Miss now took her turn. She sought stories, poetry and marriages, which in half an hour were all devoured with a "wonder that they put anything else in the paper." An elderly lady now took me, who, after adjusting her spectacles, surveyed me a little while, and declared me a "terrible uninteresting paper; hardly a column of deaths, and not more than fifteen or twenty murders and accidents.

In this way I passed through all the hands of the family, and after being well soiled and somewhat torn by the little ones, was sent home. For three whole days I got no rest, but was continually borrowed and abused. At the end of this period I was supplanted by a new face, and was then discarded and thrown aside like all servants when they have become useless.

I was however again resuscitated, and employed as a wrapper to some merchandise, and sent into the country. There I again became an object of interest, went the rounds of the neighborhood and was a nine days' wonder.

I am now quietly hanging up, in a shattered condition, in a farmer's kitchen, from which I have written this brief memoir.—I have seen much of the world, and learned that mankind are unreasonable and ungrateful, and that in a world of great variety of tastes and wishes it is impossible to please all.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.—On Friday the 20th inst., Benj. Jones Esq., of Lyndeboro', aged 72, in returning from Chelmsford in the violent storm of that day, in company with one of his neighbors apparently in his usual health and vigor, having reached within one mile of his own house, there parted with his friend, and was then obliged to exert himself to encounter the storms and drifts, some of which were very formidable. He had finally succeeded, and reached his door-yard, had got from his sled and when in the apparent attitude of unhooking the traces, fell forward, partly over the thill.—In this position he was found at an early hour the next morning, a helpless corpse. There was not the least appearance of any struggle or movement, and his horse still remained on the spot. He had for some years past, frequently, and very suddenly, been attacked with peculiar distressed spells, as he expressed it, in the region of the heart, accompanied with faintness and difficulty of breathing. In company with a brother a few weeks since, while on the way to Nashua, he was attacked with one of those distresses more violent than usual. He frequently remarked at such times, that he should die in one of those turns. From these circumstances, it was desirous that an examination of the body should be made—Doctors Herrick and Crombie, Jr., made an examination—and on laying open the chest it was ascertained that the left Ventricle and Auricle of the heart were much diseased. The Auricle was enlarged to five times its natural dimensions; the Ventricle was also somewhat enlarged and peculiarly flabby. These circumstances collectively, readily accounted for his sudden exit. His numerous relations, his extensive circle of friends and the church of which he was a very consistent member, feel sensibly their loss, though not without hope of his gain. He was peculiarly friendly, affectionate, upright and honest in all his dealing.

☞ Printers in N. H., Vt., Mass., N. Y., Wisconsin and Ohio, will please copy.—Communicated.—*N. H. Telegraph.*

The Incendiary.—We believe the greatest incendiary about is *friction matches*. A gentleman informed us the other day of their spontaneous combustion when packed away in a tight box. We came near being ousted from our premises one day last week, as is supposed, by this mischievous article. No one can see how the store of Mr S. F. White took fire, except by matches being carried in between the plastering and floor by the rats. The fire though pretty well kindled, was fortunately discovered in season to be extinguished with trifling damage.
Keep your matches in tight tin boxes.—*Cheshire Republican.*

About two thousand Mormons, mostly young men, have crossed the Mississippi, and are now far advanced on their way to California. They are to form the *avant guard* of the Mormon expedition, and have started early to provide for those who are to follow. The N. Y. Herald says "this is an incident in religious history that will, undoubtedly be as remarkable a one as the Hegira of the Mahometans."

There was a destructive fire in Memphis, Tenn., on the 12th ult., which soon reduced to ashes some $40,000 worth of real estate and merchandise consuming half a square of buildings.

We learn from the Providence Journal, that the woolen factory in Westerly, formerly known as Knowles' factory, occupied by William P. Arnold was destroyed by fire on Saturday morning. Insured for 7,300.

At Manchester, N. H., at 2 o'clock on Sunday morning, J. W. Worthen's bakery and dwelling house, his barn, and Mrs Annan's dwelling house occupied by her and Mr Herrick, were burnt. Property partially insured.

REV. CHARLES TORREY.—It is said that a petition has been presented to Gov. Pratt of Maryland for the pardon of Rev. Chas. Torrey, predicated on his increasing ill health. It is proposed that he shall pay for the slaves, be pardoned, and leave the State. He admits that he acted wrong and desires to be forgiven. His wife has also petitioned in his behalf, with numerous other applicants.

Gerrit Smith of Peterboro' offers to sell his immense landed property at auction, in the months of June, July and August next. The lands lie in 45 of the 59 counties of this State, and comprise about 750,000 acres. The auction will be held at 15 different places, on as many different days.—*N. Y. Paper.*

Mr Solomon Cutler was lately killed, in Billerica, by falling from a beam in the barn, a distance of fifteen feet. He was 77 years of age.

At Gaysville, Vt., Orvis Bennett, son of Arthur B., of Woodstock, became entangled in the machinery while employed in the factory and was instantly killed.

The steamboats Saladin and Congress came in collision on the 13th ult. on the Mississippi River. Thirty lives were lost by this disaster; fifteen or twenty of the deck hands and firemen were drowned, and about ten badly scalded; and the 1st engineer and two firemen of the Congress died after having been carried to the hospital at Vicksburg.

As the steamboat train from Worcester was approaching the village of Oxford, Thursday evening, it run over and killed Mr Reuben Sibley, of Sutton. He was about to cross the track in a sleigh, saw the train coming, and whipped his horse to speed him across. The engine struck the sleigh and broke it in pieces, and Mr S. was killed instantly. It was rashness in him to attempt the crossing under the circumstances. He was about forty years old, and has left a wife and two children to mourn his loss.

We see it stated in the Philadelphia North American, that at about the same time the shocks of a earthquake were experienced in Connecticut, Long Island and other places, last October, earthquakes were experienced at Smyrna, Calcutta, Assam, &c., by which numerous houses, shops, and ware houses, were thrown down. Shocks continued to be felt at the latest dates.

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, March 12, 1846.

J. V. HIMES.—This individual, as notorious as madams Costello and Restell, has attempted a pureile effort through the columns of the Mail, to divest himself and Millerism of all responsibility for the death of the unfortunate Walker. For the purpose of doing this, he has presented from the heart bleeding widow of the deceased, a statement which must be tortured in construction to serve the purpose of the fiendish destroyer of the happiness of thousands and the welfare of the community. The citizens generally in this community attribute the hastening of Walker's death, to the preaching of the second adventists.—This belief is strengthened by the testimony of Messrs. Thompson & Allen, his medical attendants, whose statement we published some weeks since. Their testimony is receivable as those of expots, who are acquainted with the operation of the mental upon the physical system. Upon their reputation as medical men,—upon their reputation for moral probity they declare that the death of Walker, was the legitimate result of his attendance upon meetings of second Adventists. Here is evidence uncontrovertible, of the mental insanity of poor Walker, and the fruits of "*Brother Himes*" and his infatuated followers.

To controvert these facts, Himes introduces the testimony before alluded to, probably drawn from the deponent with the gushings of her sympathizing tears by those whose deluded course have been the cause of her sorrows and her mourning, in an hour when the spirit of resistance finds no lodgment with human sympathies. And what does her testimony amount to?—spoken in sincerity it barely proves that before the night of 16th January, he was not an Adventist, and admits that from that time forth that he was.—Some collateral circumstances are related that has no bearing upon the case, and that is the amount of her testimony.

The testimony of one or two others and Ezra Walker a brother of the deceased, and a second Advent preacher is presented, and for what? to take the testimony as it is to show that they know as little of the operation of mind upon matter as they do of the spirit of inspiration.

But we cannot follow Himes in his errors and moral tergiversations. The public mind in the vicinity of the tragical and deplorable end of Walker, is unalterably fixed. So far as human agency is concerned apon those who have thus made a most lame and impotent effort to cast it from them. As it is, so it will rest.

THE LADIES' FAIR—holden last Thursday, passed off very pleasantly. The hall was as neatly decorated as the season would permit,—the tables of refreshments were *tastily* set,—and fancy articles of unique style "a general assortment" as advertisers say, were "offered for sale." The ladies as usual, especially the unmarried in the presence of the sterner portion of creation, wore most smiling faces, and appeared enchantingly agreeable. The Hall was crowded afternoon and evening,—conversation was entertaining—the trade brisk, and the cash receipts about $200 00.

AGAVANS BANK.—The capital of this Bank recently chartered and to be located in the vicinity of the Depot at Springfield, was taken up in two days, after the opening of the books, and $20,000. If the Directors can't take care of the twenty thousand extra, we shouldn't mind assisting them if they will pass it this way—provided its all paid in.

The Editor of the Westfield News Letter, is recommending the charter and construction of a railroad from Northampton via. Westfield to New Haven. We must recommend his friends to smother the project if they would save him, as he is considerably "*elevated*" by reason of the passing of one railroad through the place, and we have cause for the belief that if another is constructed in opposite direction "*he would be carried clear away.*"

The Legislature is still sitting, sitting away, doing or worse than that, and Congress is *sitting* an EXAMPLE.

OLIVER SMITH—the man recently deceased at Hatfield, is said to have been worth only $390,000. His property was estimated at half a million at the time of his death. His heirs at law are contesting the validity of the will, as we think and justly too with little probability of success. It is a perverted heart that seeks to divert the property of a testator from the disposition intended by the will, through the meshes of legal technicalities of the law. No body knows better how to dispose of property than he who acquires it, and as in the case of the property of Mr Smith, it would prove more beneficent to heaven and earth to distribute it as it was intended it should be, by the will and testament of the testator, than that it should be converted to the use of the heirs at law to rust and corrode in their already loaded coffers undisturbed.

The Editor of the Westfield News Letter has $126 07 due him for published schedules of credits in his last. Should like to know if he is trying to effect a loan from the credit of the published statement of his affairs. If so, please inform us what success.

The New York Ledger recently perpetrated a *wicked* act. It stated that the young, beautiful, fascinating, bewitching wife of Ex-President Tyler, had followed the example of his former political friends and deserted him, left his bed and board,—separated. We didn't believe it and 'tisn't true. "Though all others forsake him" she will not.

THAT CAKE.—We acknowledge the receipt of some *the* best cake we ever tasted. MRS. MORGAN will please to accept our sincere thanks for this manifestation of her good will.

For The Sentinel.

Enigma.

I am a word composed of 14 letters.
My 1 13 9 has been instrumental in the hands of men in ruining thousands.
My 10 5 3 14 4 8 is the earnest entreaty of all Women.
My 7 2 14 10 is a Mineral.
My 6 13 4 12 2 9 10 is that on which the Tailors depend for subsistence.
My 1 8 6 7 5 is the condition of a Hermit.
My 2 14 1 7 is the name of a mountain in Europe.
My 6 2 10 is a quadruped.
My 3 11 4 5 is a calcerous earth.
My 2 11 6 is a compound.
My 10 11 4 8 is that for one inch of which a certain Queen offered Millions of money, but in which their can be no monopoly.
My whole is a token of Intelligence and Enterprise. A. L. B.

☞ The answer to our last, is *Goose-cap.* Answered by E. G. B. and A. C. K., Palmer Depot; P. S., Wales.

We are glad to see our friends take an interest in working out the Enigmas. In future we shall endeavor to have a corner of the fourth page reserved for Enigmas, Charades, &c. We have several Enigmas which will appear in order.

The following piece we clip from the Amherst Express. It is evident that Palmer is "coming up in the world," as fast as may be:—

PALMER.—The quantity of flour bro't from the west to Palmer Depot during the year 1845, was 10,114 barrels, which at six dollars per barrel, would alone make an item of upwards of $60,000 distributed from that point. The whole number of barrels of flour transported over the western railroad during the year was 329,850, and of the 42 depots between Albany and Boston there were only three at which a larger number were left than at Palmer.—These were Westfield, 15, 951, Springfield, 20,344, and Worcester, 33,684.

Friend Hawley, of the Hampshire Gazette, says:—

PALMER.—This is one of the most thriving of the smaller inland towns in the Commonwealth. Within a few years, the busy and flourishing villages of Thorndike and Palmer Depot have grown up. Already have they become so wealthy and populous, that both contemplate erecting houses for public worship. * * * * Quite recently a new village has sprung up, between Thorndike and Ware, under the auspices of the Boston Duck Company—not *Dutch* company as stated in some of the papers. This village bears the name of *Bondsville.*

VALENTINES.—A five hundred dollar Valentine was purchased in New York on the 14th as a present to some fair lady whose domicil is described as "above Bleecker street. Hidden amongst profuse ornament, was a gold pen and pencil—a ring of dazzling brilliants—a bracelet set with diamonds—all concealed from first sight by rare workmanship of fretted gold; while in its centre a magnificent gold watch, studded with precious stones, seemed to indicate that time was fleeting, and delicately hint to the fair recipient, that the present must soon become the past, and hourly to remind her of a lover's impatience to be made happy.—*Ex. Paper.*

FOUND.—Between Marlbe K. Ferrill's and Nathan Holton's, a Lady's Work Bag, of which the owner can obtain information at this office.

For the Palmer Sentinel.

Oregon.

NUMBER VI.

Spanish Colony—Capture of Portuguese vessels—Nootka Sound Convention—Quadra's Letter.

Having brought to the public view the material facts relative to Spanish and American voyages to the shores of Oregon, I shall now attempt to give an account of the settlements. First; let the word settlement be definitely understood. As used in the discussion of the Oregon question it is of doubtful import—sometimes meaning a temporary trading establishment. In its present use, it means a colony, an establishment contemplating the perpetual occupancy of the country, with a view of founding in it the various institutions of christianity and of enlightened civil government. From such kind of settlements a right of sovereignty is deducible; and on such, is based the American claim.

As has been stated in a previous number, Don E. J. Martinez, in 1789, by authority derived from the king of Spain, took possession of the Oregon territory, and formed settlements in it, north of the 49th parallels. He lays the foundation of a village on the southerly side of Nuchatlet or Kendrick's Island; and westerly of *Friendly Cove;* and builds a fort on *Uquatle Island*, one-fourth of a mile, east of the settlement. After occupying, about six months Martinez, suddenly returns to Mexico, taking with him the elements of the colony. Having no information to show with certainty the cause of this singular movement, I supposed it attributable to a difficulty with the Indians; but, after further reflection, I am inclined to believe, he was recalled on account of the seizure of certain Portuguese vessels in which Capt. Meares, a British subject, was concerned.

In the spring of 1790, Don Fracisco Eliza, with more vessels, a greater number of settlers, and an increased amount of effects resumed the colonization of the territory. The village was rebuilt; and the new population were busily engaged in farming, mechanical and trading industry. Nootka, for years, resounded with those and other operations. Besides this settlement, there was another at *Nittenat*, at the entrance of Fuca's Straits. Captain Joseph Ingraham, in his journal on file in the State Department, speaks concerning them.

"July 30, 1792.—I accompanied Capt. Haro to view the place (at Nootka) which from being a wilderness was now a garden. The village consists of 16 houses, several store-houses, a bake-house, an hospital, &c. I saw cattle, sheep, hogs, &c. Capt. Haro informed me, they had three frigates, a brig and two schooners on the coast. A frigate of 40 guns sailed for San Blas the *day before* our arrival, taking away a part of the men and stock of the settlements. He remarked, they expected shortly to evacuate the country. Another frigate was stationed at the settlement in the Straits; and the third, with the two schooners were employed in exploring the coast."

It was strange, and among the events of an inscrutable and overruling Providence, that this colony which had been planted in a fruitful soil and had began finely to grow, should so soon, manifest symptoms of decay, and all at once the withering effects of some act of violence. From the above mentioned *day before*, it continued to decline, till in March 1795, when it was found dead, root and branch.

I suppose the Spaniards resolved to evacuate that territory, much for the same reason a weak man sometimes, resolves to fly from the reach of a strong man. In order to understand more clearly the ill success of Spain in her attempt to colonize the country, it is necessary to advert to certain occurrences at the beginning of the settlement at Nootka, and to the false and deceiving statements of Meares to the British parliament.

With a view of carrying on, more advantageously a trade on the N. W. coast, Meares in Jan. 1788, associated himself with some English and Portuguese merchants at Macao, which place, it will be recollected, was under a governor appointed by the Court of Lisbon. The Chinese empire, however, exercised a paramount jurisdiction over it. Two vessels, the *Felice* and *Ephigenia* were immediately fitted out for the trade. Each had a *Poituguese captain* and *crew*, and sailed with *Portuguese papers*, and under the *flag of Portugal*, Captain Meares had the chief command of the former; and Captain Douglass was supercargo of the latter. In a memorial presented in the House of Commons, in 1790, Meares stated that on his arrival at Nootka, he *purchased* from Maquinna, the chief a *spot of ground* whereon he *built a house* for his occasional residence, and hoisted the British flag thereon; that he also built at that place a vessel, called the Northwest American, measuring 40 tons; that he obtained from Wickannish, the chief at Clyoquot, the promise of a *free and exclusive trade* with his people; and that he *purchased of Tatooche*, the chief, a *tract of land*; and that after he left the coast for China, Don E. J. Martinez seized the Ephigenia and other vessels, which he alleged were his *bona fide* property; and took possession of the land belonging to him, on which his temporary habitation had been erected; hoisting thereon, the standard of Spain, and performing such ceremonies as were usual on such occasions. These statements, it appears from unimpeachable testimony were mostly false. Meares himself was *English*; but the vessels, and all about them were *Portuguese*; and not his bona fide and exclusive property. They were seized in Nootka harbor for an infringement on Spanish rights. Such was their national character, that Great Britain ought not to have interfered in the matter. Meares neither purchased land of Maquinna or any other chief; nor erected a house for his occasional residence; nor performed a single act which could be of any avail to his native country. The only thing done by him at Nootka, was to put up a small vessel, obtaining permission of Maquinna to occupy a spot of ground for that purpose. The British government desirous no doubt, to secure a pretext for a claim to the Oregon territory interposed in his behalf, and dictated to Spain the conditions of a settlement with him; and also, those of the treaty signed at the Escurial, in Spain.—Her Britannic Majesty has asserted rights in Oregon, which she says, are recognized in this treaty, called the *Nootka convention.* When I have finished collecting the facts relative to the question, it will not be difficult, I think, to adduce an argument strong and conclusive, showing that England has no rights of sovereignty in that territory, and showing this great fact to the satisfaction of all in our land, save a few wealthy and interested persons, idolaters and public enemies may still affect to disbelieve.—This allusion is to persons whom I can call individually by name, and who artfully opposed the colonization of the country in question, as they are now opposing the extension of American sovereignty over it.

The first article of that convention reads as follows; to wit.: "The buildings and tracts of land situated on the Northwest coast of North America, or on the islands adjacent thereto, of which the subjects of his Britannic Majesty were dispossessed about the month of April 1789, by Spanish officers shall be restored to the said British subjects."

Early in the year 1792, Quadra was sent from Mexico to succeed Eliza in the government of the colony; and also, to act as commissioner with Vancouver appointed on the part of Great Britain, in carrying into effect the stipulation set forth in this article.

The first thing in the business of the commissioners was to ascertain what *land* and *buildings* were in the possession of British subjects, in May 1789. For this object, Quadra addressed the following letter to Captains Gray and Ingraham, of the American vessels Columbia and Hope.

Nootka, Aug. 2d, 1792.

In order to satisfy the Court of England, as is just, for the injury, damages, and usurpation which it conceives itself to have sustained at this port in the year 1789, I have to request you, gentlemen, the favor to inform me, with that sincerity which distinguishes you, and which is conformadable with truth and honor, wherefore Don Esteban Jose Martinez seized the vessels of Calnett, the Ephigenia and the Northwest America? What establishment or building did Mr Meares have on the arraival of the Spaniards? What territories are those which he says that he purchased from Maquinna, Yuquiniari, or any other chief? With what objects were the crew of the Northwest America transferred to the Columbia? and were ninety-six skins placed on board that ship? Finally what was the whole amount of skins carried by you to China, and to whom did they belong?

Your most obedient and assured servant,
JUAN FRANCISCO DE LA BODEGA Y. QUADRA.
To Captains R. Gray and J. Ingraham.
HALL J. KELLEY.

HORRID MURDER.—The following is a narrative of one the most shocking murders that ever occurred in the State of Kentucky:—

Russellville, Ky., Feb. 17th 1846.—A most distressing murder has just been committed in our town. A young man named John George, of respectable connections, attempted to seduce a Miss Jackson, of this town; failing in his attempt to seduce her, and fearing that it would be made public, he stole by the window of the young lady's room, raised it, and shot her, after waking her and making himself known.—He fled. The report alarmed the family, who ran to her room and found her dying. She lived only two hours, but long enough to disclose everything.

BROOK FARM MANSION.—The fire which was seen in the direction of Roxbury, on Tuesday evening, was at the Brook Farm. The large dwelling house, designed to accommodate all the families in the community, was destroyed. The building was erected within the last year, and was not entirely completed. The loss is estimated at $7,000—without, we believe, any insurance. The origin of the fire has not been definitely ascertained, but it is supposed to have been caused by a defect in the chimney.—*Daily Am. Eagle.*

☞ THE WESTERN RAILROAD HOUSE—kept by Ephraim Allen, is the place to get the good things of life. It is emphatically a "*Home for Travellers.*" Possessing that most important requisite to a public house, a *cheerful* and *accommodating* landlord, it bids defiance to competitors.

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

A New York paper tells a story of an old lady, over 100 years of age, who had one maiden daughter, aged 85 years. The daughter died one day, when her mother exclaimed in the fulness of her grief—"Oh! boo-hoo—I knew—I never—should *raise that child.*"

The American operatives have been discharged from a cotton factory in Cincinnati, and their places filled with Germans, who work for much less than Americans.

A slave named Horace King has been emancipated by the Legislature of Alabama, in consideration of his having constructed a bridge at Wetumpka. His owner had refused $15,000 for him.

The new Constitution of Missouri provides that the property of the survivors of a duel, shall be holden for the maintenance of the widow and children of the victim killed.

The accumulation of moss on the roofs of houses, may be prevented by sprinkling lime, or common wood ashes, on the upper part of the roof once or twice a year.

Elihu Burritt says the wages of the laboring men in the world do not average more than twenty cents a day.

A pauper in the Pennsylvania Almshouse recently ran away with the overseer's daughter, and married her.

In a late experiment, seed corn from the small end of the ear, produced only half as much corn as seed selected from the middle of the ear. This is worthy of special notice.

An industrious man is a blessing to his country, and an ornament to society. A lazy man is a disgrace to himself and a pest to others.

A good book and a good wife are the two best companions in the world; a brandy bottle and a pack of cards about the worst.

Frankness and liberality are characteristics of the sailor; let these be united with knowledge and religion, and our shore will possess the best defence, and the world the greatest of benefactors.

The Arabs of the desert are among the most hardy of the human race, enduring the greatest fatigue and exposure under a burning sun, and their drink is substantially water.

It was a maxim of Ramohun Roy, that enjoyment in this world and the next, rest on these two points—kindness to friends, civility to enemies.

Everybody takes pleasure in returning small obligations; but there is scarcely any one who does not pay great obligations with ingratitude.

Domestic Economy, and Persevering Industry is the direct path to Independence.

Speaking of the modern system of puffing, the Bostonian says:
"By and bye we shall be requested to say we have used Dumfries' Itch Ointment with distinguished success!"

A gentleman accustomed to the signature of the firm to which he was partner, having to sign a baptismal register of one of his children, entered it as *the son of Smith, Jones & Co.*

It is said that there are so many girls in California, that a man has got to declare himself married when he goes amongst them, to save himself from being devoured or forced to marry against his will.

In the Auburn N. Y., penitentiary are a father and his three sons, the youngest only fourteen years old.

As ravenous birds are the quickest sighted, so the worst men are the greatest faultfinders.

Earth has no sweeter music than a gentle word breathing into a sorrowing heart.

It has been insinuated in some of the papers that Mrs Caudle died of the *black tongue.*

A man can't help what is done behind his back, as the loafer said when he was kicked out of doors.

Moderation may be considered as a tree of which the root is contentment, and the fruit repose.

Speak no evil of the dead, that the good you yourself do may live in the memory of man.

Industry and economy will get rich, while sagacity and intrigue are laying their plans.

PUT ON YOUR HAT AND BE OFF, has been rendered intelligible—thus—Elevate your golgatha to the summit of your procranium, and allow me to present to your optics that scientific piece of mechanism which forms the egress portion of this apartment.

Two things are embarrassing; to be silent when you ought to speak, and to speak when you ought to be silent.

Nature is satisfied with little, grace with less, and lust with nothing.

I shall have a *pane* in my side, as the coach said when they put a glass window in the door.

Massachusetts Legislature.

Friday, Feb. 27.

In the Senate the matter of salary for the Barnstable register of probate was again spoken to; finally on motion of Mr Salisbury, the bill was amended by fixing the sum at $500, and ordered to be engrossed, 32 to 4.

Saturday, Feb. 28.

Nothing of importance to the general reader transpired to-day.

Monday, March 2.

In the Senate several House bills were passed to be enacted. The bill for supplying Boston with water from Long Pond passed its third reading.

Tuesday, March 3.

In the Senate, the committee on the Judiciary reported that the House bill to establish the city of Cambridge, ought to pass without an amendment. Ordered to a 2d reading.

Wednesday, March 4.

In the Senate, the bill concerning manufacturing and other corporations, providing that 60 per cent. of the capital stock shall be paid in before any corporation shall hereafter go into operation, was taken from the table.

Amendments providing that those corporations which shall not have been organized in three years from the date of their charter, shall be void, and giving an additional year to corporations granted previous to this session, were accepted, and the bill passed to be engrossed.

Thursday, March 5.

Senate business as usual.

In the House, the first business in the orders of the day was the bill to establish a teacher's institute at an expense of $2000 per annum, it being on its passage to be engrossed. The bill was advocated by Messrs. Chandler, Green, Wilder, Seaver, Bayley, Wales, Ryder, Wilson, and others, and Mr Porter of Buckland was opposed to the bill.

Friday, March 6.

In the Senate Mr Watts, from the special committee on the subject of capital punishment, made a report, accompanied by bills providing that murder in the first degree be punished with death, murder in the second degree by imprisonment for life, instead of by death, as now provided. The report and bills were ordered to be printed.

The Boston Water Bill was then discussed.

A bill was reported to establish the salary of the register of Probate, for the county of Suffolk at $2000 per annum.

In the House, bills and resolves from the Senate were concurred in.

Saturday, March 7.

The Senate passed corporation bills to be engrossed.

In the House, a new draft of a bill incorporating the Wachusett House Co. of Princeton, was brought up and another lengthy discussion grew out of it, turning principally upon the temperance question, and the whole bill, was *rejected* by a tremendous vote.

Congress.

Friday and Saturday, no business of importance.

Monday, March 2.

In the Senate petitions and memorials were presented.

Committees reported private bills.

Bills from the House were read twice and referred to the appropriate committees.

In the House the New Jersey contested election was taken up. The reports from the majority and minority of the Committee on Elections was then read.

Tuesday, March 3.

The Senate was occupied again with the Oregon question.

In the House the Contested Election case of New Jersey, between Messrs Runk and Parlee, then came up in order.

Mr Chipman of Mich. finished his speech against permitting those who were attending school to exercise the right of suffrage.

Mr Jenkins of N. Y. also spoke against the right of the student to vote.

Mr Toombs of Georgia followed, and Mr Schenck, of Ohio, closed the debate for the day.

Wednesday, March 4.

In the Senate the Committee on Printing reported this morning in favor of printing twenty-five thousand copies of the annual Report of the Commissioner on Patents. The motion gave rise to an extended debate between Messrs. Niles, Dickenson and Breese.

In the House the New Jersey Contested Election case was decided in favor of John Runk, the whig member. The yeas and nays were called upon the Resolution, and they were taken amidst great excitement. The vote was announced as follows:—

Yeas, NINETY-SIX! Nays, NINETY-SIX!

The speaker, with great firmness, said: "*The chair votes in the* NEGATIVE."

Thursday, March 5.

In the Senate the discussion on the Oregon question was continued. Mr Haywood, of N. C. finished his long *British speech*. When he had concluded.

Mr Calhoun explained some reference made to one of his despatches in the Oregon correspondence.

Mr Hannegan of Ind., characterized the speech of Mr Haywood as the most extraordinary speech he ever listened to.

Mr Haywood said he had spoken fully on that point and his speech would be printed.

In the House a long time was spent in an attempt to reconsider the vote of yesterday on the contested case of New Jersey. After a call of the House &c. it was finally abandoned.

Reports were then called from various Committees. After which the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Harbor Bill.

Mr Hudson of Mass. finished his speech on the Tariff aspect of the bill.

After which the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

Friday, Mar. 6.

The Senate did not sit to-day.

The House voted to Mr Farlee, the contestant, in the New Jersey election case, pay and mileage as a member, up to March 4th.

The House spent the day on the private calendar.

Saturday, March 7.

Neither the *Senate* or *House* was in session to-day.

TRIUMPH OF TRUE LOVE. PERILS OF FLIGHT—GRAND SUCCESS.—We like to herald a true love story with becoming flourish—and we have one now, worthy of trumpets and timbrels. Most of our readers, all the lady ones, certain—either read or heard, of an attempted elopement from West Sandwich Academy about two weeks since, but which was frustrated by a crusty guardian, the Rev. Mr F. The gallant is an artist of skill, Mr R——; the damsel is an angel and an heiress, Miss F——, and both loved according to Cupid's most ardent rules and regulations. At the first attempt, the parties had a ten hours' start, and felt sure of successful escape, for the Reverend guardian had an engagement to preach many miles off, which they thought he would devoutly obey as in duty bound. But in this they made a serious mistake; for no sooner did he find that the bird was flown, than he let preaching go to the dogs, while he went in hot pursuit after the lovers, caught them, and took the weeping lady back again to her prison-like home.

But Love laughs at Locksmiths, duennas, cross papas and ill-natured guardians. By an ingenious plan, laid by skilful and experienced heads, the young lady was secured on Thursday, and taken by a rapid team on to Plymouth, and thence to this city, which they reached about ten o'cl'ck P. M. The jealous guardian, however, had taken the alarm in season, and reached the city a few moments before the fleeting lovers themselves. In Federal Street, a grand surprise awaited the party—for there stood the Reverend pursuer, looking bolts and bars, resolute to make a second capture of the coveted prize. Leaping forward, he seized the horse by the head, and seemed resolved to make valiant battle—but desperate cases are like desperate diseases, and require prompt remedies. It was no time to be ceremonious. A smart application of the whip caused the horse to start violently forward, the Reverend gentleman was pitched off about ten feet, sprawling, and the released birds plying whip with all zeal, were off like an arrow, safe from capture and triumphant over all opposition, putting on a fifteen hour step, for a certain safe, but distant refuge.

The discomfitted guardian picked himself up, with a cost in condition for the tailor's services, but otherwise uninjured, and set industriously to work, to hunt out the two lovers. But while he was very busy in the city, they were no less industrious in putting it as far from them as steam would do it, and last night, we suppose, the romance of the affair was closed, in a decorous procedure of nonnubialization, in Albany.

Thus may it ever be, with true love. If a girl will, she will—and she ought to.—We take great pleasure in heralding this charming case, and trust that there will be at least one a week, for the next twelve months. Those who played the cards of this particular game, and who are *sub rosa*, as yet, managed them with consummate skill, and deserve the thanks of all who worship in the bowers of Cupid.—*Boston Star.*

VIOLATING THE LAW.—The penalty of writing on newspapers has been carried into effect in New Jersey.

A man in Plainfield, N. J., has been fined $5 for a violation of the Post Office Laws. He wrote on the margin of a newspaper and sent it out west. The person to whom it was sent refused to pay letter postage on it; it was sent back there, and the person sending it was obliged to pay $5 for his attempt to diminish the revenue of the Post Office Department.

A merchant of Charleston, named Reicke has been arrested for committing forgeries to the amount of $13,000, the greater part of which have been passed off upon the banks. He has a wife eighteen years of age, and a young infant. The papers state that he was tenderly attached to his family, and is now suffering the utmost distress of mind.

☞ The Literary Wreath and Factory Girl's Garland, printed and published at Exeter, by A. R. Brown, is a paper of the "first water," and no mistake.

TOWN MEETING—came off last Monday. Abel Calkins Esq. was chosen Moderator; John Ward, Town Clerk; Keyes Foster, Gilbert Barker and Jonathan Taylor, Selectmen; Abel Calkins and Julius Burt, Assessors; Joseph Hodges and Calvin Torrey, School Committee.

The Town voted to build a Town House.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN of Jenksville! Do you want your "*picters*" taken? If so, just call on W. H. PRATT, who will take 'em for you in a *superior* manner, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. He will be found at Miller's Tavern, Jenksville, *for a few days only*. We would advise those who wish to have their Likenesses taken, not to fail of improving the present opportunity.

☞ The general opinion is, that the "Palmer Sentinel" is flourishing. Well, we can't say as we have any objection.

A TOUCHING SCENE.—We attended the funeral of a neighbor, yesterday afternoon says the N. Y. Com. Advertiser, where the deceased had died after a very short illness, leaving a widow and three or four young children. Just as the coffin was lifted, by the porters, to be carried to the place of interment, one of the little innocents exclaimed in a most pathetic tone—"Mama, where are they going to carry papa?" We leave it to a fond parent, and endeared companion in life, to estimate the feelings that must have pervaded the mother.

Brighton Market.—*Monday, Mar. 9.*

[Reported for the Daily Advertiser.

At Market, 735 Beef Cattle, 20 pairs Working Oxen, 25 Cows and Calves, 450 Sheep, and 200 Swine. 125 Beef Cattle, unsold.

Prices—Beef Cattle—The Beef Cattle at Market to-day were of unusual good quality, although our prices are as high as last week, they were not sustained for a like quality. We quote extra $5 75 a $6; first quality 5 50 a 5 75; second $5 a 5 25, third 4 25 a 4 75.

Working Oxen—We noticed sales as follows—$70, $75, $82, and $96.

Cows and Calves—Sales were made at $22, $25, $25 50 and $31

Sheep—Small Lots were sold from $2 75 to 4 50

Swine—4 lots to close at 3 3-4 a 4 1-2c; a lot selected 4 1-4 and 5 1-4c. At retail 4 1-2 to 6c.

[Retail Prices Inside Quincy Market.]

PROVISIONS.

Butter, lump,	20 a 25	West'n do lb	8 1-2 a 9
do tub, lb	17 a 25	Lard, best, lb	8 1-2 a 9
Cheese, new milk, lb	8 a 10	Do. Westn	
do 4 meal	4 a 6	keg, per lb	8 1-2 a 9
Eggs, dozen	20 a 22	Veal, lb	6 a 12
Beef, fresh, lb	6 a 12	Calves, whole	5 a 8
do salted, lb	6 a 7	Lamb, lb	4 a
do smoked	8 a 9	Mutton, lb	4 a 12 1-2
Hogs, whole	5 a 5 3-4	Sheep, whole	3 a 8
Pork, fresh	8 a 10	Chickens, lb	10 a 16
do salted	7 1-2 a 8	Turkeys, lb	10 a 14
Boston Hams, per lb	9 1-2 a 10	Pigeons, doz	
		Geese, Mea't	100 a 125

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, swt. bushel	a	Turnips, bush	50
Potatoes, pk	25 a	Onions, bunch	3 1-2 a 4
Cabbages,		Beets, bush	a 75
dozen	75 a 1 25	Beans, "	1 75 a 2 00
Squashes, lb	3 a 4	Parsley, box	a 6

FRUIT.

Quinces none		Apples, bush	1 00 a 1 50
Cranberries,	3 50 a 4 00	Pears, bush	
Chestnuts,	1 75 a 2 00	Apples, d'd lb	6 1-2
Shellbarks,	1 37 a 1 62	Oranges, box	2 00 a 2 25
Grapes, Hamburg, lb		Lemons, box	2 25 a 2 50
		Figs, lb	10 a 12

BEEF, PORK, LARD, &c.

[Wholesale Prices Inside Quincy Market.]

Mess Beef, bbl		Ohio Mess	13 00 a 13 50
cash price	9 00 a 9 50	do Prime,	11 00 a
Navy mess,	8 00 a	Boston Lard	
No 1 do	7 50 a	in barrels,	8 1-2 a
Pork, Boston		Ohio do do	a 8 1-2
ex cl bbl	a 16 00	Boston Hams,	a 9
Boston clear	15 a 15 50	Ohio do	8 a 8 1-2
Ohio ex cl	14 a 14 50	Tongues, bbl	12 00 a 20 00
do clear	14 50 a 15 00		

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS.

Lump, 100 lbs	20 a 24	Cheese, best,	
Tub, best, tos	18 a 20	pr ton	8 a 8 1-2
Shipping do		Common, do	5 a 6
pr ton	14 a 17	Eggs, 100 doz	20 a 22

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

Apples, bbl	2 75a3 25	bunches,	2 50a3 00
Beets, bbl	1 00a1 25	Pickles, bbl	4 00a5 00
Carrots, bbl	1 00a1 25	Peppers, bbl	8 00a9 00
Potatoes, bbl	1 50a1 75	Mangoes, bbl	8 00a10 00
Onions, 100			

LEATHER.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Phil best, lb	20a22	N Y red. Pt	14a15
Do country,	20a30	Do do h'vy	13a14
Balt city tan	20a21	East sligh'r	14a15
Do dry hide	17a18	Do dry hide	12a14

HIDES.—[Wholesale Prices.]

B Ayres, dry hide. lb	12a12 1-2	African,	10a16
Pernam. d.s	8 1-2a9 1-2	Calcutta cow, g. salted	80a1 10
Rio Grande	12a13	Do dry	40a70
W Indian	9 1-2a10		

WOOL.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Saxony & lb	38a40	Com to 1-4 do	27a28
Do prime	40a41	Lambs. sup.	33a38
Do lambs	a	Do 1st qual.	27a30
Am full bl'd	37a38	Do 2d qual.	18a30
Do half blood	30a31	Do 3d qual.	14a17

LIME.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Thomaston, per cask	85a90	L'Etang, St Geo. co w l	a
Camden.	75a80	Do 1st qual.	a

HAY.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Country, cwt	1 00a1 06	Straw, cwt.	65a70
Eastern, ton	14 00a15 00		

HOPS.—[Wholesale Prices.]

1st sort, 1845	20a25	2d sort	a

☞ Among the most distressing maladies are those which internal remedies fail to alleviate, spinal affections, ague in the face, and a catalogue of other similar ills to which humanity is subject. A variety of nostrums are advertised as panaceas for these painful visitations, but one article we know, if not infallible, is at least almost so, in effecting a cure—we allude to *Hunt's Liniment*, which is certified for its healing qualities, by the most eminent men in the medical profession, as well as by a host of most respectable persons who have experienced its benefits. The cures it has accomplished partake so much of the marvellous, that one's faith is taxed in giving credence to them; but we are assured that even incipient deformity has been checked,—and we believe the fact to be beyond controversy. In that dreadful disease, Rheumatism, the application of the Liniment has never failed to give relief to the sufferer; indeed in all cases where an external remedy can be effectual, this has been found eminently so. The Proprietor is a highly respectable gentleman, occupying a respons ble station under government, and this fact may be considered a guarantee, that the Liniment is not to be classed among the prevailing charlatanry of the day. It is sold by most of the respectable Druggists throughout the country.

The Liniment is sold by

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

MARRIAGES.

In Pelham, Feb. 19, Mr Wiley Aldrich of Belchertown, to Miss Caroline Crosier of Pelham.

In Westfield, March 2d, Mr Eben Phelps to Miss Harriet S. Edwards.

DEATHS.

In Barre, on Tuesday, the wife of Mr James Newcomb, aged 69.

In North Brookfield, Feb. 6, Mrs Elisabeth Gilbert, aged 78.

In Belchertown, on the 10th inst., Abagail, wife of Mr Thomas Sabin, aged 56.

Goods! Goods!!

JUST received at the depot store, a large and well selected stock of rich and fashionable

Dry Goods!

Among which may be found beautiful Hair Corded Cashmeres, Crape de Syrrs—all new and splendid goods for Ladies' dresses. De Laines, repped, twilled and plain in every variety of style, color and price. Also a fresh stock of very beautiful dress Silks, an immense stock of calico Prints—comprising some very rich all of which are of entirely new style.

Brown and Bleached Sheetings, Shirtings, Tickings and Burlaps. Counterpanes all sizes and qualities.

To our stock of Carpetings, we would call the attenton of all wishing to purchase—as it is the largest and comprises more desirable patterns than any other stock in the county,—can and will be sold cheaper than can be bought at any other concern.

The above goods have all been manufactured and imported expressly for the spring trade of 1846, and have been purchased at such prices, as will not only place us beyond the reach of competition, but will enable us to give better bargains than have heretofore been had or found in the county of Hampden.

McGILVRAY & CO.

To Let.

THE large and convenient store formerly occupied by Merrick Cooley, in this village. Said store is eligibly situated a few rods north of the Railroad Depot, and is one of the best stands for business in the village.

Possession given the first of April. Enquire of

A. BLODGETT.

Palmer Depot, March 11, 1846.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
HAMPDEN SS.

INSOLVENCY: before E. D. Beach, Esq. Master in Chancery. In the matter of Hosea Reckard, jr., of Palmer, in said county. To Roswell Ruggles Assignee in said case.

You are hereby directed to call the 2d meeting of the creditors of the said Reckard, to be held at the office of the subscriber, in said Springfield, on Monday the thirteenth day of April next, at three o'clock in the afternoon and to publish notice thereof on two different days in the newspaper called the Palmer Sentinel printed at Palmer; at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims. And you are further directed to make return at said meeting of this order, with your doings herein.

Witness my hand, this 9th day of March in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

E. D. BEACH Master in Chancery.

A true copy of original order—Attest.

9-3t ROSWELL RUGGLES, Assignee.

Flour! Flour!

200 BBLS. best brands Flour, now in store and for sale low by

McGILVRAY & CO.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

THE Copartnership now existing under the name and firm of J. S & C. D Bailey, will by mutual consent be dissolved on the first day of April next. All persons indebted to said firm are requested to make immediate payment. Those having claims against said firm will please present the same without delay. J. S. & C. D. BAILEY.

Palmer Depot, March 10, 1846. 9-3t

Gentlemen!

CAN buy nice Calf Boots cheaper at the depot store, than at any other establishment in town.

McGILVRAY & CO.

LOST.

A BLACK MUFF, of rather small size, lined with white fur, and having blue black ribbon in each end; owned by Asenath M. Hadley, was taken from the house of J. Allen, at Palmer Depot, on the evening of Tuesday the 3d inst. It was laid with the clothes of those who attended the dance, and when wanted, lo! it was not. The person who has it is respectfully *requested* to return the same *immediately* to the place where it was taken, and thereby confer a favor on the owner.

SILAS HADLEY.

Palmer Depot, March 10, 1846. 9

Look to this Ladies.

JUST received at the depot store, Shaded Twist, Steel Beads, Rings, Drops and Tassels. Also a large lot of Berlin Zephyn Worsteds, Canvass and Canvass patterns for embroidery

9 McGILVRARY & CO.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
HAMPDEN COUNTY SS.

Court of Common Pleas, February Term, A. D. 1846.

JOHN UNDERWOOD and Alvin Underwood, of Monson, in said County, Plaintiffs, vs. John Howard of said Monson, Defendant. This is an action for the foreclosure of a mortgage of a tract of land, lying in the southerly part of said Monson, being a part of the Gage farm so called, as by the writ on file, dated the twenty-second day of January A. D. 1846, will appear.

It now appearing to the Court, upon the suggestion of the Plaintiffs counsel, that the Defendant was not resident within this Commonwealth, at the time of the service of the writ in this case. And it further appearing, on the inspection of the Officer's return, that no personal service was made upon the said Defendant.

It is now Ordered by the Court here, that the Plaintiffs give notice to the said Defendant of the pendency of this action, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in the Palmer Sentinel, a public newspaper printed at Palmer, in the county of Hampden once a week, three weeks successively, the last publication to be at least thirty days before the next term of this Court, to be holden at Springfield, within and for the County of Hampden, aforesaid, on the second Monday of June next. And that this action be continued to the next term of this Court as aforesaid, and so from term to term until notice shall be given to the said Defendant agreeably to this order. RICHARD BLISS, Clerk.

A true copy—Attest, RICHARD BLISS, Clerk.

C. TORREY, Pl'ff's. Attorney, Palmer Depot.

A large assortment of the most valuable

FAMILY MEDICINES!

Among which are Trull's, Norman's (Peruvian,) Ballis, Richardson's, Phelps', and Russell's Bitters. Hull's, Gardner's, Wright's, Brandreth's, Lescur's, Smith's (sugar coated,) Persian, Phinney's, Ball's, Richardson's, Phelps' (Tomato and Cough,) Gridley's, Peters' Hitchcock's, Russell's, United States and various other Pills

Whittemore's Vegetable Syrup for Diarrhœa, &c Fahnestock's Vermifuge, an invaluable remedy for Worms. Becannon's Pulmonary Syrup, Covert's Balm of Life, Richardson's Pectoral Balsam, Ames' Cough Syrup, Moore's Essence of Life, Down's Elixir, Sand's Sarsaparilla, Egyptian Eye Wash, Cistern Snuff, Cheesman's Arabian Balsam, Michaux's Freckle Wash, Brandreth's and Gridley's Liniment, Opodeldoc, Sand's remedy for Salt Rheum, Cohen's Rheumatic Embrocation, Root's German Ointment, Griswold's, Sweet's, Esset's, Sherman's Bettis and Hebrew Plasters

Sherman's, Fales', and Peters' Medicated Lozenges, Castor Oil, Hot Drops, Tooth Powders, Hair Tonics, Essences, &c., &c.

Warranted Genuine, for sale by

A. BLODGETT.

Palmer Depot, 1846.

NOTICE.

THE friends of Temperance of the town of Palmer, regardless of Politics, are requested to meet at the Thorndike Hall, on Saturday March 7th, at 1-2 past 6 o'clock, P. M., to nominate Town Officers for the ensuing year—and transact all business that may come before said meeting.

Per order of Town Committee.

Palmer, March 2, 1846.

Notice.

IS hereby given, that I have this day given and released unto my son William Pitkin, his time, and release all claim to his earnings or other property and shall not pay any debts of his contracting after this date. 8-3t OWEN PITKIN.

Palmer, March 4, 1846.

CARPENTER & JOBBING SHOP.

THE subscriber will open a new Carpenter and Jobbing Shop, near Palmer Depot, on or before the first of April next, where he will be happy to execute all orders in his line of business, with which he may be favored. All work entrusted to his hands will be done with despatch and in a

WORKMANLIKE MANNER,

and by attention to business and faithfulness in the performance of all orders, he hopes to merit the patronage of his friends and the public.

7-3m N. W. PRIME.

CARPENTER AND JOINER.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform those wishing to build, that he designs to enter more fully into the above business the coming season.—Having had a thorough experience in the business, and designing to employ none but good workmen, with many thanks for former patronage would solicit a continuance of the same. He designs to finish after the latest and most approved style of

Architecture, Drafts, Plans,

and Elevations, executed with neatness. Also, Bills of Timber and Lumber.

JAMES M. CURRIER, Arch.

Palmer Depot, Feb. 4, 1846. 4

NOTICE.

THE subscribers have fitted up a Counting-Room, in their *Store-House Building* near the track of the

Western Railroad;

where they may be found for the present. In consequence of the late disastrous fire, by which their store and stock of Goods were destroyed, they earnestly request all persons indebted to them by Book account or Note to make immediate payment, and those having claims against us are requested to present the same. E. C. MERRICK & CO.

Palmer Depot, Feb 17, 1846. 6-3t

Table Cutlery.

THE undersigned having now in store a complete assortment of Knives and Forks &c., would invite those persons who are about commencing house-keeping, to call and examine the above goods, in connection with their extensive stock of Feathers, Carpetings, Crockery, Glass Ware, together with nearly all requisite household goods.

McGILVRAY & CO.

WANTED!

BY the subscribers to be delivered at the HOOP SHOP, near Palmer Depot, one hundred thousand White Oak and Walnut

HOOPS AND HOOP POLES,

averaging from 12 to 14 feet long, for which satisfactory prices will be given to be paid in goods at cash prices, at the Palmer Depot store. Samples of what is wanted can be seen and information obtained, by applying at the depot store, or calling upon A. C. CURRIER, Palmer Depot.

6 McGILVRAY & CO.

Silks! Silks!!

LADIES wishing for Rich Silks in a great variety of colors and qualities, are assured their wishes will be satisfied, and at as low prices as can be found at any store in the State. We solicit your examination at the depot cheap store.

McGILVRAY & CO.

Wanted Immediately!

A JOURNEYMAN Blacksmith is wanted to do custom work and shoeing. One that is well acquainted with shoeing will be preferred, to whom good wages will be given. For further particulars enquire of JOHN O. KEEP.

Palmer Depot, Feb. 18, 1846.

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

CARPETINGS AND FEATHERS,

CROCKERY, CHINA AND GLASS WARE,

Drugs, Medicines, and Paints,

W. GOODS & GROCERIES,

Flour, Salt, Lime, &c., &c.,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

A. BLODGETT,

Watch Maker and Jeweler,

3 DOORS WEST OF THE PALMER HOTEL,

North side of the Railroad,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Watches and Clocks of all kinds carefully repaired and warranted.

J. D. BARBER,

Fashionable Tailor,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.

Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Garment is to be made out of the shop.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

100 Packages Tea.

THE subscribers having just received a large invoice of Y. H. Ning Yong, Souc, and O. H. Tea, are now prepared to sell at Wholesale or Retail, at prices much less than ever before offered in this place. Merchants and others wishing to purchase tea by the package, are informed they can do so of us as low as they can buy in Boston, with the addition of the freight. Please call and examine for yourselves at the depot store.

6 McGILVRAY & CO.

Shawls!

THE undersigned wishing to close off the balance of their immense stock of Shawls, would say they will sell them now, for 25 per ct. less than they can be had at any other establishment. These stock comprises a great variety. Among which are very rich wrought Cashmeres, Imitation do., Beautiful Printed Cashmeres, Rob Roy, Garondie, Honey Comb net, H Plaid, and a variety of other kinds unnecessary to enumerate. McGILVRAY & CO.

Palmer Depot, Feb. 18, 1846.

Molasses.

12 HHDS. superior Molasses, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

500 GALLS. Eng. Linseed Oil, for sale at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

White Lead.

GROUND AND DRY in various qualities, for sale at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO

50 China Tea Setts.

OF new styles, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO

Spices.

CITRON, Mace, Nutmegs, Cinnamon and other spices, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

RAISINS.

BOX AND CASK RAISINS, of nice quality, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO

3000 LBS. TOBACCO, of the most approved brands, for sale by McGILVRAY & CO.

REVALUABLEMEDY.

HUNT'S LINIMENT.

THIS CELEBRATED EXTERNAL REMEDY for the cure of Rheumatism, Cramps, Affections of the Spine, Pains in the Back and Chest, Swelled Limbs, Croup, Ague in the Face, Tooth-Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Issues, Ulcerated Sores, Salt Rheum, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Weakness in the Ankles, Nervous Diseases, Contraction of the Muscles, Burns, Corns, and Frosted Feet, is now almost universally acknowledged to be one of the Wonders of the World and the BEST EXTERNAL REMEDY NOW KNOWN. And as a proof of the great celebrity which this remedy has attained, the following certificate, from gentlemen of the highest respectability, is offered. There has never yet been discovered an external remedy which has proved so universally successful in all cases where it has been applied.

Sing Sing, Sing Sing, May 18, 1845

We, the undersigned, druggists, certify that we have used Mr George E. Stanton's Celebrated Universal Remedy called HUNT'S LINIMENT, and have proved it to be fully equal to the character it gives it. Its healing properties are truly extraordinary; and we most confidently recommend it as one of the safest and most certain external remedies that has yet been discovered.

Caleb Roscoe, Editor Westchester Herald
Isaac Birdsall, Inspector M. P. State Prison.
Albert Lockwood, Judge Court Common Pleas.
James Locke, the extensive Horticulturist
James B. Swain, Editor R. R. Chronicle
M. Churchill, Principal of the celebrated Boarding School for Boys.
Samuel F. Reynolds, Supreme Court Commissioner.
R. R. York, District Attorney
Theodosius Clark, Pastor M. E. Church
Robert Wiltse, late Agent M. P. State Prison.
Aaron Ward, late Member of Congress.
Munson L. Lockwood, Clerk of the County
Wm. H. Feck, Agent M. P. State Prison.
B. C. Morse, Pastor of the Baptist Church.
Benjamin Moore, Samuel Trowbridge,
Abraham Kipp, Pierre Van Cortland,
Stephen Marshall, Abraham Miller,
John Strang, Gilbert Miller,
Philip G. Van Wack, Edmund Blunt,
Benjamin Washburn.

The following letter from the highly eminent Physician which has been attached to the Mount Pleasant State Prison for many years, is the best evidence of the value of this celebrated Liniment:—

Sing Sing, Dec. 25, 1844

MR HUNT, SIR—I cannot refrain from making use of this opportunity of testifying to the virtues of Hunt's Liniment, as prepared by Mr George E. Stanton. Knowing the ingredients of which it is composed, I can commend it to you as a safe External Remedy, and, in my opinion, the best Liniment in use.

Yours truly, and respectfully,

A. K. HOFFMAN M. D

Col. Pierre Van Cortlandt, Croton Manor

I fully concur in the above opinion.

WM. N. BELCHER, M. D

☞ Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all the principal Druggists and store-keepers throughout the country.

CAUTION.—Although this External Remedy has been but a short time before the public, counterfeiters have deemed it worth while to palm off a base and worthless article as the genuine. Be sure that each bottle has stamped on it the following: "Hunt's Liniment, prepared and sold by G. E. Stanton, Sing-Sing, N. Y." None other is genuine.

GEORGE E. STANTON.

Sing-Sing, June 5, 1845. 2-1y

AGENTS.—G. W Calleher, East Longmeadow; Samuel Leach, Wilbraham; Shaw & Chapman, So. Wilbraham; Norcross & Converse, Monson; J. C. Rouse & Co, Wales, Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; D. F. McGilvray & Co. Palmer Depot.

Depot Cabinet Warehouse.

THE subscriber would inform his patrons that he still continues to manufacture all kinds of Cabinet Ware, and would invite all those about to purchase any article in his line to call and examine his assortment. Among which are the following—

Grecian, Work, Card, Centre & Dining

Tables; Work, Wash and Light Stands; Grecian, French and Common Bureaus; Bureau and Common Bedsteads; Grecian Cane and Wood seat Chairs, &c., &c. His furniture is of the best

MATERIALS AND WORKMANSHIP,

and his prices will be found to be as low as at any other establishment in the county. Call and examine and satisfy yourselves.

Thankful for the liberal patronage with which he has thus far been favored would solicit a continuance of the same.

N. B. All kinds of Job Work done at short notice.

A. H. LONGLEY.

Palmer Depot Jan. 19, 1846

Wanted!

LUMBER, of all kinds in exchange for goods, for which fair prices will be paid.

McGILVRAY & CO.

200 PRS. LADIES' KID SHOES, for sale low at the Depot store by

McGILVRAY & CO.

GRAIN.

CORN, Rye and Oats, for sale at the Depot Store by McGILVRAY & CO

300 Doz. Kimball's

SPOOL THREAD, of 200 yds. each—for sale low at the Depot store, by

McGILVRAY & CO

Shaving Soap.

HALE'S Celebrated New York Almond Shaving Soap, for sale by McGILVRAY & CO

Salt.

TURK'S ISLAND, Liverpool and Dairy Salt, for sale at the Depot Store, by

McGILVRAY & CO

Fresh Oysters!

Direct from New Haven by Railroad Express!

CONSTANTLY on hand, and furnished in any quantity at the lowest prices, by

A. BLODGETT.

Palmer Depot Jan. 14, 1846.

Woolens! Woolens!!

WISHING to close off the balance of our extensive stock of Goods adapted to the present season, will sell at a reduction from former prices, (which of course brings them very low.) Ladies and Gentlemen wishing for wearing apparel at bargains, will please call and examine for themselves, at the depot store. McGILVRAY & CO.

Remnants.

REMNANTS of Prints selling low, at the depot store. 3 McGILVRAY & CO

Lard.

FRESH LARD and Lard Oil, for sale at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO

Fish.

PRIME Salmon, Mackerel, Halibut, Sword and Cod Fish, for sale at the Depot Store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

This Day Received!

LINEN Table Covers, col'd, Brown and Damask. Also some very nice Woolen Covers, Tickings, Feathers, &c., all for sale low at the depot store.

McGILVRAY & CO.

Brass Clocks.

OF superior quality both alarm and common movements, beautifully cased and warranted first rate Time Keepers. For sale low by

5 A. BLODGETT.

Mirrors!

A LARGE lot just received and for sale low, at the depot store. McGILVRAY & CO

Paper Hangings!

OF almost every style and price, just received and for sale low, at the depot store

McGILVRAY & CO

Thompson's

SUPERIOR Patent Trusses, are for sale at the depot store. McGILVRAY & CO

Glass.

WINDOW GLASS of nearly all sizes and qualities, for sale at the Depot store by

McGILVRAY & CO.

POETRY.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

The Frog---Machine Poetry.

Of all the things that live,
In woodland, marsh or bog,
That creep the ground or fly the air,
The funniest is the frog—
The frog—the scientifickist
Of Nature's handiwork—
The frog that neither walks nor runs,
But goes it with a jerk.

With pants and coat of bottle-green,
And yellow, fancy vest,
He plunges into mud and mire,
All in his Sunday best;
When he sits down he's standing up,
As Paddy O'Kinn once said;
And for convenience sake, he wears
His eyes on top his head.

You see him sitting on a log,
Above the "nasty deep;"
You feel inclined to say, old chap,
Just "look before you leap"
You raise your cane to hit him,
His ugly looking mug,
But ere you get it half way up,
Adown he goes, ker-*chug*.

He keeps about his native pond,
And ne'er goes on a spree,
Nor gets "how come so," for a
Cold-water chap is he.
For earthly cares to get drunk
He's not the silly fool;
But when they come, he gives a jump,
And drown's 'em in the pool.

HUMOROUS.

MARRIED—ALMOST.—During the progress of a wedding party in Orleans county, recently, a couple who might have been from Albion, concluded to get married, and thus double the dose for the company present. A justice was called and his fees paid, and the parties arranged for the performance of the ceremonies. The officer of the law was about to commence the discharge of his duties, when the lady, as if moved by an electric shock, exclaimed!—"Oh! what will Joe say?" and darted from the room.

SMART DEVIL.—Imp—"Oh, just look out o' the window, Mr Editor, do you see that string of men and boys with poles on their shoulders? what do you suppose they are *after*?

Ed.—"They are after fish at the pond I presume, Sir."

Imp.—"No, Sir. They are all one *after* the other."

Ed.—"You ink-faced little wretch."

Imp.—"Yes, Sir."

☞ The N. O. Picayune tells a story of a downeaster being at the Park Theatre to see Kean's Richard, and when he heard him crying out at the top of his voice—"A horse! a horse!! my kingdom for a horse!!"—the Vermonter rose and sung out—

"Look here, stranger, I hain't got no horse, but I have got a first rate bob-tail mare round here at the stable—as sure footed a critter as ever cantered—jest hold on there: I'm blam'd if I don't bring her to you right off."

The Vermonter, as they say in critic parlance "brought down the house."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a western lawyer, "would you set a rot-trap to catch a bear? Would you make d—d fools of yourselves by endeavoring to spear a buffalo with a knitting-needle? Or would you attempt to empty out the Mississippi with a gourd? No gentlemen, I know you would not then how can you be guilty of the absurdity of finding my client guilty of *man*-slaughter for taking the life of a *woman*?"

"Ma, aint Enos courting our Molley?"

"No, what makes you think so?"

"Why, when he comes near her, she sorter leans up to him, like a kitten to a hot brick."

"Here, take your doughnut and go out to play."

"Is that the tune the old cow died of?" said an Englishman, nettled at the industry with which a New Englander whistled Yankee Doodle.

"No, beef," replied Jonathan, "that are's the tune the old *Bull* died of."

"Zounds, fellow!" exclaimed a choleric old gentleman to a very phlematic matter-of-fact person, "I shall go out of my wits."

"Well, you won't have far to go," said the phlematic man.

An editor wrote that a cotemporary had taken a damsel, "for better, for worse."—The printer had it by mistake, for "butter and rice."

An Irishman, recommending a cow, said she would give milk, year after year, without having calves, because it run in the breed, as she came from a cow that never had a calf.

If on an odd occasion your wife should exclaim to you "now tumble over the table and break your neck, do!"—don't you do any such thing.

A lady who was laboring under a slight indisposition told her husband that it was with the utmost difficulty she could breath and the effort distressed her exceedingly. *I wouldn't try my dear!* soothingly responded the kind husband.

Should you happen to catch yourself whistling in a printing office, and the compositers tell you to whistle louder—don't you do it.

AGRICULTURAL.

Taking a Hint.

It is very surprising to see how slow men are to take a hint. The frosts destroy about half the bloom of fruit trees: every body prognosticates the loss of fruit; instead of that, the *half* that remains is larger, fairer, and higher flavored than usual; and the trees, instead of being exhausted, are ready for another crop the next year. Why don't the owner *take the hint*, and thin out his fruit every bearing year? But no, the next season sees his orchard overloaded, fruit small, and not well formed; yet he always *boasts* of that first mentioned crop, without profiting by the lesson it teaches.

We heard a man saying, "the best crop of celery I ever saw, was raised by old John——, on a spot of ground where the wash from the barn-yard ran into it after every hard shower." Did he *take the hint*, and apply liquid manure to his celery trenches? Not at all.

We knew a case where a farmer subsoiled a field and raised crops in consequence which were the admiration of the neighborhood; and for years the field showed the advantages of deep handling. But we could not learn that a single farmer in the neighborhood took the hint.—The man who acted thus wisely, sold his farm, and his successor pursued the old way of surface-scratching.

A farmer gets a splendid crop of corn or other grain from off a grass or clover lay. Does he take the hint? Does he adopt the system which shall allow him every year just such a sward to put his grain on? No, he hates book-farming, and scientific farming, and "this notion of rotation:" and jogs on the old way.—*Indiana Farmer and Gardener.*

Gardening.

There is not in life a more delightful occupation than gardening. To breathe the pure mild air of spring, to prepare the beds and borders for vegetables, plants and flowers; to sow the seed, and set out the various slips and cuttings, arranging every thing with order and taste; to look earnestly for the first leaf and bud and flower; to watch their growth, to enjoy their beauty and fragrance, to show them to one's friends, to talk about them, to have them admired, and to know that all is the work of your hands or directions—this is an enjoyment, scarcely to be equalled, and accessible, in this country, to all. Let none then fail to secure it. We always thought it evidence of a good wife, to see her often in the garden, and fond of inspecting and attending to its proper cultivation and management. Depend upon it she is a blessing to her husband and family. We would advise our young friends, who want to marry, and they are, in truth, a goodly number, to avoid those young ladies who seem to have an aversion to the primitive, useful, and beautiful art of gardening. We never knew a lady or gentleman, who was extremely fond of flowers and shrubbery, who had not a warm heart and generous disposition.—*Miss Guard.*

Alternate Crops.

The greatest quantity of grain produced in a rotation, is not *alone* a proof of its being the best system; a *large* quantity of meadow would yield *much* hay. It is a sin against good husbandry to sell off the hay from a farm, unless it be with great caution, where the farm is near a large town, from whence, or otherwise, it can be plentifully supplied with manure.—Numbers of cattle well-fed and well-littered, give the manure, in addition to other manures, requisite for invigorating the soil; but numbers of cattle cannot be kept in good condition throughout the year, unless clover and grass, abound. The summer and winter food must have a due proportion to each other, and the fields of grain are not to exceed the fields of meliorating crops,—*these* preserve the soil, as well as produce crops. Aim at income from *live stock*, which *improves*, rather than from *grain* which *impoverishes* your land. —*Bordley.*

Agricultural Inconsistencies.

Prejudice and error generally go hand in hand. I proposed subsoiling my heavy land with beans. A demurrer was instantly raised by a farmer present "Oh! (said he) we always plow shallow for beans." "But don't you double-spit your gardens?" "Certainly we do." "And don't you grow beans in your garden?"—"To be sure—capital ones too." "What, and that on double-dug (trenched) ground."

It would puzzle a conjuror to tell why a farmer always digs his garden 20 inches, and plows for field crops only 5 inches.

Again—a farmer will caution you against sitting in a draught of air, or lying on a damp bed, Of course, he takes care not to do so himself; but he pursues an entirely different plan with his cattle. They must be exposed to both those dangers—as if their sensations and physiology differed in that respect from our own. Let us keep our cattle dry, warm, and well fed, and we shall seldom feel the cramp in our pockets.—*Chelmsford (Eng.) Chronicle.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Courtings and Flirtings.

Under the captivating head of "Courting" versus "Attentions, the Boston Star thus discourses; and as the subject is one of material interest, we subjoin the remarks for the benefit of all whom it may concern, as an endeavor to establish a rule of discrimination between the fluttering admirers and the smitten ones:

"Young ladies are bound to fall in love as soon as possible, and bound to be bound to a partner for life, as soon as the necesspreliminaries can be made— such as getting a lover, fascinating him thoroughly, being courted, having the question popped, getting the wedding garments in array, and inviting friends to see them prettily married. The young man is bound to be gallant and polite, and to admire, without stint, all the pretty young girls known and unknown—to doff the beaver, offer the arm, invite the ride, and the pleasant saunter—in short, to do all and sundries needed to show his devotion and gallantry towards the sex, until some enchantress throws her spells around him, and he sinks subdued, into a common-place, indifferent, careless Benedict.

Now out of these things grow difficulties. A young man admires a pretty girl and must manifest it; he can't help doing so for the life of him. The young lady has a tender heart, reaching out like vine tendrils for something to cling to; she sees the admiration, is flattered, begins soon to love, expects some tender avowal, and perhaps gets so far as to decide that she will choose a white satin under a thin gauze, &c., at the very moment that the gallant, she half loves, is popping the question to another damsel ten miles off. Now the difficulty lies in not precisely understanding the difference between polite attention, and the tender manifestations of sighing love. Admiring a beautiful girl, and wishing to make a wife of her, are not always the same thing; and therefore, it is necessary that a damsel should be upon the alert to discover to which class the attentions paid her by handsome and fashionable young gentlemen belong. It is hard to draw the exact line of separation between polite attentions and downright courting, but our great age and extensive experience has enabled us to observe enough to aid the young and artless, in deciding upon this matter.

First, then—if a young fellow greets you in a loud, free, and hearty tone—if he knows precisely where to put his hat, or his hands—if he stares you straight in the eye with his mouth wide open—if he turns his back to you to speak to another—if he tells you who made his coat—if he squeezes your hand—if he eats heartily in your presence—if he fails to talk very kindly to your mother—if he sneezes when you are singing, criticises your curls, or fails to be very foolish in fifty ways every hour, then don't fall in love with him for the world; he only admires you, let him do or say what else he may. But if he be merry with every one else, but quiet with you—if he be anxious to see that your tea is sufficiently sweetened and your dear person well wrapped up when you go into the cold—if he talks very low and never looks you steadily in the eye—if his cheeks are red—or if he be pale and his nose but blush, it is enough—if he romps with your sister, sighs like a pair of old bellows, looks solemn when you are addressed by another gentleman, and in fact is the most still, awkward, stupid, yet anxious of your male friends, you may go ahead and invoke the shafts of cupid with perfect safety, and make the poor fellow too happy for his skin to hold him."

Thy Brother.

Though poor, ragged and degraded, the outcast is thy brother still. Why, shun and despise him? In years past, a kind admonition—a pleasant word—might have saved him. Yet you refused to counsel him and passed by him scornfully. Now he is a wreck of his former self. His ambition is destroyed, his energy is lost, and his heart is steeped in vice. There was a time, it may be, when his eye was placed on virtue and his feet were turned from destruction. That moment a look from you decided his fate. The lip of scorn was curled—contempt was expressed, and away he urged his steps to ruin. Is it a pleasant reflection—"I might have saved a soul from vice and infamy, but I refused."

Ye who have been remiss in duty, who have not cared when a brother erred and perished, awake to new life and be not slack in the performance of duty. It is not too late; scores may yet be saved by your judicious efforts—your counsels—your tears—your affectionate hearts and open hands. A kiss is better than a strike—a tear more effectual than a kick—an open hand far preferable to a clenched fist. Kindness is a moral lever, judiciously used, that will move the world and raise it to life, light and joy.

"Kiss me Kate," No sir-*ee*." "Why not Kate, do I not love you better than any thing else?" "My goodness gracious! I should think so. What a fool you are, John." "Why so Kate?" Why, no sir-*ee means yes*." Scene closes—John in an enviable position.

From The Saturday Messenger

Adversity.

Adversity is usually regarded as an unmitigated evil, and earnest efforts to escape from it are made by all men. Indeed it has been in the minds of most people, the one thing to be avoided more than all others. I will not say of that it is always a blessing in the general sense of that word, but yet I believe it has its uses, and those uses are far more important than most are willing to allow.

Were we always prosperous, how likely we should be to become puffed up in our conceit, and to despise our less fortunate neighbor—or how could we sympathise with him in misfortunes we knew nothing of? Adversity makes us humble, for it shows us our own weakness—it makes us kind and sympathizing, for it makes us feel the value of the kindness and sympathy of others. Adversity leads us to place less value on things of earth, which may change and must pass away sooner or later, and to fix our affections on things spiritual, which the winds of time can never effect. The hot-house plant, if exposed to the early autumn even, is withered; but the mountain pine, reared among ice-peaks and nursed by the howling storms, stands vigorous and fresh after the lapse of ages. So with him who is nurtured in the smiles of prosperity, and him who forces himself into vigorous existence through the obstacles which adversity opposes to his progress. Adversity is well called the daughter of Heaven, though to many she may seem the offspring of Hell. C.

Lebanon Institute.

The Belle and the Student.

At a certain splendid evening party a haughty young beauty turned to a student who stood near her, and said, "Cousin John, I understand your eccentric friend L—— is here. I have a great curiosity to see him. Do bring him here and introduce him to me."

"Well, Kate," replied the student, "I will go and see what mood he is in now, for, to tell you the truth, with all his talents, he is sometimes so odd that there is no pleasure in being near him."

The student went in search of his friend and at length found him lounging on a sofa.

"Come, L——," said he, "my beautiful cousin Catharine wishes to be introduced to you."

"Well, trot her out, John," drawled L——with an affected yawn.

John returned to his cousin and advised her to defer her introduction to a more favorable time, repeating the answer he had received. The beauty bit her lip, but the next moment said, "Well, never fear! I shall insist on being introduced."

After some delay, L—— was led up and the ceremony of introduction duly performed. Agreeably surprised by the beauty and commanding appearance of Catharine, L—— made a profound bow; but instead of returning it, she stepped back, and raising her eyeglass, surveyed him deliberately from head to foot, then, waiving the back of her hand towards him, drawled out, "Trot him off, John! trot him off! that is enough!"

The Good Man.

What can produce happier reflections than a well spent life? If we have passed the morning and noon of our days, and arrived far into the evening of our existence, how blissful is the contemplation of a virtuous and active life. No vicious propensities have been gratified; no unhallowed deeds have been perpetrated; but all behind is as beautiful to contemplate as a glowing landscape in the distance. How beautifully has Blair expressed the last days of the good man:

Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit,
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft
Behold him in the eventide of life!
A life well spent! whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green;
By unperceived degrees he wears away,
Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting.

If you wish that such an end should be yours, live and fright and virtuous life, and you may depend upon joy and triumph at last. The good man dies in peace. His thoughts are not filled with dread, when he contemplates his end, but his heart is full of peace. He looks beyond the bounds of existence, and feels there is an reservation for him, joys which the heart of man cannot conceive.—*Portland Tribune.*

MECHANICS.—Prosperity is abroad; you are educating your children, building houses, laying up money, acquiring knowledge. You are the producers; you are the architects of the nation's greatness; never forget your elevated stations as men; and as a part of a great confederacy; extending the blessing of freedom to all men.—Always remember that idleness and conceit are not as useful as the saw, the vice, hammer or shuttle. Give every man his due, but exact your own.

A fellow out West who keeps a grocery store, closes his shutters in the day time and burns lard oil—it being, as he says, cheaper than day-light.

Did you see the balloon, Patrick? Yes, honey, I watched it half an hour after it was out of sight.

Job Printing!

Palmer Depot Printing Establishment.

SOUTH OF THE WESTERN RAIL-ROAD DEPOT.

The subscribers, having an extensive assortment of materials in the

Jobbing Department,

are now prepared to do all kinds of

BOOK & JOB PRINTING,

in the neatest style, such as

CATALOGUES, HANDBILLS,
SERMONS, BILL-HEADS,
TOWN REPORTS, CIRCULARS,
TOWN RECORDS, LEGAL BLANKS,
BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS, &c., &c.

Managers of Balls and Parties will be supplied at short notice, with

CARDS OF INVITATION,

in style superior to anything of the kind heretofore executed. The Materials of this Establishment are all new and of the latest City styles.

☞ All Orders for the Paper, or Job Work, sent by Mail, Stage Drivers, or otherwise, will be faithfully executed, at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms. The subscribers having at their command as good an assortment of Type as in the County, they flatter themselves they will receive a good share of the public patronage.

WHITTEMORE & TENNEY.

Palmer Depot, Mass., Jan. 1846.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE undersigned grateful for the past liberal patronage which they here acknowledge to have received at the hands of the public, are happy in again announcing that their

STOCK OF MERCHANDISE

is complete, and they are now as ever, ready to sell Goods at such prices as will enable them to sustain the reputation they have already secured to themselves by selling Goods *cheap*. It is not their purpose to assert that they will sell Goods less than any other concern, but nevertheless *know* that they possess facilities for selling some goods which others do not. Keeping as they do almost every article that the people require and getting a small advance on each article sold, affords them ample remuneration for their services, at the same time operating beneficially to the purchaser. Another thing which is very essential, which should also be taken into consideration, our goods have all been purchased during the past few months, and as every one must be aware [illegible] have been [illegible] consequently have it in their power to offer at much less prices than those who [illegible] purchased their goods at the commencement of the year, consequently have it in their power to offer at much less prices than those who [illegible] purchased their goods at the commencement of the year, consequently have [illegible] the success of these extra advantages. We do not pretend to say but that others can as many testimonials as can be compared with, to produce. But at present we have confidence to believe that we can offer as great inducements to the community for trade as any other House in the country, and all who may favor us with a call are assured that they will not go away disatisfied. For particulars see our advertisements.

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846.

DR. TAYLOR'S

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 Bowery, New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates

NEW YORK, March 6, 1845

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy [illegible] the wonderful effects of your TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT, 375 Bowery, on myself. About five years since, all my acquaintances [illegible] pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectoration largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being cured. I was so much relieved by it. In my case it [illegible] like a perfect charm. I am entirely well, and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do so because most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery, and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, L. I.

Yours truly, A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured entirely by one bottle of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) ISAAC P. BALDWIN.

Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.

H. C. TOWLER, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which age had materially impaired, felt that I could not much longer battle the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town

JOHN GARRET.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly, J. & A. SNYDER.

N. B. Price reduced. Large bottles, $1.50—small bottles, $1.00

Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Nye, Belchertown; W. N. Packard, Monson. 1y1

THE GREAT NORTHERN REMEDY.

N. H. Downe's Vegetable BALSAMIC ELIXIR.

A MOST valuable medicine for curing Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Bleeding, and all diseases of the Lungs. It promotes expectoration, by which means the irritation of the Lungs is immediately stopped; and by its Balsamic properties effects a speedy cure—as can be attested by thousands of individuals in New England and the other States, (certificates shown if desired.)

For sale by A. BLODGETT.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 29, 1846. 2

Wanted!

IN exchange for goods or cash,
1000 bushels Corn;
1000 " Rye;
3000 " Oats;
for which the highest prices will be paid

McGILVRAY & CO

Nails.

OLD COLONY, Weymouth and Boston Nails—in assorted sizes, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Boots.

THICK and thin Boots, and Brogans, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & Co.

BUCK WHEAT FLOUR, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

SUGRS.

BROWN HAVANNA, St. Croix, Porto Rico, New Orleans, Lump and Crushed Sugars, for sale at the Depot Store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

3000 LBS. TOBACCO, of the most approved brands, for sale by

McGILVRAY & CO.

THE PROSPECTUS OF New York

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZ an old A MONTHLY PUBLICATION one

Of sixteen pages super-royal octavo, to be handsomely printed on fine white paper with beautiful type, and elegantly illustrated with superior engravings on steel and wood.

LAWRENCE LABREE, EDITOR.

[This Work is to be a continuation of "The Rover," (New Series) which has been in successful course of publication through five volumes, and which has been highly commended by the press through all parts of the country.]

It is the intention of the subscribers to make the New York Illustrated Magazine an elegant companion for the parlor and boudoir of the most refined and polite readers.

As a Lady's Magazine, its moral tone will be unexceptionable; while it will be the aim of the Editor to make its pages entertaining and instructive. It will embody Tales, Poetry, Romance, Historical and Traditional Sketches of all countries, Local Sketches,—and at times be humorous without offence, satirical, without being personal.

As a Gentleman's Magazine, it will be found the welcome companion of a leisure hour—drawing the mind from the anxiety of business to the study of Humanity—lifting thought and the heart from the smileless Valley of Care.

It will be the cheapest Magazine ever published in this country, giving, in one year

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It will make two splendid Volumes a year, 416 pages each, making, when bound, a very choice keepsake for a friend.

Great pains will be taken with the illustrations, which will be prepared expressly for this Work.—The Steel Engravings will come from the establishment, and be under the superintendence of Mr A. L. Dick, and the Illustrations on wood will be executed in a superior style by J. W. Morse—both gentlemen ranking high in their respective departments of Art.

The first number of the New York Illustrated Magazine will be issued on the 20th September, 1845.

TERMS.—To yearly subscribers $3, two copies for $5, or five copies (to one address) $10.

Single numbers, 25 cents; for which the public is offered a Magazine with more reading matter, and a greater number of Engravings than is contained in any other monthly periodical at the same price.

A New Volume commences in May.

A sixth copy gratis will be allowed to any person, or club of persons, who shall enclose us money in payment for five subscribers for one year.

☞ Country Editors who feel disposed to publish the above, and refer to it, shall be entitled to an exchange. ROBINSON & CO., Publishers,

123 Fulton street, New York.

New York, Aug. 20, 1845.

UNITED STATES

SATURDAY POST.

NEW VOLUME, NEW TYPE, OLD FRIENDSHIPS, AND NEW ATTRACTIONS.

The publishers of the United States Saturday Post feel constrained to make again their acknowledgements to the reading public, for the liberal support which their paper receives. To show that they are not unmindful of the return which such patronage requires, it would be entirely sufficient to refer the reader to the established character of

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND—

which is pre-eminently the designation of this paper. As a newspaper, dependent upon public patronage, "grows by what it feeds on," the publishers flatter themselves that THE POST has increased in interest and value with the steady and gratifying support which has been accorded to it, for a period of

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

In this time which has served for the life and death of whole generations of periodicals, and the rise, meridian, and decline of many a rival, The Post has kept the even tenor of its way by its own intrinsic health and strength—now following, oftener leading the public taste, but not departing from its independence to minister to the transient newspaper follies, which, compared to the existence of the Post are indeed ephemeral. We shall continue in this path, endeavoring, in the

NEWS DEPARTMENT

to present the latest and best authenticated intelligence, divested of party hue and interested bias, and coming to us, on the basis of truth as far as it is ascertainable." We endeavor to select and put intelligence of value and importance to citizens engaged in all the three great interests,

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In political intelligence we recognize only one party—and that is,

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We know no sectional interests in our patriotism—no party lines in our politics—no sectarianism in our religion, but print and publish for

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To give the Saturday Post an importance beyond that temporary one which it derives from being the record of current events, and to make it acceptable to the

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We give to its columns the character of a

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ORIGINAL TALES & SKETCHES;
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In a word, such a variety of matter as, (our own country first remembered,)

THE WHOLE LITERATURE OF THE WORLD

may offer. The original translations from European Literature which have from time to time appeared in this journal, are referred to as an earnest that we have

SPARED NO PAINS

To make the Post truly Cosmopolitan in the

GREAT REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

Volume Twenty-Seventh, upon which we are about to enter, will appear in new type, and with such other improvements and advantages as experience may suggest. To repeat the words of a former prospectus, our motto is still EXCELSIOR.—Among the oldest papers on the continent, and possessed of all the advantages which long accumulated facilities afford, the conductors blend with these peculiar advantages, (not to be acquired in a day,) all the improvements which each successive year presents to their notice; and all changes for the better, which occur to men intent on doing well by a reading public which has always done well for THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

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The Palmer Sentinel.

A Business and Family Newspaper—Independent in Politics and Religion—Devoted to Agriculture, Arts, Sciences, Literature and General Intelligence.

VOLUME I. PALMER DEPOT, MASS., THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1846. NUMBER 10.

THE SENTINEL
IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY
Whittemore & Tenney,
Mechanics' Hall, (Opposite the Western Railroad House,) up stairs, Main Street,
PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Terms---$1.25 a year in advance.
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Any person who will procure us ten good responsible subscribers, shall receive one copy gratis.
Advertisements conspicuously inserted on the usual terms.
All orders and communications must be post paid, and directed to *Palmer Depot, Mass.*
☞ No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

SELECTED TALE.

JANE GRAHAM:
Or, I Shan't Marry "that" Man.

BY KATE.

"I SHAN'T do it."
"Do what, you vixen?"
"Marry that man."
"Who wants you to?"
"Nobody."
"Great need of will, about it, then."
"Or rather a waste of the commodity, you may think."
"Just so. From your tone, I judge you are in earnest."
"And so I am."
"Yet nobody wants you."
"Not so certain of that."
"Some one, not worth taking?"
"Not that, either."
"Pretty ado you make about nothing.—You won't marry somebody, who at the same time don't want you."
"Suit yourself about positions. But I say again, I won't marry that man."
"Enlighten me. Who is it you are disposed to honor so highly by a refusal?"
"Charles Wentworth."
"Has he proposed?"
"No."
"Rather premature in the refusal, methinks."
"This letter tells me he is on his way for no other mortal reason."
"Have you ever seen him?"
"No."
"Engaged by proxy?"
"Yes, an uncle of mine, blessed with more cash than sense, took it into his head that Charles and I would make a fine pair to torment each other, all that's needful for this life, so he named us as equal heirs, in case we married. I fancy I am woman enough to choose my own husband, and if he was half a man he would say so in regard to his own partner for life."
"Perhaps he is coming to look for himself, and tell you he is man enough for that."
"He takes a deal of trouble, if his only object is to peep at the animal mentioned in the documents as an incumbrance."
"Then you won't see him?"
"Not if I can help it."
"Has he written you?"
"Yes, there's his letter."
"Poor fellow—he has the worst of it, after all."
"How so? Isn't it bad enough to be speculated upon as a cash article? What can he have worse, I pray?"
"If he is a man of delicacy, and his letter bespeaks it, he feels the awkwarkness of the thing as much as you."
"Let him prove it then, that's all. It looks to me vastly like wishing to secure a fortune."
"What say you to playing him a trick to try his spirit?"
"Anything on earth, if so I am rid of him."
"And you won't marry him?"
"No. Shall I tell you again?"
"That's sufficiently emphatic. By your voluntary relinquishment, I conclude whoever wins may wear?"
"Precisely."
"Hear my plan, then. I'll be Miss Jane Graham for the time being, and you, plain Anna Cleveland. If it's the fortune he wants, Miss Lucy Graham pro. tem. will outwit him."
"Good. By a little management we can make the plan work finely. Old Margaret don't much fancy what she calls "selling a white body outright," so she is safe; John must come into the secret, and then good-bye to Mr Charles Wentworth and his pretensions."
"If he abide the trial, what then?"
"Fate will determine, I suppose."
"When does he arrive?"
"To-morrow. Plenty of time to arrange matters."
"Yes, and as fortune favors the brave, who knows but one of us will win."
The merry girls clapped their hands for joy, at the bare idea of playing a trick upon our luckless hero, while he, poor fellow, as innocent of all blame as need be, was only doing his part, because he was obliged to. No wish of his led him to comply with his benefactor's request. It was only a simple act of courtesy to the lady, and if she had a spark of delicacy, he was sure she would refuse, and both go their ways in peace. So reasoned Charles Wentworth. His ideas of woman were too exalted to admit of her being an article of merchandise, consigned in a bill of sale, as one would a bale of cotton. Besides, as Jane Graham said a decent man would feel, he vastly preferred to choose for himself. He couldn't love an angel, if selected by another, and he was sure Miss Graham was no angel. She might be sordid enough to wish to avail herself of the opportunity to possess at the same time a fortune and a husband; but he would not marry her, not he; or if he couldn't in decency help it, he would apply for a divorce the hour after the ceremony was performed. What silly airs a body will assume when conscious of their own importance, and how often is a body made to swallow pretty strong speeches. Did Charles Wentworth keep his word? We shall see.

The girls found no difficulty in making old Margaret coincide with their wishes; but John, the coachman could not bear to see his Master's daughter only Anna Cleveland. True, he loved Anna almost as well—still his reverence was too large to allow of such encroachments on family rights. At length, however, he came round, and on condition that the game should be short, agreed to transfer his service to the Miss Graham to be.

By a process almost as expeditious as the mode of telegraphing, they were informed of the arrival of Mr Wentworth at the village Inn. Soon after came his card desiring an interview with Miss Graham. As previously arranged, both girls were in the room when he was announced. The pro tem Miss Graham, with wonderful gravity introduced her friend, Miss Cleveland, who immediately assumed her part in the entertainment of the evening, which despite the awkward errand they perfectly understood to be the cause of his visit, passed off pleasantly. Surprised at the lateness of the hour, Wentworth took his leave, with a request to be permitted to see Miss Graham on the morrow, and his eyes asked the same of Anna, but his lips did not. He was evidently exceedingly pleased with the latter, though his attentions were mostly confined to the Miss Graham.

"Are you sorry you changed conditions with me, Jane," said Anna.

"Not a bit. I must confess though that he is very agreeable."

"Just the man for me. He is frank, courteous and agreeable—three very desirable qualities."

"Perhaps you'll regret your metamorphosis?"

Perhaps so. Yet if I have any skill in determining symptoms, I shall be but second best. The plain Anna Cleveland will be the winner if she will.

"She can be won for love, but not for money."

"So be it then: but remember, if I forgo the pleasure of winning a lover because I chance to wear your honors, I shall deserve a bountiful recompense."

"The fortune goes with the rejected.—That you are welcome to."

As Wentworth returned to his lodgings, his thoughts naturally remained with the ladies, whose society he had really enjoyed. Were it not for the awkward construction Miss Graham put upon his motives he could really fancy her. She was graceful, dignified, and complaisant; but her friend, Miss Cleveland, charmed him with her frankness of manner and brilliancy of wit. To make proposals to the former, involved mercenary motives. To the latter, no such considerations could possibly accrue.

His dreams that night were more or less influenced by the events of the evening, and it is no particular matter of wonder that he fancied himself the accepted suitor of the pretty Anna Cleveland. Dreamland is thickly populated, every body knows; and its density of inhabitants must account for the strange confusion which attends some of their more prominent actions. It's well the laws of our land are not strictly enforced in that region—else some folks would find themselves arraigned for rather queer offences. At any rate, Charles Wentworth thanked his stars he was not accountable for the injudicious acts he knew himself to be guilty while within its limits. What particular crimes they were, is not my province to relate—and if the culprit don't confess, the world must go unenlightened. The sharers of his midnight wanderings fortunately lost all consciousness of them long before daylight, even if they knew at all,—and were quite too busy with their own affairs to meddle with other people's.—Smith's Philosophy of dreams, with his description of remarkable hallucinations, were for once thrown into the shade by the fancy flights of the sleepers in question that night. I'll not answer for the half of them, and will be bound they could not either.

The next morning Charles Wentworth was an early visitor. Miss Graham was engaged, but her friend Anna helped to beguile the tedium of the morning. In fact, so interested did they become, that they forgot Miss Graham was absent till she apologized in person. That day Wentworth forgot to go to go to his dinner, having, by the bye, bespoken the same with the ladies he was visiting. The errand which he had journeyed so far to perform was again forgotten. And that night found him more enamored than before with the merry, pretty Anna. She on her part congratulated herself that she was not obliged to receive his attentions as a consequent on the unlucky clause in her uncle's will. By the decent practiced she could learn more of his real character—and judge his moral worth without the drawback of constantly reflecting that she was after all, but a consideration in trade.

Day after day passed without bringing matters nearer to a conclusion. Riding, walking, singing and dancing, lent their aid in the way of pleasant variety—till Wentworth found himself quite domesticated.

At length, as if for the first time aware of the impropriety of his course, he resolved on making the effort to broach matters to Miss Graham. His request for a private interview was followed by a brief allusion to the circumstance of her uncle's decease, and the motive which prompted him to seek her society. He regretted the dilemma in which both were placed, and begged she would forgive him, if ought he had to say gave her offence. Under different and more favorable auspices, he could not say what his feelings might have been but the whole matter savored too much of business transaction to suit the taste of either. From the agreeable acquaintance he had formed, he was led to cherish high respect for her as a lady, and would ever be proud to acknowledge her as a highly esteemed friend. But in the holy relationship proposed by the deceased, he must in all candor confess he had no wish to urge her to enter. The generous fortune connected with the gift of her hand under such circumstances, was no consideration, and he cheerfully relinguished all to her.

He could not bear that the sharer of his fortune should be a sort of dowry—neither could she, he was sure, be pleased with proffers of attachment from him, under circumstances that must necessarily make him appear mercenary, whatever his true motives might be. He was perfectly aware of the almost ungentlemanly conduct he must seem to be guilty of in thus yielding up a claim on her, for love or anything else, ere he had ascertained whether he had rendered himself agreeable.—If she would pardon him for it all, he would assume the responsibility of the rejection, and bear the obloquy, if there were such in the eyes of the world. His agitation of manner, together with his respectful and feeling tone of voice, convinced his listener of his perfect sincerity, and while she keenly felt the almost unwomanly predicament in which she was placed, she assured him of the high regard she must ever cherish for his manly conduct. His feelings perfectly coincided with her own. She would never consent to be disposed of by the will of another, so that the rejection would be mutual. It would always afford her pleasure to be numbered among his friends, and now that the barrier to confidence and friendly attachment was removed she would be happy to continue his acquaintance, with the familiarity their mutual understanding would warrant.—As Wentworth rose to take leave, he begged the favor of a moment's conversation with Miss Cleveland, which was most cheerfully acceded to. He hardly knew how to begin, as his past interview with Miss Graham had completely disarranged him. Without the slightest disparagement to the charms of her friend, Miss Graham, he begged to be allowed to confess the interest he felt for her—and if it were not asking too much he hoped she would allow him to believe he was not altogether indifferent to her. From the delightful companionship of the few past days he came to feel how much he could appreciate the same for life. It was premature for him to say that, but if she would only allow him to hope for her favor, he trusted he might be able to prove the sincerity of his regard, though quite sure a lifetime would be too short to illustrate the depth and fervency of his attachment.

Poor Anna was overwhelmed by this earnest appeal thus made, as well as a sense of the false relation she had assumed. To him, she was only Miss Cleveland, and as such, received the highest honor a noble minded man can pay a woman. Convinced of his perfect honor, she reproached herself for the wrong she had done him—and this mingling of feeling kept her silent.

Unconscious of the mental operation through which she was passing, Wentworth waited with evident anxiety for a reply.

The tears that forced themselves thro' he fingers, in spite of Anna's effort to hide them, betrayed her.

Construing them as tokens of sorrow, he approached her, begging her forgiveness, and reproaching himself as the most unfortunate of men. One word and he would leave her—though by so doing he cast aside all hope of happiness. His deep love would lead him to consult her wishes rather than his own; and this, he trusted, would convince her that his words were not mere profession.

Thus appealed to, who could resist?—Not many—and Anna was not of that number. Placing her hand in that of Mr Wentworth's she briefly related the whole manœuvre of which she had been guilty. She would not take advantage of his ignorance, if he could love her for just what she was, she could ask no more.

"Not Anna? Not Anna!" repeated Wentworth. To me you are such, and as such have I learned to love you. Speak my fate, and if need be, I am ready to say farewell!"

"There is no need of it,—unless you choose."

"Bless you for those words; but—" pshaw! the talk of lovers don't look well in print.

* * * * * *

Anna Cleveland, the rejected Miss Graham, is malicious enough to tell Wentworth to this day, that he was perfectly aware which was which, and that he undoubtedly discovered the "crock of gold"—as most men have wonderful penetration in such matters.

Reader, have you found out whether Jane Graham did marry that man? If so let me assure you, he didn't get a divorce the next day.

Hints to Young Ladies.

If young women waste their time in trivial amusements, in the prime season for amusement, which is between the ages of sixteen and twenty, they will hereafter regret bitterly the loss, when they come to feel themselves inferior to almost, every one they converse with, and above all, if they should ever be mothers, when they feel their inability to direct and assist the pursuits of their children, they will then find ignorance a severe mortification and a real evil. Let it animate their industry, and let not a modest opinion of their capacities be a discouragement to their endeavors after knowledge. A moderate understanding, with diligent and well directed application, will go much farther than a more lively genius, if attended with that impatience and inattention which too often attend quick parts. It is not for want of capacity that so many women are such trifling and insipid companions, so ill-qualified for the friendship and conversation of a sensible man, or for the task of instructing or governing a family: it is often the neglect of exercising the talents they really have, and from omitting to cultivate a taste for intellectual improvement; by this neglect, they loose the sincerest of pleasures, which would remain when almost every other forsook them, of which neither fortune nor age would deprive them, and which would be a comfort and resource in almost every possible situation in life.

RAILWAY SCALE OF MANNERS.—We have often been struck with the difference of manner assumed by railway officials towards different people. Shut your eyes, and you can tell from the tone of their voices whom they are addressing. The following examples will illustrate our meaning. The Railway Potentate is calling upon the passengers to get their tickets ready. He calls:—

To the third class.—*Fortissimo.*—"Tickets, tickets, come get your tickets ready."

To the second class—*Forte*—"Tickets, Gents.; get your tickets ready, Gents."

To the first class—*Piano*—"Get your tickets ready, Gentlemen, if you please;—tickets ready, if you please, Gentlemen.

A Southern paper advertises "*Lumber, Lumber, Lumber!*" probably some of the editor's articles.

Another has a "*steam* mill and *turning* shop" for sale—referring to a *brandy bottle* and a *political office.*

The same paper advertises "*Insolvent Papers*"—presume that newspapers are meant.

Going According to Law.

A LAUDABLE STORY.

Not one hundred miles from the present sitting, there is a nice little village, just a day's ride from any where—though good fishing is much nearer, at hand. There are its chief geographical advantages. It has a court-house—some stores—not many; a blacksmith shop, a grocer, and a "smart sprinkling" of May weeds besides.

Now, if you were rambling about in the woods, and chanced to stumble upon such a place, you might say in your heart, that you had found nothing in particular, and ramble on further. But if you were not over hasty, and drop in about sundown, you would find the snugest, comfortablest kind of a tavern, with china trees before the piazza, and a glorious good fellow who rejoices in his heart at a joke for its keeper.

From him, we heard, a few days since, while there, the following anecdote, which is given with every thing but his humorous manner. But if we gave that, reader, your waistcoat strings would have a fair trial ere you got through.

There boarded with our honest Boniface besides other pegtop generations of the village, the County Clerk, who is the lion of the town, for what town is without one? The qualifications for filling these two important posts, so far as we know, are a good hand-writing, a turn for staying at home, and a genius for draughts. These fellows are generally grave men: sometimes otherwise, but for the most part grave, staid men: and Thomas was one of these. We might dwell, but we forbear.

Well, one bright day like this perhaps, Bob, our host, was sitting at the end of his shaded piazza, keeping his eye on things in general, and wondering in particular, whether the next one that came around would be a cow or a man in a round jacket, and perfectly raw for a joke.

At the farthest end of the street, he saw one of those bald faced, sorrel colts, with a long tail and thinish hips, for which these colts are remarkable, bestrided by a long-legged rider, in copperas pants and coat of the same; the colt shying and going side-ways at everything, and the rider staring away right and left most intensely. After hitching some to a swinging limb, away off, he came sauntering up to the tavern, with an expression of face somewhere between a sneer and a laugh.

"Mornin' sir," said Copperas, cheerfully.

The salutation was returned.

"The Clerk ain't he where about here, as you know of, is he?"

Here was a customer for our friend Bob.

"What did you say?" said Bob, to make him repeat.

"The Clerk ain't no where about here?"

"Here' here'—no, poor fellow, not he. Couldn't hear you if you were to shoot a pistol in his ear. But he ain't at home just now. Come in and set down. Got business, I spose?"

"No, nothing in particular," said Copperas with a mysterious air.

"Well," said Bob, by the way of finding out his errand, "he won't be in for some time; and may be I could do your business."

And thereupon Copperas fell to wriggling and screwing about, looking very uneasy. At last he started up suddenly, and putting his face close to the tavern keeper's, said in a half whisper,

"I've come on this marrying business," and then laughed a good deal about it, for he was a very cheerful fellow.

"Who is to be married?" inquired Bob in a whisper.

"Uncle Ben and Tilda Strong."

"License eh? Oh! ah! well—that's different. The Clerk will have to grant that. I'll step over and see if he's come," and away he ran.

"Thomas," said he, as he spied that worthy at his writing table, "there's a chap at my house who wants a license, but I can't make him understand any thing I say to him."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Thomas.

So deaf—a mile stone is only a circumstance to him. But I'll bring him over—its not worth while for me to tell anything," and he hurried off.

On the way to the office, Bob, in a spirit of friendly confidence, informed Mr Copperas, that the Clerk was a crank, cross-grained old fellow, but he mustn't mind his talking loud; it's just his way.

Copperas had hardly entered the door before he bawled out—

"I'm came after a license for Uncle Ben Stone and Tilda Strong."

"Well," said Thomas in the same tone, "you needn't hollow out so." Then turning to Bob in his usual tone "that's just the way with deaf people; they think every body as deaf as themselves."

But Copperas, to insinuate that he must speak loud, and be screamed still louder,

"I say, mister, I want to get a license."

"Do you think I'm deaf as a post? You'd better make a public outcry of it at the courthouse door, young man," said Thomas somewhat irritated.

Here Bob interposed, and taking Copperas outside the door, explained to him that he must make a public *out cry* before he could the license. This was dreadful.—Here was Copperas with the strictest injunction of secrecy from his uncle Ben, and now to have it let out before the people of the town, it was too bad. Indeed this Bob sympathized deeply. But trying as it was, he thought it best to go according to law!

"But," said Copperas, deploringly, "I can't cry about it, and uncle Ben don't want me to."

"Can't cry," said the host, put upon a new track, "why, God bless you, it's a matter of nothing, when nobody is there to object. But when there is objection, I grant it *ain't* altogether so pleasant. There was Joe Stokes used—you know'd Joe—yellow eye, hatchet face? Well every soul in town, Widow Jones excepted, had sworn to make his cow jump it, and sure enough the last day it was about the same it ever was, and had to cry upon all breakfast before he could worry them out."

"And did he worry 'em out at last?"

"Worry 'em out? I reckon he did, and sold them to bring to any friends they had, or would cry the whole kit and biling of 'em and if that didn't satisfy them he could make them feel the point of his five knuckles besides. But in your case you have to hollow out a good deal what you are after, and afterwards cry some, a little will do."

Copperas' mind was now fairly up, and he sprang out the utmost alacrity upon the court house steps, and hollowed out at the top of his voice:

"I'm come after a license!"

Everybody rushed out, and there he stood roaring away—

"I'm come after a license!"

"There," said Bob, "the hollowing part will do," and Copperas turned down his mother lip and began it and he has been.

"Louder," said Bob, and he raised it higher.

"Louder yet," said the landlord, "the law says you must cry out, or make outcry which is the same thing."

He then hollowed like an old prior.

In the meantime a crowd came out.

"What's the matter, Bob, what's the matter?" came from all sides, while he stood quietly giving directions to Copperas, and singing out, "can't crowd a gentlemen, he is *according to law.*"

At length every body was convulsed by the doleful countenance of Copperas, he suddenly turned upon him and said, "that'll do; nobody objects. You can now get your license."

A new altercation between the Clerk and Copperas, however, arose upon the fee, which Bob intimated was too much.—This was soon settled by Bob's paying it himself, and treating him two ginger cakes and a cigar, which so won the confidence and affection of his country friend, that he says he would vote for him for any thing, but under the most solemn assurances, and under the penalty of being everlastingly damned, would never vote for a mad man again.

Fruits of Courtship.

Ned Grimes wore a sad countenance.—He was often asked what was the matter, but not satisfactory answer was forthcoming. At length a particular friend obtained the following particulars of him:

"You know," said Ned, "I have been courting Sally W——n a long while, and so we had a great notion of getting married, when that darned old col——"

"Come, Ned, don't be a boy; what about the colonel?"

"Why, you see Sally said I had better ask him, and so I did, as perlite as I knew how."

"Well, what reply did he make?"

"Why he kinder hinted round as if I warn't wanted there."

"Well, Ned, let us know what they were—what the Colonel said to disturb your mind so."

"Why, he said——"

"Said what?"

"Why, he said if he catched me there again, he would cowhide me till I hadn't an inch of rine left on my back, darn his old pictur."

'Tis great folly to run away from people's faults and not part with your own.—This is going quite the wrong way to work grasping at a work impracticable, and losing an advantage which is in your power —*Marcus Antonius.*

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

A SECURE SAFE.—The Albany Atlas says, a gentleman gave us a day or two since a description of the contrivance which Banker Rothschild of London, has upon the door of his vault to prevent the incursion of thieves to his "pile." It is a wonderful piece of mechanism, and we suppose if the fact of his existence was generally known, his money bags would be perfectly safe. If a person attempts the lock, or tampers with it in the slightest degree, an iron hand and arm is thrust out from the door, clenches the offender and holds him motionless in its iron embrace, while at the same time a bell is struck in a room overhead occupied by a watchman, giving him notice that his presence is wanted below. Should this watchman not get down to the assistance and release of the wretch held by the iron arm in 15 minutes time, then a blunderbuss is discharged into the body of the tresspasser. Thus he is mercifully allowed 15 minutes grace to reflect upon the enormity of his offence. We are told that a few years since a man was caught by the iron nippers, and the watchman came to his relief only two minutes before the blunderbuss would have been discharged.

ANOTHER STAR.—*Make way for Yucatan.*—In 1843, we promised our constituents that by the close of 1845, Texas would be added to the Union. We missed our prediction by *sixteen days* then—for Congress did not pass the final vote before the middle of the first month in '46—and now we mean to allow ourselves abundant time:—we take, therefore, to 1850, for the annexation of another star. Yucatan, the bravest, most generous and most liberal of the Mexican States, has withdrawn from the turmoil and insecurity of that confederacy, and wishes to come into our Union! *She will bring with her the short route to the Pacific and Oregon*, which we are so much; and in 1849, her Senators will be at home in Washington. We mean to be accurate this time, and beg it may be remembered that we do not postively promise the annexation of Yucatan before 1850.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Portland Argus of the 7th inst., gives the following illustration of the effects of rum drinking:

A young man, one bitter cold night last week returning intoxicated to his house in Waterboro', in this state, went up to a large snow drift in his way, and supposing it to be his own bed, undressed himself and plunged in! His brother happened fortunately to come along soon after, saw his clothes, and was induced thereby to search for him. He drew him out nearly dead. A little while longer and he would have perished. As it was, his life is considered in danger.

We learn from the Salem Register that intelligence has been received of the death of Rev. John Brazer, a distinguished Unitarian clergyman, and pastor of the North Church in Salem. He left Salem about two months ago, for the South, with impaired health, and died, we understand, of dropsy on the chest and organic disease of the heart on the 27th of February last, at the residence of his friend Dr. B. Hager, aged 57.

U. S. SUPREME COURT—*Rhode Island vs Massachusetts.*—The decision of the Supreme Court of the U. States in this case, involving the boundary line between the two states, and embracing a part of the towns of Oxford, Douglass, &c., which was claimed by Rhode Island, is in favor of Massachusetts. Mr Justice McLean delivered the opinion of the court dismissing the bill of complaint. Our fellow citizens, therefore, who were in danger of a sudden transportation to Rhode Island against their consent, may now sleep quietly of nights, with the assurance of remaining in Massachusetts.

Three horses belonging to Mr Patrick Kneeland of Boston, were found dead in their stable one morning last week. He had given them a dose of what he supposed to be glauber salts, but which was really saltpetre. Through the carelessness of the apothecary, the latter was sold to the owner instead of the salts.

AFFLICTING.—The funeral of Mr J. M. Kohler and his young wife, who perished in the wreck of the John Minturn, was attended in New York by a large number of people. The Express says:

"Mr Kohler was a native of New York, where he has a mother and sisters. He left the city several months ago, and a particular friend received a letter from him a week or two before the late dreadful gale, stating that he was coming home in the John W. Minturn; that he had been married to a young lady, and intended to bring his wife home with him; at the same time intimating to him not to tell his mother or any of his folks, as he meant to surprise them. They both perished in the wreck and the surprise was a truly heart-rending one, particularly to his aged mother, of whom he was the only son. He and his young bride were yesterday laid side by side in the same grave, affording a sad reflection as to the fallacy of human calculations and hopes."

There are fifty cotton factories in Tennessee which work up about ten thousand bales of cotton annually.

HAIL.—On the 19th ultimo, there was a violent hailstorm at Mobile. The storm came up with a heavy rushing wind, accompanied by flashes of vivid lightning in quick succession. The hail stones which fell for only a few minutes, were of large size and irregular shape, nearly as large, some say, as a hen's egg. Considerable damage was done to skylights throughout the city.

YANKEE ENTERPRISE.—John Ricord, Esq., lately appointed by the King of the Sandwich Islands, Attorney-General of that Kingdom, is a young American lawyer, who joined the Oregon expedition which left St. Louis two years since, he arrived there poor and friendless, and passed on to the Sandwich Islands, and received the appointment with a handsome salary.

It is stated that Prince Louis Napoleon, nephew to the great Emperor, who is confirmed as a State prisoner in the castle of Ham, has been offered his liberty, provided he would pledge his honor never to disturb the existing government of France;—but he declines to receive his freedom on such conditions.

TWO MEN KILLED IN SANFORD.—We learn from Sanford, that on Monday last, Mr Isiah Gowen and Mr Aaron Jellison, were killed, near Gowen's Mill, by the falling in of a bank, under which they were at work. Jellison was dead when taken out, the handle of his shovel having passed entirely through his body. Gowen lived about one hour. The latter leaves a wife and one child, the other, two children. —*Strafford Transcript.*

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, March 19, 1846.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.—This body has now been in session a period of ten weeks, and if we may be permitted to conjecture, six weeks more will pass before its adjournment. What our Representatives *have* accomplished for the past ten weeks is about as difficult to tell as what they will accomplish in the future. We would not like to be charged with fault-finding, but we must say that we cannot discover that our State has been essentially benefitted by its labors. We are not aware of the passage of any measures of public utility. A single Railroad may have been chartered, that never will be built, or some soap bubble blown up for the beauty of its colors, to explode with the breath that gave it being. It does seem to us that ten weeks is sufficient time to accomplish much good, by so able a body as our Legislature should be presumed to be. If railroads are to be chartered, ten weeks is time enough to charter one for every valley, and in every direction in the Commonwealth—if Banks are to be chartered, ten weeks should locate them in every village in the State—if Corporations are to be chartered, ten weeks is time enough to incorporate a Manufactory on every rogue from the Merrimack to the Housatonic—if insolvent laws are to be passed—if capital punishment is to be abolished, or if homicides are to be allowed for crime, ten weeks is sufficient time for these things.

There is great danger of legislating too much—there is none in legislating too little. What farmer, what mechanic, what artizan, what professional man, in the Commonwealth is there that will say that more than a fifth part of the time from one year to another is necessary to legislate for the benefit of the State.

We fear that Representatives forget their obligations to their constituents;—they also forget that they are more servants with certain duties to perform, and then to deliver up their trusts. Let our Legislators learn economy in legislating, let them perform what they have to do with fidelity, and cease for complaint will soon away.

THANK YOU.—From the hands of a friend we received a bundle tied up with neatness, which in fact was from a lady. Various were the conjectures as to the nature and the contents of the package. On opening it we found some of the very best of selections for our paper, some of which grace the columns of this week's Sentinel, and with permission so to do from week to week. Did we know the young lady, we should have no hesitancy in installing her Editress of the Female Department. We return her our most sincere thanks, hoping that we shall soon have the pleasure of presenting our readers with an original production from her gifted mind.

FARE REDUCED.—We understand that at the commencement of the summer arrangment on this road, which will be as soon as the River navigation opens, the fare between Boston and Albany is to be fixed at $5; from Springfield to Boston or to Albany, $2,75; other way fares, 3 cts. per mile. That will reduce the fare from Palmer to Boston to $ 2,50.

THE TOWN HOUSE—is going ahead.—The building Committee have advertised that they will receive sealed proposals of any person for what they will build the Town House for, and furnish the materials for the same, until Monday, March 23d, when they will be at John Allen's Hotel, at 4 o'clock P. M.

For the Palmer Sentinel.

Oregon.

NUMBER VII.

Reply to Quadra's Letter—Indian Lands Deeded to Spain—The Spanish Colony.

In the preceding article, (No. VI.) a statement was given of the circumstances relative to the seizure of certain vessels, belonging to an association of merchants at Macao. It will be recollected, they were seized at Nootka, in a Spanish harbor, on account of insults offered the Spanish flag and the commandant at that port; and for a violation of the rights of Spain in an attempt to dispossess her of a part of her domain while being colonized by her subjects.

Senor Martinez acting in support of the honor and interests of his nation was justified in that transaction. Had he been a subject of Great Britain, and had the vessels belonged to Spain, that officer would have been upheld by both nations, in his faithful loyalty; and, it is believed, there would have been no Nootka Sound convention.

The following reply to Quadra's letter shows the nature of the difficulty which England seized upon, as an occasion for exacting from Spain the conditions of a treaty which she undoubtedly, hoped would give her some plausible ground for a claim to that territory.

NOOTKA SOUND, Aug. 8, 1792.

Sir—Your esteemed favor was handed to us, yesterday, requesting information relative to the transaction between the English and Spaniards in this Sound, in the year 1789, which we will do with impartiality as you requested.

On the 5th of May, 1789, when Don E. J. Martinez arrived in Friendly Cove, he found riding at anchor the Iphigenia only; the ship Columbia being at Mahwinna, five miles up the Sound. The sloop Washington and Northwest America (schooner) were on a cruise. After the usual ceremonies of meeting were over, Don E. J. Martinez requested the papers of each vessel, and demanded why they were at anchor in Nootka Sound, alleging it belonged to his Catholic Majesty. Capt. Viana who passed as commander of the Iphigenia, answered, they had put in, being in distress, having but little provisions, and in great want of every necessary, such as cables, anchors, rigging, sails, &c.; that they were in daily expectation of the arrival of Capt. Meares from Macao to supply them, when they should depart. Captain Meares was expected to return in the same vessel he sailed in from home in the year 1788, which was under Portuguese colors, and had a Portuguese captain on board.—This vessel with the Iphigenia were said to belong to one Cravalia, a merchant at Macao, in whose name the Iphigenia's papers were made out. Seeing the Iphigenia was in such want, Martinez gave them a temporary assistance. At this time there was not the least suspicion of any misunderstanding of disturbance among us, as Don E. J. Martinez was apparently satisfied with the answers each vessel had given to his request.

However, on the 10th of May, the San Carlos, Captain Haro, arrived. The same day the American officers came to Uquot, or Friendly Cove, to welcome them in, and the next morning, the 11th of May, Don E. J. Martinez captured the Iphigenia, and his reason, as we understood, was, that, in their Portuguese instructions, they had orders to capture any English, Spanish, or Russia subjects they met on the northwest coast of America. This, at the time, seemed improbable, as she was a vessel of small force, and it was afterwards found to have been a mistake, owing to their want of a perfect knowledge of the Portuguese language. However, after the vessel was taken, the officers and seamen were divided, some on board the Princess, and some on board the San Carlos, where they were treated with all imaginable kindness and every attention paid them.

On the 24th of May the above mentioned mistake being discovered, the Iphigenia was returned again and the Portuguese flag hoisted on board her; the same day, Captain Douglas, with the Portuguese captain and seamen, repaired on board.—The Iphigenia, while in possession of the Spaniards, from being a wreck was put in complete order for sea, being calked, rigging and sails repaired, anchors and cables sent from the Princess, &c. On the 26th Don E. J. Martinez supplied them with every kind of provisions they were in need of, for which Captain Douglas gave him bills on Cravallia, the before mentioned merchant of Macao. On the 31st the Iphigenia sailed, and was saluted by the Spanish fort; and the commodore accompanied them out of the harbor, giving every assistance with boats, &c.—When Captain Douglas took his leave of the commodore, he declared he should ever entertain a sense of Don E. J. Martinez's kindness, deeming his conduct relative to the vessel no more than his duty as a king's officer. Upon the whole, we both believe the Iphigenia's being detained was of infinite service to those who were concerned in her. This must be plain to every one who will consider the situation of the vessel when the Princess arrived, and the advantages reaped from the supplies and assistance of the Spaniards. The detention, if it may be called so, could be no detriment; for, had nothing taken place, she must have remained two months longer at least, having, as has already been mentioned, put into port, being in distress; of course they could not have sailed till supplies arrived, which was not till July, as will appear in the sequel; whereas, being early fitted as above mentioned, she sailed on the coast northward of Nootka Sound, and there being no other vessel there, they collected upwards of seven hundred sea-otter skins; which has been often represented to us by Captain Douglas and his officers, after our arrival in China. This may suffice for the transactions relative to the Iphigenia. Before Captain Douglas sailed, he gave Don Estevan Martinez a letter to Mr Funter, master of the schooner Northwest America, telling him, from Captain Meares not arriving at the appointed time, there was great reason to fear the vessel he sailed from Nootka in had never reached China, (she being in bad condition when she sailed from this place;) therefore, as he, Mr Funter, must, on his arrival, be destitute of every necessary, he was at liberty to conduct as he thought most conducive to the interests of his employers. We shall make mention of this vessel again hereafter.

Interim, we observe your wish to be acquainted what house or establishment Mr Meares had at the time the Spaniards arrived here? We answer in a word—*none*. On the arrival of the Columbia in the year 1788, there was a house, or rather a a hut, consisting of rough posts covered with boards made by the Indians; but this Captain Douglas pulled to pieces prior to his sailing for the Sandwich Islands the same year. The boards he took on the Iphigenia, and the roof he gave to Captain Kendrick, which was cut up and used as firewood on board the Columbia; so that, on the arrival of Don Estevan J. Martinez, there was no vestige of any house remaining. As to the land Mr Meares said he purchased of Maquinna or any other chief, we cannot say further than we never heard of any; although we remained among these people nine months, and could converse with them perfectly well. Besides this, we have asked Maquinna and other chiefs, since our late arrival, if Captain Meares ever purchased any land in Nootka Sound; they answered —*no*, that Captain Kendrick was the only man to whom they had ever sold any land.

On the 8th of June the schooner Northwest America arrived, and the next day the Spaniards took possession of her.—Don E. J. Martinez had an account taken of the property on board, particularly of the skins, which he said should be given to the officers and seamen, that they might be sure of their wages. On the 16th of June the sloop Princess Royal arrived from Macao, commanded by Thomas Hudson; this vessel brought accounts of the safe arrival of Captain Meares, and that Captain Colnett was cruising on the coast, commodore of the English trading-vessels from Macao, for the ensuing season, in a snow named the Argonaut. Mr Hudson likewise brought accounts of the failure of Juan Cravallia & Co., merchants of Macao before mentioned. What right the Commodore had to detain the Northwest America before, it is not for us to say; but he always said it was an agreement between Captain Douglas and himself; but, after the arrival of this vessel with the above news, he held her as security for the bills of exchange drawn on said Cravallia & Co., in favor of his Catholic Majesty: this we have heard him say. On the 2d of July the Princess Royal sailed out of the port, having, to our knowledge, been treated by the commodore and his officers with every possible attention, which Captain Hudson himself seemed conscious of and grateful for. Prior to this vessel's sailing, the commodore gave to Mr Funter all the skins he brought in, in the Northwest America, which were shipped on board the sloop Princess Royal by Mr Funter, for his own account. In the evening of the 2d a sail was descried from the Spanish fort; we were among the first that went out to meet them; it proved to be the Argonaut, Captain Colnett, before mentioned.

It seems Capt. Meares, with some other merchant at Macao, had concluded to build a fort and settle a colony at Nootka Sound; from what authority we cannot say. However, on the arrival of the Argonaut, we heard Capt. Colnett inform the Spanish commandant, he had come for that purpose, and to hoist the British flag, take formal possession, &c., to which the commandant answered he had *taken possession already in the name of his Catholic Majesty*; on which, Colnett asked, if he would be prevented from building a house in the port. The answer was, he was at liberty to erect a *tent* and get wood and water, &c.; after which he was at liberty to depart when he pleased; but Capt. Colnett said that was not what he wanted; but to build a block-house, erect a fort, and settle a colony for the Crown of Great Britain. Don E. J. Martinez answered *no*: to do that would violate the orders of his king; and it would be relinquishing the Spaniards' claim to the coast; besides, the vessels did not belong to the king, (of England) nor was he intrusted with powers to transact such public business. In conversing upon the subject, after the arrival of the vessel in port, it seems, Capt. Colnett *insulted* the commandant by threatening him, and *drew his sword* in the Princess's cabin; on which the commandant ordered the vessel to be seized. After seizing the Argonaut, the sloop Princess Royal arrived the second time; and as she belonged to the same company, the commandant took possession of her also. With respect to the prisoners, they were treated kindly; and the officers, consistent with the character of gentlemen.—You ask, if we carried the captain, officers and seamen of the Northwest America to China? We did, and with them 100 sea-otter skins, the value of which we judge, independent of freight, was $4,875; these were delivered to Mr Meares. * * * * While speaking of others of your nation, we can never be unmindful of you; your kind reception and treatment of us has made an impression that will not be easily erased; and we hope you will bear in mind how very sincerely we are,

Sir, your most humble servants,
ROBERT GRAY,
JOSEPH INGRAHAM.

To Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega Y. Quadra.

The commissioners Quadra and Vancouver, though they made inquiries of all persons who would be likely to know the facts, were unable to find either lands or buildings which had ever been bought by Meares or any other British subject, or had been in his or their possession. Of course the things specified in the first article of the treaty not being found there was nothing to be restored by Spain.

Seeing the British nation had been deceived by the representations of Meares in his memorial to Parliament, Vancouver now thinks it best to construe this article as meaning the cession of all the lands about Nootka and Clyoquot. Quadra very properly dissents from this construction. Satisfied there was nothing to be done, they agreed to return the business wherewith they were charged to their respective governments, and await any new orders given. On the 13th of Oct. Mr Vancouver with his squadron sails towards the south, making particular examinations of the coast as he proceeds. In a few days after, Senor Quadra sails for Monterey leaving the settlements in the care of Don Salvador Fidalgo. Previous to his departure he received for the king of Spain from the sovereign chief at Nootka, a conveyance by (D)deed of a large tract of that territory. This fact is stated on the 200th page of Ingraham's journal as follows—"Since the business between the commissioners terminated, Maquinna has executed to the Spaniards a deed of gift, accompanied by a declaration that he never sold any lands whatever to Mr Meares or any other person except Capt. John Kendrick whom he acknowledged to be the proprietor of lands round Mahwinna; Capt. Magee and Mr Howell witnessed this deed and declaration." Kendrick refers to it, in his letter to Mr Jefferson, at the head of the State Department. He says—"but it cannot be amiss to transmit them to you, to remain in the office of the Department of State.—My claim to these territories has been allowed by the Spanish Crown, for the purchases I made at Nootka were expressly excepted in a deed of conveyance of the lands adjacent to and surrounding Nootka Sound, executed in September last, to El Senor Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, on behalf of his Catholic Majesty, by Maquinnah, and the other chiefs of his tribe, to whom those lands belonged." In the beginning of 1794, Fidalgo left, and the government of the colony at Nootka came under Colonel Alava, who the first of March, 1795, received a royal order to *abandon* the place. Accordingly the Spaniards collecting their effects and stores took their final departure from that territory. It does not appear on record that any part of "the coast or its adjacent islands," were ever surrendered to Great Britain, or that any "buildings or tracts of land" had been occupied by British subjects, and consequently, none had been restored to them, agreeable to the treaty of 1790. One thing more, and I have stated all the facts relative to the discoveries, surveys and settlements made by Spaniards on the shores of Oregon. John R. Jewett one of the survivors of the ship Boston, destroyed by the natives at Nootka, who left there in 1803, speaking of the settlement, says, "the foundations of the church and the governor's house are still to be seen, and the European plants continue to be self-propogated."

HALL J. KELLEY.

Munn, of the Hampden Statesman discourseth as follows:—

"LIVING IN CLOVER.—The editors of the Palmer Sentinel are faring sumptuously, (Heaven bless the ladies) if we may judge by the following paragraph from his last number—

"THAT CAKE.—We acknowledge the receipt of some *the* best cake we ever tasted. MRS. MORGAN will please to accept our sincere thanks for this manifestation of her good will."

We presume the MRS MORGAN spoken of is the lady of Mr F. MORGAN, who is the proprietor of the best farm in Western Massachusetts. We will vouch for the excellence of the cake if it came from the hands of that much respected lady."

You have presumed right this time, Brother Munn. But call down some time, personally, and we will show you the whole-souled Ladies of Palmer.

☞ We understand that the Magnetic Telegraph between Springfield and Boston will be in operation soon, probably by the first of next week.

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

A crazy man escaped from his keepers one Sunday morning, and seeing the people going into a church he followed them and went into the gallery. The leader of the choir arose and began a piece of music in which the people present immediately joined him. The madman leaped over the benches until he reached the chorister, and striking him on each side of the face, shouted out—"Fool! fool, if you had held your tongue we should not have been stunned by this uproar."

A worthy old sea captain of our acquaintance once took on board a large number of passengers at a port in the Emerald Isle to bring to this country. On approaching our coast he as usual, sounded, but found no bottom.

"And did ye strike the ground, Captain," inquired one of the Irishmen.

"No," was the reply.

"And will ye be so good as to tell us," rejoined Pat, "how near we came to it."

They put tar in all the grease imported into England to prevent the poor laborers from eating it in lieu of butter, with their bread.

In Maine State Prison are 60 convicts. All but seventeen committed their crime under the influence of rum.

Benjamin Franklin says—"Printer's accounts, though small, are a very good index of character. Let me look over my books and I can tell you the character of every person whose name is there.

The Texas Bible Society has resolved to supply every family in the state with a copy of the Scriptures, and $1000 worth of Bibles have been already received for that purpose.

The Auctioneers of Boston pay about fifty thousand dollars annually for their licenses.

A well told story is going the rounds, in which a handsome man describes his sufferings during some Easter frolics, while nearly smothered and kissed to death, by six robust, red cheeked, hungry mouthed damsels. We have not room for the interesting particulars.

When the sacrifice which you request a friend to make is greater than the benefit you obtained thereby, your demand is uncourteous.

Let us substitute friendship for hatred, and benevolence for selfishness.

As men govern the world, and women govern the men, all the responsibility of intemperance rests on the ladies. It's too bad, but can't be helped.

Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it.

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial, it approaches in clear weather, but vanishes as soon as it is cloudy.

We recollect in our younger days, to have heard a country parson, while preaching from the text 'the wages of sin is death' address his audience something in the following manner—

"Beloved brethren, the Scriptures tell us that the wages of sin is death. Now my advice is, that you leave off sinning, and strike for higher pay."

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed attend to the cultivation of the mind.

He that scoffs at the crooked should stand upright himself.

Molasses words will sweeten wrathful countenances, while vinegar expressions will make angry feelings sourer.

Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms, the Church is out of temper when charity is cold and zeal is hot.

The highwayman demands your money *or* your life. The rumseller demands your money *and* your life.

Guilt upon the conscience will make a leather bed hard; but peace of mind will make a straw bed soft and easy.

He is a wise man who learns from every one; he is powerful who governs his passions; and he is rich who is contented.

Wit is brushwood—judgment is timber—the first makes the brightest flame, but the latter, gives the most lasting heat.

The Territory of Oregon is seven times as large as the State of New York.

The French ladies are adopting Anasculine habits in earnest. To see them with high-heeled boots, a segar in mouth, and cane in hand, creates no surprise in Paris.

The Austrian government have adopted Morse's American Magnetic Telegraph, in preference to the English and French imitation.

Foster, the editor of the Pittsburgh Dispatch, says, "We will never consent to conduct a political paper while there is coal to be heaved into the cellars."

"I wish you would not smoke cigars," said a plump little black-eyed girl to her lover. "Why not I smoke, as well as your chimney?" "Because chimnies don't smoke when they are in good order." He has quit smoking.

Soft water is selling at two cents per qt in Boston.

Massachusetts Legislature.

Monday, March 9.

In the Senate, Mr Kimball, from the committee on public lands, submitted a detailed report, together with a resolve concerning the fifth article under the treaty of Washington.

The other business related to the *usual* business of the Massachusetts Senators—to wit, *corporations*.

In the House the resolve granting $2750 to the town of Hadley, to build dykes to prevent itself against the freshets of Connecticut river, was opposed, by Mr Leonard of Mansfield, on the ground that the town was as well able to protect itself as any other town in the State. Mr Gridley, of Amherst, was for the grant, as was Mr Morton of Hadley, and Mr Hartwell, of Montague. Mr Whitney, of Stow, moved an amendment to appropriate $1750. This was opposed by Mr Morton, of Hadley, who stated that one year it cost that town $1600 to repair the damages of the freshets, besides individual losses. The amendment was rejected, and the bill passed to be engrossed.

Tuesday March 10.

The Senate was principally occupied with corporation business.

In the House petitions were presented, praying that Massachusetts secede from the Union and call a Convention for the formation of a new Union.

Wednesday March 11.

The Senate was occupied as usual.

In the House the bill reported by the probate and chancery committee, concerning the sale of trust estates and other remedies in equity was discussed very fully. Messrs. Crownshield of Boston, Barton of Worcester, Wales of Boston, occupied the floor until near 2 o'clock, when the subject was laid on the table.

Thursday, March 12.

In the Senate the bill to establish the city of Roxbury, was passed to be enacted in concurrence.

The House bill to incorporate the town of Ashland passed to be engrossed.

A committee was appointed to consider the expediency of doing away the distinction between written and spoken slander.

In the House another disorganizing petition from several citizens of West Brookfield, for the secession of Massachusetts was presented and laid on the table.

The committee on roads and bridges reported a bill reviewing the charter of the Hancock Free Bridge Corporation, from Cambridgeport to Boston.

Friday, March 13.

In the Senate a detailed report was made of so much of his excellency the Governor's Address as relates to the tariff and protection, accompanied by a resolve on the subject.

In the House the bill was discussed concerning the scale of trust estates and other remedies in equity.

Saturday, March 14.

The Senate was occupied with private bills and corporations.

In the House the discussion on the bill concerning remedies in equity was bro't up again, Mr Chandler of Boston occupying the floor. He spoke for about an hour in favor of the bill, and gave Mr Wales of Boston a very severe flaggelation. Judge Barton of Worcester, (who reported the bill) followed, and in a clear argument showed the advantages of an Equity Court. Mr Smith, of Hancock, spoke for a few minutes against the bill, and detailed a case he had in the Equity Court of New York.

When the House adjourned the matter was not settled, and will come up again on Monday.

Congress.

Monday, March 2.

In the Senate, the reading of Thursday's journal had been hardly concluded, when Mr Colquitt of Georgia, rose with a copy of the Washington Times in his hand, and great and angry excitement in his eyes.—He called the attention of the Senate to an article which had appeared in that paper on Thursday last, which he said could not be permitted to pass without notice. He then went on to denounce the editor as a "scoundrel," "slanderer," &c. &c., exhausting his theological vocabulary of denunciatory epistles.

The House after receiving a few petitions and memorials, went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and passed the day in the discussion of the river and harbor bill.

Tuesday, March 10.

In the Senate Mr Evans then continued his speech. He reviewed the course of his argument yesterday and then proceeded to argue it farther.

When he had concluded the Senate went into a secret session.

The House was occupied on the Harbor and River bill.

Wednesday, March 11.

In the Senate Mr Reverdy Johnson of Md., spoke on the Oregon question. He argued that we had not a clear title up to 54 40, and insisted that Mr Polk was bound to enter into a compromise on 49, if the British government should offer it.

The House debated the River and Harbor bill.

Thursday, March 12.

In the Senate resolutions were passed to make an investigation concerning the article published in the Washington Daily Times, upon which the Rev. Mr Colquitt had on the Monday before, expatiated in terms so mild, passionless, and christian-like! After a select committee had been appointed for this *famous* purpose, Mr Atchison delivered an excellent speech in favor of the exclusive claim of the United States to Oregon.

Mr Calhoun took the floor for Monday, to which day the Senate adjourned.

The House was occupied with the River and Harbor Bill. Among other speeches made upon that bill to-day, was one by Mr Winthrop.

Friday, March 13.

The Senate did not sit to-day.

In the House the debate upon the River and Harbor appropriation Bill was continued.

Saturday, March 14.

The Senate did not sit to-day.

In the House the River and Harbor Appropriation bill was discussed by Mr Houston, of Delaware, Mr Baker of Illinois, Mr Bailey, of Va. and Mr Stewart, of Pa. On Tuesday the question is to be taken on each item of the Bill separately,—to prevent log-rolling.

A Proclamation,

For a Day of Public Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer.

By and with the advice and consent of the COUNCIL, I appoint THURSDAY, THE SECOND DAY OF APRIL NEXT, to be observed by the People of this Commonwealth, as a day of Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer.

Let not this pious custom of our worthy ancestors be regarded by their favored descendants as a mere religious formality.

I recommend to the people, of all denominations to cease from the cares of business and the pursuits of pleasure, to assemble in their places of public worship, and render to the SUPREME RULER of the world, the homage of contrite and grateful hearts.

His past mercies to us have been very great. We have been ungrateful and disobedient.

Let us, on that occasion, humble ourselves before Him, and, for our individual and public sins, invoke his pardoning Grace, "through our LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST."

Let us entreat HIM to continue to us "His loving kindness:"

So to order the seasons, that sunshine and showers, seed-time and harvest, shall gladden the labors of the husbandman, and cause the Earth to yield her increase for the benefit of Man:

To smile propitiously on all the lawful pursuits of business, and bless us in the workshop and in the field, in the city and in the country, on the land and on the sea:

To give stability and vigor to all the institutions of society, designed to ameliorate the condition and elevate the character of its members:

To increase in the public mind the love of order, truth and justice, and to stimulate the public heart to deeds of charity and good will:

To remember in His good providence the widow and the fatherless, the poor and the down-trodden.

Let us pray that HE would inspire the people of this great family of States with a reverence for the common constitution of this Republic, and with an honest intention to observe its mandates:

That HE would dispose this, and all other nations, to preserve peace and to cultivate good understanding with each other; and that, in His infinite goodness, HE would save us and them from the cruelties and curse of war:

That while He is pouring upon us a profusion of temporal mercies, HE would awaken within us a concern for our future destiny, and bestow upon us those spiritual blessings, in comparison with which, all the possessions of Earth are as dust and ashes:

Finally, that HE would hasten the time, when the glorious Gospel of His Son shall be diffused over the whole Earth, and all men shall be His humble and peaceful followers.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this second day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, and of the Independence of the United States the seventieth.

GEORGE N. BRIGGS.

By His Excellency the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Council.

JOHN G. PALFREY, Sec'y.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

☞ A few weeks since we gave our readers the rules to be observed on entering a *Printer's* office. We now give the rules to be observed on entering the *Editor's* Office:

Sit down quickly.
Don't touch the poker.
Say nothing interesting.
Engage in no controversy.
Keep six feet from his table.
Eyes off his manuscript.
Hands off of his papers.
Don't smoke.
If he is a decent man, he will put what papers he does not wish within your reach—them pore over to your heart's content.

ACCIDENT.—A little girl in New Orleans, was lately crushed to death by a hogshead of sugar, which a drayman had just rolled from his dray in great haste.

FIRE.—On the night of the 10th instant in Springfield, an old wooden building standing on the corner of Main and Water streets, was entirely consumed by fire, is supposed to be the work of an incendiary without doubt.

☞ The subject of issuing gold dollars from the U. S. Mint, has been introduced in Congress, and there appears little doubt that a bill for this purpose will be passed during the present session. They will be a trifle smaller than our ten cent pieces.—We hope Congress will act wisely, and pass a bill for this purpose.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.—The N. Y. True Sun says M. Vivien, a Frenchman, lately tried to assassinate Mr Ralph Lockwood, at the residence of his wife, from whom he had separated. He fired twice at Mr Lockwood with a pistol; the first ball passed harmlessly by, but the second struck him on the side of the shoulder and glanced by his throat, happily without endangering his life. He was immediately arrested and locked up to answer for this horrid deed.

☞ The Boston Times says a new foundry is about to be established at South Boston, by Cyrus Alger and others, for the manufacture of iron, steel, and copper articles. It is to be the most extensive foundry in Boston, and starts with a capital of $200,000. 150 hands are to be employed, a part of whom will be in Dorchester, where there will be a branch for the purpose of smelting ore, &c.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION came off last Tuesday. The victorious party won the laurels; which *political* party that is, is yet to be decided. But from all accounts we should judge the Whig party were in the ascendancy, and that probably Colby [whig] will be elected to the gubernatorial chair.

LADIES wishing anything done in the Millinery or Dress-Making line, would do well to call on Miss NEEDHAM, who has located herself over D. F. McGilvray & Co.'s Store. See Advertisement.

Counterfeit half dollars are in circulation. The edge is entirely smooth, without lettering or fluting. Watch close.

Answer to the Enigma in our last, is, "Palmer Sentinel." Answered by G. S. R., Wales; W. W., Monson; A. C. K. and M. W. F., Palmer Depot. P. H. T., Hollis, N. H., was received just as we went to press. We will do *that*.

Brighton Market.—*Monday, Mar.* 16
[Reported for the Daily Advertiser

At Market 730 Beef Cattle 25 pairs Working Oxen 15 Cows and Calves 1100 Sheep and 1400 Swine. 375 Beef Cattle 600 Sheep and 300 Swine unsold at the close of the market.

Prices—Beef Cattle—Prices have declined; we noticed 5 Cattle sold for $6. We quote extra [illegible] $5 50 a 5 75—second $5 [illegible] and $5 a 5 25.

Working Oxen—We noticed sales as follows—$85, $92, $95 and $100.

Cows and Calves—Sales were made at $20, $27, $30 and $42.

Sheep—Sales were made at $4, $4 50 a few very fine at $5.

Swine—A few lots were sold to [illegible] at 4 1-2 cents [illegible] 5 1-4 cents [illegible] 5 1-2 and 5 3-4.

From the Massachusetts Ploughman
[Retail Prices Inside Quincy Market.]

PROVISIONS.

Butter lump,	16 a 17	West'n do lb	8 1-2 a 9
do tub lb	17 a 20	Lard, best, lb	8 1-2 a 9
Cheese, new		Tallow,	
milk lb	8 a 10	rend. pot lb	8 1-2 a 9
do 1 mo'l	5 a 6	Veal, lb	6 a 12
Eggs, dozen	20 a 22	Calves, whole	3 a 5
Beef, fresh lb	6 a 12	Lamb, lb	10 a
do corned, lb	6 a 7	Mutton, lb	4 a 12 1-2
do smoked	8 a 9	Spring, whole	3 a 4
Hogs, whole	5 a 5 3-4	Chickens, lb	10 a 16
Pork, fresh	8 a 10	Turkeys, lb	10 a 14
do salted	7 1-2 a 8	Pigeons, doz	
Boston Hams,		Geese, Mon'l	100 a 125
per lb	9 1-2 a 10		

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, swt.		Turnips, bush	50
barrel	a	Onions, bunch	3 1-2 a 4
Potatoes, pk	25 a	Beets, bush	a
Cabbages,		Beans, qt	1 75 a 2 00
dozen	75 a 1 25	Parsley, box	a
Squashes, lb	a a		

FRUIT.

Quinces, none		Apples, bush	1 00 a 1 50
Cranberries,	3 00 a 4 00	Pears, bush	
Chestnuts,	1 [illegible] 2 00	Apples, [illegible]	[illegible]
Shellbarks,	1 37 a 1 62	Oranges, box	3 00 a 7 75
Grapes, Hamburg,		Lemons, box	2 25 a 3 00
[illegible]		[illegible]	10 a 12

BEEF, PORK, LARD, &c.

[Wholesale Prices Inside Quincy Market.]

Mess Beef, bbl		Ohio Mess	13 00 a 13 50
cash price	9 00 a 9 50	do Prime,	11 00 a
Navy mess,	8 00 a	Boston Lard,	
No 1 do	7 50 a	in barrels,	8 1-2 a
Pork, Boston		Ohio do do	a 8 1-2
ex cl bbl	a 15 00	Boston Hams,	a
Boston clear	15 a 15 50	Ohio do	8 a 8 1-2
Ohio ex cl	14 a 14 50	Tongues, bbl	18 00 a 20 00
do clear	14 50 a 15 00		

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS.

Lump, 100 lbs	20 a 24	Cheese, best	
Tub, best, ton	18 a 20	pr ton	8 a 8 1-2
Shipping do		Common, do	
pr ton	15 a 17	Eggs 100 doz	20 a 22

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

Apples, bbl	2 75a3 25	bunches,	2 50a3 00
Beets, bbl	1 00a1 25	Pickles bbl	4 00a5 00
Carrots, bbl	1 00a1 25	Peppers, bbl	3 00a9 00
Potatoes, bbl	1 50a1 75	Mangoes, bbl	3 00a10 00
Onions, 100			

LEATHER.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Phil best, lb	20a22	N.Y red. P't	14a15
Do country,	20a30	Do do he'vy	13a14
Balt city tan	20a21	East. sligh'r	14a15
Do dry hide	17a18	Do dry hide	12a1[illegible]

HIDES.—[Wholesale Prices.]

B Ayres, dry hide, lb	12a12 1-2	African,	10a10
Pernam. d.s	8 1-2a9 1-2	Calcutta cow, g. salted	30a1 10
Rio Grande	12a13	Do dry	40a70
W. Indian	9 1-2a10		

WOOL.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Saxony fl. lb	38a40	Com. to 1-4 do	27a25
Do prime	40a41	Lambs, sup.	35a[illegible]
Do lambs	a	Do 1st qual.	27a30
Am. full bl'd	37a38	Do 2d qual.	18a20
Do half blood	30a31	Do 3d qual.	14a17

LIME.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Thomaston, per cask	80a90	L'Etang, St Geo. so w l	a

☞ Among the most convincing evidences [illegible] Hall's Liniment will [illegible]

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

MARRIAGES.

In Monson, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr Wright, Mr Warren J. Parker to Miss Diantha Wright. We wish them much happiness.

In Hardwick, March 11th, by the Rev. Mr Mason, Mr Lyman Mason to Miss Almira Mason, all of H.

DEATHS.

In Belchertown, March 4th, Mr George C. Smith, aged 28 months and 3 days.

In Enfield, March 4, Mrs Louisa, wife of Mr Aaron Wright, aged 43.

In Londonderry, N. H. Feb. 15, Mr Ephraim Morrison, aged 78 years, a native and for [illegible]

M. A. NEEDHAM,

HAVING opened a shop in McGILVRAY & Co.'s Building for

Millinery & Dressmaking,

would respectfully solicit her share of patronage from the Ladies. All work done in the

LATEST STYLE,

and best manner. Particular attention paid to dressing Ladies and Misses.

Miss N. having had long experience, is prepared for customers at as low rates and prices.

Palmer Depot, March 16, 1846. 3[illegible]

Goods! Goods!!

JUST received at the depot store, a large and well selected stock of fresh and seasonable

Dry Goods!

Among which may be found superfine Blue Black Cassimeres, Cloth for overcoats, Cassinetts, Satinetts, Vestings, Linen Drilling, Bleached and Brown Sheeting and Shirting Muslins, Ticking, Checks, Stripes, Plaids, Ginghams, Delaines, Bombazines, Crapes, Bonnet Silks, Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Cravats, Stocks, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Bosoms, Linen Cambric, Thread, Cotton, Silk and Linen Laces, Edgings, Insertings, Bindings, Tapes, Buttons, Combs, Pins, Needles, Thimbles, Scissors, Knives, Razors, Razor Straps, Pocket Books, Wallets, Purses, Port Monnaies, Shoe Thread, Wax, Awls, Shoe Pegs, Tacks, Brads, Sprigs, Nails, Hammers, Hatchets, Axes, Planes, Saws, Files, Rasps, Augers, Bits, Screws, Hinges, Locks, Latches, Bolts, Chisels, Gouges, Jacks, Vises, Anvils, Bellows, Iron, Steel, Nails, Spikes, Horse Shoes, Horse Nails, Shovels, Spades, Scythes, Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Hoes, Crowbars, Sleigh Shoes, Chains, Cutlery, Tinware, Crockery, Glassware, Hardware, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Glue, Starch, Indigo, Copperas, Saleratus, Soda, Pepper, Spices, Ginger, Nutmegs, Cinnamon, Cloves, Mace, Allspice, Cassia, Saltpetre, Alum, Sulphur, Madder, Logwood, Fustic, Camwood, Redwood, Blue Vitriol, Cream Tartar, Tobacco, Snuff, Cigars, Pipes, Matches, Fishing Tackle, Fishing Lines, Cotton Wicking, Candlewick, Candles, Sperm Oil, Whale Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Neatsfoot Oil, Tanners' Oil, Castor Oil, Hair Oil, Lamp Oil, Camphene, Burning Fluid, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, Fancy Articles, Toys, Books, Stationery, Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Ink, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Wrapping Paper, Twine, Rope, Carpeting, Floor Oil Cloth, Table Oil Cloth, Stair Oil Cloth, Hearth Rugs, Mats, Matting, Bonnet Boards, Palm Leaf, Straw, Flax, Cotton, Wool, Feathers, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Leather, Morocco, Calf Skins, Kip Skins, Sheep Skins, Lamb Skins, Fur, Hides, Tallow, Rags, Old Copper, Brass, Pewter, Lead, Old Iron, Beeswax, Ginseng, Rum, Gin, Brandy, Wine, Cordials, Cider, Vinegar, Molasses, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, Cocoa, Rice, Flour, Meal, Corn, Rye, Oats, Barley, Beans, Peas, Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Lard, Pork, Beef, Hams, Tongues, Sausages, Fish, Salt, Lime, Cement, Hair, Brick, Clay, Stone, Grindstones, Pitch, Tar, Turpentine, Resin, Shingles, Clapboards, Pine Boards, Hemlock Boards, Spruce Boards, Chestnut Boards, Oak Boards, Walnut Boards, Cherry Boards, Maple Boards, Birch Boards, Ash Boards, Pine Timber, Hemlock Timber, Spruce Timber, Chestnut Timber, Oak Timber, Walnut Timber, Cherry Timber, Maple Timber, Birch Timber, Ash Timber, Clear Pine Stuff, Pine Stuff, Hemlock Stuff, Spruce Stuff, Chestnut Stuff, Oak Stuff, Walnut Stuff, Cherry Stuff, Maple Stuff, Birch Stuff, Ash Stuff, Pine Shingles, Cedar Shingles, Lath, Pickets, Posts, Rails, Scantling, Joists, Studding, Flooring, Ceiling, Siding, Fencing, Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Mouldings, Pannels, Glass, Putty, Nails, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Latches, Bolts, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Glue, Brushes, Whitewash, Lime, Cement, Hair, Brick, Stone, Mortar, Trowels, Hods, Scaffolding, Ladders, Pumps, Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, Zinc, Sheet Iron, Tin Plate, Sheet Copper, Sheet Brass, Wire, Gutters, Conductors, Stoves, Grates, Fenders, Andirons, Shovels, Tongs, Coal Hods, Stove Pipe, Elbows, Dampers, Registers, Ventilators, Chimney Tops, Coal, Wood, Charcoal, Kindlings, Matches, Sand Paper, Emery, Rottenstone, Whiting, Glue, Varnish, Japan, Lamp Black, Red Lead, Yellow Ochre, Chrome Green, Prussian Blue, Ultramarine, Vermilion, Gold Leaf, Bronze, Gilt Paper, Gilt Moulding, Looking Glass Plates, Looking Glasses, Picture Frames, Engravings, Lithographs, Oil Paintings, Portraits, Miniatures, Daguerreotypes, Daguerreotype Cases, Daguerreotype Apparatus, Musical Instruments, Violins, Violin Strings, Violin Bows, Violin Cases, Violin Rosin, Violin Bridges, Violin Pegs, Violin Tailpieces, Violin Chinpieces, Violin Screws, Violin Nuts, Violin Fingerboards, Violin Mutes, Violin Rests, Violin Tuning Forks, Violin Instruction Books, Violin Music, Guitars, Guitar Strings, Guitar Cases, Guitar Instruction Books, Guitar Music, Flutes, Flageolets, Flute Instruction Books, Flute Music, Clarionets, Clarionet Instruction Books, Clarionet Music, Accordeons, Accordeon Instruction Books, Accordeon Music, Fifes, Fife Instruction Books, Fife Music, Drums, Drum Instruction Books, Drum Music, Tambourines, Tambourine Instruction Books, Tambourine Music, Triangles, Triangle Instruction Books, Triangle Music, Cymbals, Cymbal Instruction Books, Cymbal Music, Bells, Bell Instruction Books, Bell Music, Pianos, Piano Instruction Books, Piano Music, Organs, Organ Instruction Books, Organ Music, Melodeons, Melodeon Instruction Books, Melodeon Music, Harps, Harp Instruction Books, Harp Music, Singing Books, Singing Instruction Books, Singing Music, Dancing Instruction Books, Dancing Music, Theatrical Performances, Theatrical Performers, Theatrical Scenery, Theatrical Dresses, 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SUMMARY OF NEWS.

A SECURE SAFE.—The Albany Atlas says, a gentleman gave us a day or two since a description of the contrivance which Banker Rothschild of London, has upon the door of his vault to prevent the incursion of thieves to his "pile." It is a wonderful piece of mechanism, and we suppose if the fact of his existence was generally known, his money bags would be perfectly safe. If a person attempts the lock, or tampers with it in the slightest degree, an iron hand and arm is thrust out from the door, clenches the offender and holds him motionless in its iron embrace, while at the same time a bell is struck in a room overhead occupied by a watchman, giving him notice that his presence is wanted below. Should this watchman not get down to the assistance and release of the wretch held by the iron arm in 15 minutes time, then a blunderbuss is discharged into the body of the tresspasser. Thus he is mercifully allowed 15 minutes grace to reflect upon the enormity of his offence. We are told that a few years since a man was caught by the iron nippers, and the watchman came to his relief only two minutes before the blunderbuss would have been discharged.

ANOTHER STAR.—*Make way for Yucatan.*—In 1843, we promised our constituents that by the close of 1845, Texas would be added to the Union. We missed our prediction by *sixteen days* then—for Congress did not pass the final vote before the middle of the first month in '46—and now we mean to allow ourselves abundant time:—we take, therefore, to 1850, for the annexation of another star. Yucatan, the bravest, most generous and most liberal of the Mexican States, has withdrawn from the turmoil and insecurity of that confederacy, and wishes to come into our Union! *She will bring with her the short route to the Pacific and Oregon*, which we need so much; and in 1840, her Senators will be at home in Washington. We mean to be accurate this time, and beg it may be remembered that we do not positively promise the annexation of Yucatan before 1850.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Portland Argus of the 7th inst., gives the following illustration of the effects of rum drinking:

A young man, one bitter cold night last week returning intoxicated to his house in Waterboro', in this state, went up to a large snow drift in his way, and supposing it to be his own bed, undressed himself and plunged in! His brother happened fortunately to come along soon after, saw his clothes, and was induced thereby to search for him. He drew him out nearly dead. A little while longer and he would have perished. As it was, his life is considered in danger.

We learn from the Salem Register that intelligence has been received of the death of Rev. John Brazer, a distinguished Unitarian clergyman, and pastor of the North Church in Salem. He left Salem some two months ago, for the South, with prepared health, and died, we understand, of dropsy on the chest and organic disease of the heart on the 29th of February last, at the residence of his friend, Dr. B. Hagget, aged 57.

U. S. SUPREME COURT—*Rhode Island vs Massachusetts.*—The decision of the Supreme Court of the U. States in this case, involving the boundary line between the two states, and embracing a part of the towns of Oxford, Douglass, &c. which was claimed by Rhode Island, is in favor of Massachusetts. Mr Justice McLean delivered the opinion of the court, dismissing the bill of complaint. Our fellow citizens, therefore, who were in danger of a sudden transportation to Rhode Island against their consent, may now sleep quietly of nights, with the assurance of remaining in Massachusetts.

Three horses belonging to Mr Patrick Kneeland of Boston, were found dead in their stable one morning last week. He had given them a dose of what he supposed to be glauber salts, but which was really saltpetre. Through the carelessness of the apothecary, the latter was sold to the owner instead of the salts.

AFFLICTING.—The funeral of Mr John Kohler and his young wife, who perished in the wreck of the John Minturn, was attended in New York by a large number of people. The Express says:

"Mr Kohler was a native of New York, where he has a mother and sisters. He left the city several months ago, and a particular friend received a letter from him a week or two before the late dreadful gale, stating that he was coming home in the John W. Minturn; that he had been married to a young lady, and intended to bring his wife home with him; at the same time intimating to him not to tell his mother or any of his folks, as he meant to surprise them. They both perished in the wreck and the surprise was a truly heart-rending one, particularly to his aged mother, of whom he was the only son. He and his young bride were yesterday laid side by side in the same grave, affording a sad reflection as to the fallacy of human calculations and hopes."

There are fifty cotton factories in Tennessee which work up about ten thousand bales of cotton annually.

HAIL.—On the 19th ultimo, there was a violent hailstorm at Mobile. The storm came up with a heavy rushing wind, accompanied by flashes of vivid lightning in quick succession. The hail stones which fell for only a few minutes, were of large size and irregular shape, nearly as large, some say, as a hen's egg. Considerable damage was done to sky lights throughout the city.

YANKEE ENTERPRISE.—John Ricord, Esq., lately appointed by the King of the Sandwich Islands, Attorney-General of that Kingdom, is a young American lawyer, who joined the Oregon expedition which left St. Louis two years since, he arrived there poor and friendless, and passed on to the Sandwich Islands, and received the appointment with a handsome salary.

It is stated that Prince Louis Napoleon, nephew to the great Emperor, who is confirmed as a State prisoner in the castle of Ham, has been offered his liberty, provided he would pledge his honor never to disturb the existing government of France:—but he declines to receive his freedom on such conditions.

TWO MEN KILLED IN SANFORD.—We learn from Sanford, that on Monday last, Mr Isiah Gowen and Mr Aaron Jellison, were killed, near Gowen's Mill, by the falling in of a bank, under which they were at work. Jellison was dead when taken out, the handle of his shovel having passed entirely through his body. Gowen lived about one hour. The latter leaves a wife and one child, the other, two children. —*Strafford Transcript.*

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, March 19, 1846.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.—This body has now been in session a period of ten weeks, and if we may be permitted to conjecture, six weeks more will pass before its adjournment. What our Representatives *have* accomplished for the past ten weeks is about as difficult to tell as what they will accomplish in the future. We would not like to be charged with fault finding, but we must say that we cannot discover that our State has been essentially benefitted by its labors. We are not aware of the passage of any measures of public utility. A single Railroad may have been chartered, that never will be built, or some soap bubble blown up for the beauty of its colors, to explode with the breath that gave it being. It does seem to us that ten weeks is sufficient time to accomplish much good, by so able a body as our Legislature should be presumed to be. If railroads are to be chartered, ten weeks is time enough to charter one for every valley, and in every direction in the Commonwealth—if Banks are to be chartered, ten weeks should locate them in every village in the State—if Corporations are to be chartered, ten weeks is time enough to incorporate a Manufactory on every ripple from the Merrimack to the Housatonic—if insolvent laws are to be modified—if capital punishment is to be inflicted, or if counties are to be allowed for crime, ten weeks is sufficient time for these things.

There is great danger of legislating too much—there is none in legislating too little. What farmer, what mechanic, what citizen, what professional man, in the Commonwealth is there that will say that more than a fifth part of the time from one year to another is necessary to legislate for the benefit of the State.

We fear that Representatives forget their obligations to their constituents;—they either reflect that they are mere servants with certain duties to perform, and then to deliver up their trusts. Let our legislators study economy in legislating, let them perform what they have to do with fidelity, and cause for complaint will be done away.

THANK YOU.—From the hands of a friend we received a bundle tied up with neatness, which he said was from a lady. Various were the conjectures as to the nature and the contents of the package. On opening it we found some of the very best of selections for our paper, some of which grace the columns of this week's Sentinel, and which we intend so to do from week to week. Did we know the young lady, we should have no hesitancy in installing her Editress of the Female Department. We return her our most sincere thanks, hoping that we shall soon have the pleasure of presenting our readers with an original production from her gifted mind.

FARE REDUCED.—We understand that at the commencement of the summer arrangment on this road, which will be as soon as the River navigation opens, the fare between Boston and Albany is to be fixed at $5; from Springfield to Boston or to Albany, $2,75; other way fares, 3 cts. per mile. That will reduce the fare from Palmer to Boston to $ 2,50.

THE TOWN HOUSE—is going ahead.—The building Committee have advertised that they will receive sealed proposals of any person for what they will build the Town House for, and furnish the materials for the same, until Monday, March 23d, when they will be at John Allen's Hotel, at 4 o'clock P. M.

For the Palmer Sentinel

Oregon.

NUMBER VII.

Reply to Quadra's Letter—Indian Lands Deeded to Spain—The Spanish Colony.

In the preceding article, (No. VI.) a statement was given of the circumstances relative to the seizure of certain vessels, belonging to an association of merchants at Macao. It will be recollected, they were seized at Nootka, in a Spanish harbor, on account of insults offered the Spanish flag and the commandant at that port; and for a violation of the rights of Spain in an attempt to dispossess her of a part of her domain while being colonized by her subjects.

Senor Martinez acting in support of the honor and interests of his nation was justified in that transaction. Had he been a subject of Great Britain, and had the vessels belonged to Spain, that officer would have been upheld by both nations, in his faithful loyalty; and, it is believed, there would have been no Nootka Sound convention.

The following reply to Quadra's letter shows the nature of the difficulty which England seized upon, as an occasion for exacting from Spain the conditions of a treaty which she undoubtedly, hoped would give her some plausible ground for a claim to that territory.

NOOTKA SOUND, Aug. 3, 1792.

Sir—Your esteemed favor was handed to us, yesterday, requesting information relative to the transaction between the English and Spaniards in this Sound, in the year 1789, which we will do with impartiality as you requested.

On the 5th of May, 1789, when Don E. J. Martinez arrived in Friendly Cove, he found riding at anchor the Iphigenia only: the sloop Columbia being at Mahwinna, five miles up the Sound. The sloop Washington and Northwest America (schooner) were on a cruise. After the usual ceremonies of meeting were over, Don E. J. Martinez requested the papers of each vessel, and demanded why they were at anchor in Nootka Sound, alleging it belonged to his Catholic Majesty. Capt. Viana who passed as commander of the Iphigenia, answered, they had put in, being in distress, having but little provisions, and in great want of every necessary, such as cables, anchors, rigging, sails, &c.; that they were in daily expectation of the arrival of Capt. Meares from Macao to supply them, when they should depart. Captain Meares was expected to return in the same vessel he sailed in from home in the year 1788, which was under Portuguese colors, and had a Portuguese captain on board.—This vessel with the Iphigenia were said to belong to one Cravalio, a merchant at Macao, in whose name the Iphigenia's papers were made out. Seeing the Iphigenia was in such want, Martinez gave them a temporary assistance. At this time there was not the least suspicion of any misunderstanding of disturbance among us, as Don E. J. Martinez was apparently satisfied with the answers each vessel had given to his request.

However, on the 10th of May, the San Carlos, Captain Haro, arrived. The same day the American officers came to Uquot, or Friendly Cove, to welcome them in, and the next morning, the 11th of May, Don E. J. Martinez captured the Iphigenia, and his reason, as we understood, was, that, in their Portuguese instructions, they had orders to capture any English, Spanish, or Russian subjects they met on the northwest coast of America. This, at the time, seemed improbable, as she was a vessel of small force, and it was afterwards found to have been a mistake, owing to their want of a perfect knowledge of the Portuguese language. However, after the vessel was taken, the officers and seamen were divided, some on board the Princess, and some on board the San Carlos, where they were treated with all imaginable kindness and every attention paid them.

On the 24th of May the above mentioned mistake being discovered, the Iphigenia was returned again and the Portuguese flag hoisted on board her; the same day, Captain Douglas, with the Portuguese captain and seamen, repaired on board.—The Iphigenia, while in possession of the Spaniards, from being a wreck was put in complete order for sea, being calked, rigging and sails repaired, anchors and cables sent from the Princess, &c. On the 26th Don E. J. Martinez supplied them with every kind of provisions they were in need of, for which Captain Douglas gave him bills on Cravalho, the before mentioned merchant of Macao. On the 31st the Iphigenia sailed, and was saluted by the Spanish fort; and the commodore accompanied them out of the harbor, giving every assistance with boats, &c.—When Captain Douglas took his leave of the commodore, he declared he should ever entertain a sense of Don E. J. Martinez's kindness, deeming his conduct relative to the vessel no more than his duty as a king's officer. Upon the whole, we both believe the Iphigenia's being detained was of infinite service to those who were concerned in her. This must be plain to every one who will consider the situation of the vessel when the Princess arrived, and the advantages reaped from the supplies and assistance of the Spaniards. The detention, if it may be called so, could be no detriment; for, had nothing taken place, she must have remained two months longer at least, having, as has already been mentioned, put into port, being in distress; of course they could not have sailed till supplies arrived, which was not till July, as will appear in the sequel; whereas, being early fitted as above mentioned, she sailed on the coast northward of Nootka Sound, and there being no other vessel there, they collected upwards of seven hundred sea-otter skins; which has been often represented to us by Captain Douglas and his officers, after our arrival in China. This may suffice for the transactions relative to the Iphigenia. Before Captain Douglas sailed, he gave Don Estevan Martinez a letter to Mr Funter, master of the schooner Northwest America, telling him, from Captain Meares not arriving at the appointed time, there was great reason to fear the vessel he sailed from Nootka in had never reached China, (she being in bad condition when she sailed from this place:) therefore, as he, Mr Funter, must, on his arrival, be destitute of every necessary, he was at liberty to conduct as he thought most conducive to the interests of his employers. We shall make mention of this vessel again hereafter.

Interim, we observe your wish to be acquainted what house or establishment Mr Meares had at the time the Spaniards arrived here? We answer in a word—*none*. On the arrival of the Columbia in the year 1788, there was a house, or rather a hut, consisting of rough posts covered with boards made by the Indians; but this Captain Douglas pulled to pieces prior to his sailing for the Sandwich Islands the same year. The boards he took on the Iphigenia, and the roof he gave to Captain Kendrick, which was cut up and used as firewood on board the Columbia; so that, on the arrival of Don Estevan J. Martinez, there was no vestige of any house remaining. As to the land Mr Meares said he purchased of Maquinna or any other chief, we cannot say further than we never heard of any; although we remained among these people nine months, and could converse with them perfectly well. Besides this, we have asked Maquinna and other chiefs, since our late arrival, if Captain Meares ever purchased any land in Nootka Sound; they answered—*no*, that Captain Kendrick was the only man to whom they had ever sold any land.

On the 8th of June the schooner Northwest America arrived, and the next day the Spaniards took possession of her.—Don E. J. Martinez had an account taken of the property on board, particularly of the skins, which he said should be given to the officers and seamen, that they might be sure of their wages. On the 16th of June the sloop Princess Royal arrived from Macao, commanded by Thomas Hudson; this vessel brought accounts of the safe arrival of Captain Meares, and that Captain Colnett was coming on the coast, commodore of the English trading-vessels from Macao, for the ensuing season, in a snow named the Argonaut. Mr Hudson likewise brought accounts of the failure of Juan Cravallia & Co., merchants of Macao before mentioned. What right the Commodore had to detain the Northwest America before, it is not for us to say; but he always said it was an agreement between Captain Douglas and himself; but, after the arrival of this vessel with the above news, he held her as security for the bills of exchange drawn on said Cravalho & Co., in favor of his Catholic Majesty: this we have heard him say. On the 2d of July the Princess Royal sailed out of the port, having, to our knowledge, been treated by the commodore and his officers with every possible attention, which Captain Hudson himself seemed conscious of and grateful for. Prior to this vessel's sailing, the commodore gave to Mr Funter all the skins he brought in, in the Northwest America, which were shipped on board the sloop Princess Royal by Mr Funter, for his own account. In the evening of the 2d a sail was descried from the Spanish fort; we were among the first that went out to meet them; it proved to be the Argonaut, Captain Colnett, before mentioned.

It seems Capt. Meares, with some other merchant sat Macao, had concluded to build a fort and settle a colony at Nootka Sound, from what authority we cannot say. However, on the arrival of the Argonaut, we heard Capt. Colnett inform the Spanish commandant, he had come for that purpose, and to hoist the British flag, take formal possession, &c., to which the commandant answered he had *taken possession already in the name of his Catholic Majesty*; on which, Colnett asked, if he would be prevented from building a house in the port. The answer was, he was at liberty to erect a *tent* and get wood and water, &c.; after which he was at liberty to depart when he pleased; but Capt. Colnett said that was not what he wanted; but to build a block-house, erect a fort, and settle a colony for the Crown of Great Britain. Don E. J. Martinez answered no: to do that would violate the orders of his king; and it would be relinquishing the Spaniards' claim to the coast; besides, the vessels did not belong to the king, (of England) nor was he intrusted with powers to transact such public business. In conversing upon the subject, after the arrival of the vessel in port, it seems, Capt. Colnett *insulted* the commandant by threatening him, and *drew his sword* in the Princess's cabin; on which the commandant ordered the vessel to be seized. After seizing the Argonaut, the sloop Princess Royal arrived the second time; and as she belonged to the same company, the commandant took possession of her also. With respect to the prisoners, they were treated kindly; and the officers, consistent with the character of gentlemen.—You ask, if we carried the captain, officers and seamen of the Northwest America to China? We did, and with them 100 sea-otter skins, the value of which we judge, independent of freight, was $4,875; these were delivered to Mr Meares. * * * * While speaking of others of your nation, we can never be unmindful of you; your kind reception and treatment of us has made an impression that will not be easily erased; and we hope you will bear in mind how very sincerely we are,

Sir, your most humble servants,
ROBERT GRAY.
JOSEPH INGRAHAM.

To Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega Y. Quadra.

The commissioners Quadra and Vancouver, though they made inquiries of all persons who would be likely to know the facts, were unable to find either lands or buildings which had ever been bought by Meares or any other British subject, or had been in his or their possession. Of course the things specified in the first article of the treaty not being found there was nothing to be restored by Spain.

Seeing the British nation had been deceived by the representations of Meares in his memorial to Parliament, Vancouver now thinks it best to construe this article as meaning the cession of all the lands about Nootka and Clyoquot. Quadra very properly dissents from this construction. Satisfied there was nothing to be done, they agreed to return the business wherewith they were charged to their respective governments, and await any new orders given. On the 13th of Oct. Mr Vancouver with his squadron sails towards the south, making particular examinations of the coast as he proceeds. In a few days after, Senor Quadra sails for Monterey leaving the settlements in the care of Don Salvador Fidalgo. Previous to his departure he received for the king of Spain from the sovereign chief at Nootka, a conveyance by Deed of a large tract of that territory. This fact is stated on the 200th page of Ingraham's journal as follows—"Since the business between the commissioners terminated, Maquinna has executed to the Spaniards a deed of gift, accompanied by a declaration that he never sold any lands whatever to Mr Meares or any other person except Capt. John Kendrick whom he acknowledged to be the proprietor of lands round Mahwinna; Capt. Magee and Mr Howell witnessed this deed and declaration." Kendrick refers to it, in his letter to Mr Jefferson, at the head of the State Department. He says—"but it cannot be amiss to transmit them to you, to remain in the office of the Department of State.—My claim to these territories has been allowed by the Spanish Crown, for the purchases I made at Nootka were expressly excepted in a deed of conveyance of the lands adjacent to and surrounding Nootka Sound, executed in September last, to El Senor Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, on behalf of his Catholic Majesty, by Maquinnah, and the other chiefs of his tribe, to whom those lands belonged."

In the beginning of 1794, Fidalgo left, and the government of the colony at Nootka came under Colonel Alava, who the first of March, 1795, received a royal order to *abandon* the place. Accordingly the Spaniards collecting their effects and stores took their final departure from that territory. It does not appear on record that any part of "the coast or its adjacent islands," were ever surrendered to Great Britain, or that any "buildings or tracts of land" had been occupied by British subjects, and consequently, none had been restored to them, agreeable to the treaty of 1790. One thing more, and I have stated all the facts relative to the discoveries, surveys and settlements made by Spaniards on the shores of Oregon. John R. Jewett one of the survivors of the ship Boston, destroyed by the natives at Nootka, who left there in 1803, speaking of the settlement, says, "the foundations of the church and the governor's house are still to be seen, and the European plants continue to be self-propogated."

HALL J. KELLEY.

Munn, of the Hampden Statesman discourseth as follows:—

"LIVING IN CLOVER.—The editors of the Palmer Sentinel are faring sumptuously, (Heaven bless the ladies) if we may judge by the following paragraph from his last number:

"THAT CAKE.—We acknowledge the receipt of some *the* best cake we ever tasted. Mrs. MORGAN will please to accept our sincere thanks for this manifestation of her good will."

We presume the Mrs MORGAN spoken of is the lady of Mr F. MORGAN, who is the proprietor of the best farm in Western Massachusetts. We will vouch for the excellence of the cake if it came from the hands of that much respected lady."

You have presumed right this time, Brother Munn. But call down some time, personally, and we will show you the whole-souled Ladies of Palmer.

☞ **We understand that the Magnetic Telegraph between Springfield and Boston will be in operation soon, probably by the first of next week.**

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

A crazy man escaped from his keepers one Sunday morning, and seeing the people going into a church he followed them and went into the gallery. The leader of the choir arose and began a piece of music in which the people present immediately joined him. The madman leaped over the benches until he reached the chorister, and striking him on each side of the face, shouted out—"Fool! fool, if you had held your tongue we should not have been stunned by this uproar."

A worthy old sea captain of our acquaintance once took on board a large number of passengers at a port in the Emerald Isle to bring to this country. On approaching our coast he as usual, sounded, but found no bottom.

"And did ye strike the ground, Captain," inquired one of the Irishmen.

"No," was the reply.

"And will ye be so good as to tell us," rejoined Pat, "how near we came to it."

They put tar in all the grease imported into England to prevent the poor laborers from eating it in lieu of butter, with their bread.

In Maine State Prison are 69 convicts. All but seventeen committed their crime under the influence of rum.

Benjamin Franklin says—"Printer's accounts, though small, are a very good index of character. Let me look over my books and I can tell you the character of every person whose name is there.

The Texas Bible Society has resolved to supply every family in the state with a copy of the Scriptures, and $1000 worth of Bibles have been already received for that purpose.

The Auctioneers of Boston pay about fifty thousand dollars annually for their licenses.

A well told story is going the rounds, in which a handsome man describes his sufferings during some Easter frolics, while nearly smothered and kissed to death, by six robust, red cheeked, hungry mouthed damsels. We have not room for the interesting particulars.

When the sacrifice which you request a friend to make is greater than the benefit you obtained thereby, your demand is uncourteous.

Let us substitute friendship for hatred, and benevolence for selfishness.

As men govern the world, and women govern the men, all the responsibility of intemperance rests on the ladies. It's too bad, but can't be helped.

Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it.

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial, it approaches in clear weather, but vanishes as soon as it is cloudy.

We recollect in our younger days, to have heard a country parson, while preaching from the text "the wages of sin is death" address his audience something in the following manner:—

"Beloved brethren, the Scriptures tell us that the wages of sin is death. Now my advice is, that you leave off sinning, and strike for higher pay."

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed attend to the cultivation of the mind.

He that scoffs at the crooked should stand upright himself.

Molasses words will sweeten wrathful countenances, while vinegar expressions will make angry feelings sourer.

Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms, the Church is out of temper when charity is cold and zeal is hot.

The highwayman demands your money *or* your life. The rumseller demands your money *and* your life.

Guilt upon the conscience will make a feather bed hard; but peace of mind will make a straw bed soft and easy.

He is a wise man who learns from every one; he is powerful who governs his passions: and he is rich who is contented.

Wit is brushwood—judgment is timber—the first makes the brightest flame, but the latter, gives the most lasting heat.

The Territory of Oregon is seven times as large as the State of New York.

The French ladies are adopting masculine habits in earnest. To see them with high-heeled boots, a segar in mouth, and cane in hand, creates no surprise in Paris.

The Austrian government have adopted Morse's American Magnetic Telegraph, in preference to the English and French imitation.

Foster, the editor of the Pittsburgh Dispatch, says, "We will never consent to conduct a political paper while there is coal to be heaved into the cellars."

"I wish you would not smoke cigars," said a plump little black-eyed girl to her lover. "Why not I smoke, as well as your chimney?" "Because chimnies don't smoke when they are in good order." He has quit smoking.

Soft water is selling at two cents per qt in Boston.

Massachusetts Legislature.

Monday, March 9.

In the Senate, Mr Kimball, from the committee on public lands, submitted a detailed report, together with a resolve concerning the fifth article under the treaty of Washington.

The other business related to the *usual* business of the Massachusetts Senators—to wit, *corporations*.

In the House the resolve granting $2750 to the town of Hadley, to build dykes to prevent itself against the freshets of Connecticut river, was opposed, by Mr Leonard of Mannsfield, on the ground that the town was as well able to protect itself as any other town in the State. Mr Gridley, of Amherst, was for the grant, as was Mr Morton of Hadley, and Mr Hartwell, of Montague. Mr Whitney, of Stow, moved an amendment to appropriate $1750. This was opposed by Mr Morton, of Hadley, who stated that one year it cost that town $1600 to repair the damages of the freshets, besides individual losses. The amendment was rejected, and the bill passed to be engrossed.

Tuesday March 10.

The Senate was principally occupied with corporation business.

In the House petitions were presented, praying that Massachusetts secede from the Union and call a Convention for the formation of a new Union.

Wednesday March 11.

The Senate was occupied as usual.

In the House the bill reported by the probate and chancery committee, concerning the sale of trust estates and other remedies in equity was discussed very fully. Messrs. Crownshield of Boston, Barton of Worcester, Wales of Boston, occupied the floor until near 2 o'clock, when the subject was laid on the table.

Thursday, March 12.

In the Senate the bill to establish the city of Roxbury, was passed to be enacted in concurrence.

The House bill to incorporate the town of Ashland passed to be engrossed.

A committee was appointed to consider the expediency of doing away the distinction between written and spoken slander.

In the House another disorganizing petition from several citizens of West Brookfield, for the secession of Massachusetts was presented and laid on the table.

The committee on roads and bridges reported a bill reviewing the charter of the Hancock Free Bridge Corporation, from Cambridgeport to Boston.

Friday, March 13.

In the Senate a detailed report was made on so much of his excellency the Governor's Address as relates to the tariff and protection, accompanied by a resolve on the subject.

In the House the bill was discussed concerning the scale of trust estates and other remedies in equity.

Saturday, March 14.

The Senate was occupied with private bills and corporations.

In the House the discussion on the bill concerning remedies in equity was bro't up again, Mr Chandler of Boston occupying the floor. He spoke for about an hour in favor of the bill, and gave Mr Wales of Boston a very severe flaggelation. Judge Barton of Worcester, (who reported the bill) followed, and in a clear argument showed the advantages of an Equity Court. Mr Smith, of Hancock, spoke for a few minutes against the bill, and detailed a case he had in the Equity Court of New York.

When the House adjourned the matter was not settled, and will come up again on Monday.

Congress.

Monday, March 2.

In the Senate, the reading of Thursday's journal had been hardly concluded, when Mr Colquitt of Georgia, rose with a copy of the Washington Times in his hand, and great and angry excitement in his eyes.—He called the attention of the Senate to an article which had appeared in that paper on Thursday last, which he said could not be permitted to pass without notice. He then went on to denounce the editor as a "scoundrel," "slanderer," &c. &c., exhausting his theological vocabulary of denunciatory epistles.

The House after receiving a few petitions and memorials, went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and passed the day in the discussion of the river and harbor bill.

Tuesday, March 10.

In the Senate Mr Evans then continued his speech. He reviewed the course of his argument yesterday and then proceeded to argue it farther.

When he had concluded the Senate went into a secret session.

The House was occupied on the Harbor and River bill.

Wednesday, March 11.

In the Senate Mr Reverdy Johnson of Md., spoke on the Oregon question. He argued that we had not a clear title up to 54 40, and insisted that Mr Polk was bound to enter into a compromise on 49, if the British government should offer it.

The House debated the River and Harbor bill.

Thursday, March 12.

In the Senate resolutions were passed to make an investigation concerning the article published in the Washington Daily Times, upon which the Rev. Mr Colquitt had on the Monday before, expatiated in terms so mild, passionless, and christian-like! After a select committee had been appointed for this *famous* purpose, Mr Atchison delivered an excellent speech in favor of the exclusive claim of the United States to Oregon.

Mr Calhoun took the floor for Monday, to which day the Senate adjourned.

The House was occupied with the River and Harbor Bill. Among other speeches made upon that bill to-day, was one by Mr Winthrop.

Friday, March 13.

The Senate did not sit to-day.

In the House the debate upon the River and Harbor appropriation Bill was continued.

Saturday, March 14.

The Senate did not sit to-day.

In the House the River and Harbor Appropriation bill was discussed by Mr Houston, of Delaware, Mr Baker of Illinois, Mr Bailey, of Va. and Mr Stewart, of Pa. On Tuesday the question is to be taken on each item of the Bill separately,—to prevent log-rolling.

A Proclamation,

For a Day of Public Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer.

By and with the advice and consent of the Council, I appoint THURSDAY, THE SECOND DAY OF APRIL NEXT, to be observed by the People of this Commonwealth, as a day of Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer.

Let not this pious custom of our worthy ancestors be regarded by their favored descendants as a mere religious formality.

I recommend to the people, of all denominations to cease from the cares of business and the pursuits of pleasure, to assemble in their places of public worship, and render to the Supreme Ruler of the world, the homage of contrite and grateful hearts.

His past mercies to us have been very great. We have been ungrateful and disobedient.

Let us, on that occasion, humble ourselves before Him, and, for our individual and public sins, invoke his pardoning Grace, "through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Let us entreat Him to continue to us "His loving kindness:"

So to order the seasons, that sunshine and showers, seed-time and harvest, shall gladden the labors of the husbandman, and cause the Earth to yield her increase for the benefit of Man:

To smile propitiously on all the lawful pursuits of business, and bless us in the workshop and in the field, in the city and in the country, on the land and on the sea:

To give stability and vigor to all the institutions of society, designed to ameliorate the condition and elevate the character of its members:

To increase in the public mind the love of order, truth and justice, and to stimulate the public heart to deeds of charity and good will:

To remember in His good providence the widow and the fatherless, the poor and the down-trodden.

Let us pray that He would inspire the people of this great family of States with a reverence for the common constitution of this Republic, and with an honest intention to observe its mandates:

That He would dispose this, and all other nations, to preserve peace and to cultivate a good understanding with each other; and that, in His infinite goodness, He would save us and them from the cruelties and curse of war:

That while He is pouring upon us a profusion of temporal mercies, He would awaken within us a concern for our future destiny, and bestow upon us those spiritual blessings, in comparison with which, all the possessions of Earth are as dust and ashes:

Finally, that He would hasten the time, when the glorious Gospel of His Son shall be diffused over the whole Earth, and all men shall be His humble and peaceful followers.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this second day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, and of the Independence of the United States the seventieth.

GEORGE N. BRIGGS.

By His Excellency the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Council.

JOHN G. PALFREY, Sec'y.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

☞ A few weeks since we gave our readers the rules to be observed on entering a *Printer's* office. We now give the rules to be observed on entering the *Editor's* Office:

Sit down quickly.
Don't touch the poker.
Say nothing interesting.
Engage in no controversy.
Keep six feet from his table.
Eyes off his manuscript.
Hands off of his papers.
Don't smoke.
If he is a decent man, he will put what papers he does not wish within your reach—them pore over to your heart's content.

Accident.—A little girl in New Orleans, was lately crushed to death by a hogshead of sugar, which a drayman had just rolled from his dray in great haste.

Fire.—On the night of the 10th instant in Springfield, an old wooden building standing on the corner of Main and Water streets, was entirely consumed by fire, is supposed to be the work of an incendiary without doubt.

☞ The subject of issuing gold dollars from the U. S. Mint, has been introduced in Congress, and there appears little doubt that a bill for this purpose will be passed during the present session. They will be a trifle smaller than our ten cent pieces. We hope Congress will act wisely, and pass a bill for this purpose.

Attempted Assassination.—The N. Y. True Sun says M. Vivien, a Frenchman, lately tried to assassinate Mr Ralph Lockwood, at the residence of his wife, from whom he had separated. He fired twice at Mr Lockwood with a pistol; the first ball passed harmlessly by, but the second struck him on the side of the shoulder and glanced by his throat, happily without endangering his life. He was immediately arrested and locked up to answer for this horrid deed.

☞ The Boston Times says a new foundry is about to be established at South Boston, by Cyrus Alger and others, for the manufacture of iron, steel, and copper articles. It is to be the most extensive foundry in Boston, and starts with a capital of $200,000. 150 hands are to be employed, a part of whom will be in Dorchester, where there will be a branch for the purpose of smelting ore, &c.

New Hampshire Election came off last Tuesday. The victorious party won the laurels; which *political* party that is, is yet to be decided. But from all accounts we should judge the Whig party were in the ascendancy, and that probably Cushing (whig) will be elected to the gubernatorial chair.

Ladies wishing anything done in the Millinery or Dress-Making line, would do well to call on Miss Needham, who has located herself over D. F. McGilvray & Co.'s Store. See Advertisement.

Counterfeit half dollars are in circulation. The edge is entirely smooth, without lettering or fluting. Watch close.

Answer to the Enigma in our last, is, "Palmer Sentinel." Answered by G. S. R., Wales; W. W., Monson; A. C. K. and M. W. F., Palmer Depot. P. H. T., Hollis, N. H., was received just as we went to press. We will do *that*.

Brighton Market.—*Monday, Mar. 16*

[Reported for the Daily Advertiser]

At Market, 730 Beef Cattle, 25 pairs Working Oxen, 150 Cows and Calves, 1100 Sheep, and 1500 Swine. 375 Beef Cattle, 600 Sheep and 300 Swine unsold at the close of the market.

Prices—Beef Cattle—Prices have declined; we noticed 5 Cattle only sold for $6. We quote extra $7 5; first quality $5 25 a $5 50;—second $4 75 a $5; third $4 a $4 50.

Working Oxen—We noticed sales at $55, $60, $70 and $80.

Cows and Calves—Sales were made at $28, $37, $39 and $46.

Sheep—Sales were made at $3, $3 50 a $4 each and one at $5.

Swine—A few lots were sold to peddlers, at retail at 5c for Sows, and for Barrows; large Sows 4 3-4. At retail 4 1-2 and 5 1-2c.

From the Massachusetts Ploughman.

[Retail Prices Inside Quincy Market]

PROVISIONS.

Butter, lump,	20 a 22	Wood, per lb	7 1-2 a 7
do tub, lb	17 a 20	Lard, best lb	8 1-2 a 9
Cheese, new milk, lb	8 a 10	Do. Western, keg, new lb	6 1-2 a 7
do 1 meal	4 a 6	Veal, lb	6 a 12
Eggs, dozen	20 a 22	Calves, whole	3 a 4
Beef, fresh, lb	6 a 12	Lamb, do	4 a
do salted, lb	6 a 7	Mutton, do	4 a 12 1-2
do smoked	8 a 9	Sheep, whole	5 a 6
Hogs, whole	5 a 5 3-4	Chickens, lb	10 a 14
Pork, fresh	8 a 10	Turkeys, lb	10 a 14
do salted	7 1-2 a 8	Pigeons, doz	
Boston Hams, per lb	9 1-2 a 10	Geese, Mon.	100 a 125

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, bbl. bushel	a	Turnips, bush	30
Potatoes, pk	25 a	Beets, bush	a
Cabbages, dozen	75 a 1 25	Beans, "	1 75 a 2 00
Squashes, lb	3 a 4	Parsley, bar	a

FRUIT.

Quinces, none		Apples, bush	1 00 a 1 50
Cranberries,	3 50 a 4 00	Pears, bush	
Chestnuts,	1 50 a 2 00	Apples, (dried)	a
Shellbarks,	1 37 a 1 62	Oranges, box	2 00 a 2 25
Grapes, Hamburg, lb		Lemons, box	2 25 a 2 50
		Figs, lb	10 a 12

BEEF, PORK, LARD, &c.

[Wholesale Prices Inside Quincy Market.]

Mess Beef, bbl		Ohio Mess	13 00 a 13 50
cash price	9 00 a 9 50	do Prime,	11 00 a
Navy mess,	8 00 a	Boston Hams,	
No 1 do	7 50 a	in barrels	8 1-2 a
Pork, Boston ex cl bbl	a 16 00	Ohio do do	a 8 1-2
Ohio ex cl	14 a 14 50	Boston Hams,	a 9
do clear	14 50 a 15 00	Tongues, bbl	19 00 a 20 00

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS.

Lump, 100 lbs	20 a 24	Cheese, best, pr ton	8 a 8 1-2
Tub, best, ton	15 a 20	Common, do	5 a
Shipping do pr ton	14 a 17	Eggs, 100 doz	20 a 22

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

Apples, bbl	2 75a3 25	bunches,	2 50a3 00
Beets, bbl	1 00a1 25	Pickles, bbl	4 00a5 00
Carrots, bbl	1 00a1 25	Peppers, bbl	3 00a4 00
Potatoes, bbl	1 50a1 75	Mangoes, bbl	8 00a10 00
Onions, 100			

LEATHER.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Phil best, lb	20a22	N Y red, P't	14a15
Do country,	29a30	Do do he'vy	13a14
Balt. city tan	20a21	East. sligh't	14a15
Do dry hide	17a18	Do dry hide	12a14

HIDES.—[Wholesale Prices.]

B Ayres, dry hide, lb	18a18 1-2	African,	10a10
Pernam. d.s	21-2a9 1-2	Calcutta cow, g. salted	90a1 10
Rio Grande	12a15	Do dry	40a70
W. Indian	9 1-2a10		

WOOL.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Saxony fl. lb	38a40	Com. to 1-4 do	27a25
Do prime	40a41	Lambs, sup.	35a38
Do lambs	a	Do 1st qual.	27a30
Am. full bl'd	37a38	Do 2d qual.	18a20
Do half blood	30a31	Do 3d qual.	14a17

LIME.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Thomaston, per cask	85a90	L'Etang, St. Geo. co wl	a

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

MARRIAGES.

In Monson, on the 15th inst. by Austin Fiske, Esq. Mr Jeremiah Haynes to Miss Hannah Wright, both of Monson.

In Hartford, March 11, by A. Cushman, Esq. Mr Moses Mason, N. Y. to Miss Mary Ann Ayer.

DEATHS.

In Belchertown, March 10, Capt. Lemuel Cowles, last child of Mr George C. Smith, aged 2 months and 3 days.

In Enfield, March 1, Eliza Lucina, youngest daughter of Mr Aaron Woods, aged 4.

In Londonderry, N. H. Feb. 19, Mr Robert Morrison, aged 71 years, a soldier of the Revolution.

M. A. NEEDHAM,

HAVING [illegible] with D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.'S Establishment for

Millinery & Dressmaking,

would respectfully solicit the share of patronage from the Ladies. All work done in the

LATEST STYLE,

and best manner. Particular attention paid to dressing ladies' hair. Shop

Miss N. begs leave to refer to her former employers in Palmer for satisfaction as to taste and prices.

Palmer, August, March 13, 1846. 10tf

Goods! Goods!!

JUST received at the Depot store a large and well assorted stock of

Dry Goods!

To our stock of Carpetings, we would call the attention of all wishing to purchase, as we have a large assortment, and can sell cheaper than can be bought at any other store in town.

The above goods have all been contracted for and purchased previous to the late rise in prices, and will be sold accordingly.

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

Palmer Depot, March 16, 1846.

To Let.

THE [illegible] Store, formerly occupied by Mr Geo. Converse, and the Dwelling House adjoining, recently occupied by Mr Geo. Converse, and the Shop and

POETRY.

Jonathan's Visit to a Printing Office.

Did you ever go down to the printers,
And see all them devils at work?
I declare it beats all to flinters
Mother's fuss when we kill our pork.

Them fellers, they stand right up straight,
And pick up little pieces of lead,
Stuck in little cubby holes, thicker I'll bate,
Than seeds in our big parsnip bed.

Then they keep such a ducking and bobbing
And winking like Patty's old drake
When he's gobbling up corn, or a robin
That stands on one leg on a stake.

Then they've got too, a cast iron press,
It beats father's for cider and cheese;
'Tis tarnation hard work I should guess,
And it gives a confounded tight squeeze.

There's a thundering great roller, I swow,
They keep pushing, the Lord knows for what,
And the papers would cover our mow,
Such a whopping big heap they have got.

I'd no notion, I vum, 'twas such tarnal
Hard work to print papers and books,
But mean to subscribe for a journal,
And go home and tell all the folks.

From the Republican.

To Adaline.

Never may a shadow rest
On that sunny brow;
Never in that guileless breast
Grief and anguish flow.

Never may the rose-hue pale
On that rounded cheek;
Never may those dark eyes fail
Love's own words to speak.

Never o'er thy youthful head
Rose one threat'ning cloud;
Never the path thy footsteps tread
Gloom and darkness crowd.

Never, sister, may the light
Of *thy* hopes pass away—
Sinking to that cheerless night
That knows no rising day.

D E G.

For The Sentinel.

Enigma.

I am a word composed of 8 letters.
My 6, 7, 8, is a word in the 13th chapter of Matthew;
My 3, 6, 4, 5, is an important article in a house;
My 2, 3, 8, is an animal found in Africa;
My 5, 6, 7, 8, you will find in raising the 8 notes;
My 8, 7, 6, 4, was a man that lived nine hundred and five years;
My 4, 6, 1, 8, we all wear on our feet:
My 3, 4, are the two first letters of my name.

My whole I should like to use in making a pair of fine boots, for the editor of the Palmer Sentinel. P. S.

☞ An answer is requested.

HUMOROUS.

A witty rogue coming into a lace-shop, said, he had occasion for some lace; choice whereof being showed him, he at last pitched upon one pattern, asked them, how much they would have for so much as would reach from ear to ear, for so much he had occasion for. They told him for so much; so some few words passing between them, he at last agreed, and told down his money for it, and began to measure on his own head, thus saying; "One ear is here, and the other is nailed to the pillory in Bristol, and I fear you have not so much of this lace by you at present as will perfect my bargain: therefore this piece of lace shall suffice at present in part of payment, and provide the rest with all expedition."

Sunday Training.—O, mother! mother!! mother!!! *see the trainer-ladies!*" cried a little girl as she saw the people returning from church last Sabbath. A better commentary on the fashions of the day could not be given—feathers, red scarfs, bright buttons, concealed cartridge-boxes (a recent improvement) and other stuffings and fixings, with a plenty of *small arms*. It was a most natural mistake.

Watching the Wires.—Tom.—Hallo! Ned! What on airth are you standin' here for?

Ned.—Don't interrupt me, Tom, keep quiet, and just plant your peepers on them are wires.

Tom.—What's the sense o' that, Ned?

Ned.—Why, don't you know they've got that lightnin' express agoin tew day?

Tom.—No! have they though?

Ned.—Sartin! and for tew blessed hours I've stood here, expectin' every minute tew *see a letter go by!*

☞ A lady has been arrested in Cincinnati, for the very unladylike act of breaking her husband's head with an iron pot-lid.

A take in.—A nice young man, good looking and of course acceptable to the damsels, made up numerous acquaintances with ladies, at a fair in Cincinnati—ending his gallantries by becoming escort to several of the fair ones to their homes. The next day they had the satisfaction to learn that their new friend was in jail, for stealing a gold pencil.

The article was found on his person.—The ladies must have felt about nice.

The first newspaper printed in North America, was issued at Boston, in April, 1704.

AGRICULTURAL.

Maple Sugar.

Almost every farmer has his own way of making maple sugar, is apt to consider his way the best; still the fact that nine tenths of the sugar manufactured is so impure as to color tea, it is a very bad comment upon the usual mode of manufacture—especially bad, when it is remembered that pure maple sugar varies in no respects from the sugar of the South, and made as clean and white as the best of the sugar of the sugar of the Indies. Cleanliness is the main thing required. To secure this sap should be carefully strained; the kettles should be scoured perfectly clean and bright, with vinegar and sand; and the syrup should be poured from the kettles into clean wooden vessels as soon as boiled to the proper consistency—because if suffered to remain in metal vessels, it will become discolored and thus color the sugar. Sap and syrup should never be put into the kettles when sour, as the acid will unite with the oxide of the metal, and it forms an active poison if copper vessels are used. To correct the acid or prevent it, add one ounce of clear lime water to every gallon of sap; measuring the lime water in an ounce vial. E. W. Clark, of Oswego, N. Y., gives a process as follows:—

"When the syrup is reduced to a consistency of West India Molasses, I set it away till it is perfectly cold, and then mix with it the clarifying matter, which is milk or eggs. I prefer eggs to milk, because when heated, the whole of it curdles, whereas milk produces only a small portion of curds. The eggs should be well beaten, and effectually mixed with the syrup while cold. The syrup should then be heated until just before it would boil, when the curd rises, bringing with it every impurity, even the coloring matter, or a great portion of it, which it had received from the smoke, kettles, buckets, or reservoirs. The boiling should be checked, and the scum carefully removed, when the syrup should be slowly turned into a thick woolen strainer, and left to run through at its leisure. I would remark that a great proportion of the sugar that is made in our country is not strained after cleansing. This is an error. If examined in a wine glass innumerable minute and almost imperceptible particles of curd will be seen floating in it, which if not removed, render it liable to burn and otherwise injure the taste and color of it.

A flannel strainer does this much better than a linen one. It is indeed indispensable. As to the quantity of eggs necessary, one pint to a pailful of syrup is amply sufficient, and half as much will do very well. I now put my syrup into another kettle, which has been made perfectly clean and bright, when it is placed over a quick solid fire, and soon rises, but is kept from overflowing by being ladled with a long dipper. When it is sufficiently reduced, (I ascertain this by dropping it from the point of a knife, while hot into an inch of cold water—if done, it will not immediately mix with the water, but lies at the bottom in a round flat drop,) it is taken from the fire, and the foaming allowed to subside. A thick white scum which is unusable is removed and the sugar turned into a cask, placed on an inclined platform, and left undisturbed for six weeks or longer, when it should be tapped in the bottom and the molasses drawn off. It will drain perfectly dry in a few days.

The sugar made in this way is very nearly as white as lime sugar, and beautifully grained. We have always sold ours at the highest price of Muscovadoes; and when these sugars have sold at eighteen cents, ours found a ready market at twenty. Two hands will sugar off 250 lbs. in a day. From the scum taken off in cleansing, I usually make by diluting and re-cleansing, one-sixth as much, as I had it at first, and of an equal quality."

The Very Critter.—An honest farmer, who had fattened his pockets nicely, by the sale of his fat poultry, reproduced an old joke, at a hotel, on Wednesday, in a manner as rich as it was innocent. He had reached the time for dumplins, and three lusty ones sat smoking, like fat Dutchmen, on his plate. He wanted the sauce, but the name did not come to his memory, just at that instant. At last, hastily catching a waiter by the apron, he whispered in his ear—"Look here, Mister, I want some of that are truck, that you *waller your dumplins in* afore you eat 'em." The waiter broke his apron string with laughter, before he did the favor asked, much to the wonder of the honest lover of dumplin "truck."

Peas and Beans.—Most people are fond of these vegetables, and would doubtless be pleased to have them on the table, occasionally, the whole year round. They are not however, aware that this is practicable; yet it is a well known fact that they may be preserved through the winter as sweet and succulent as when picked from the vines. This is accomplished by plucking them when green, and putting them in vessels filled with a weak solution of sugar, and boiling moderately for ten or twelve minutes, and removing them to an oven moderately warm, where they should remain till perfectly dry. They are then to be bottled, and corked tight. In this way they may be preserved for any length of time, and served up as fresh and sweet in mid-winter, or early spring, as when first taken from the vines.—*Me. Cult.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

To the Girls.

Habits of neatness, cleanliness and order are indispensable to a female, if she have any regard to the comfort of others, or to her own. You are designed not only to extend the comforts of domestic life, but to be its principal ornaments; an attention therefore to dress is very necessary. How many females run into the error of thinking that to dress finely is to dress well—when the two things are as different as possible; for the one excites attention, the other avoids it.

A lady who knew this distinction, ordered a cap from the milliner.

"How will you have it made madam?"—inquired the milliner.

"Make it," replied the lady, so that it will not excite a thought."

This is the best definition of what dress should be that I ever heard in my life. Be then neat and cleanly in your dress, and borrow a lesson of instruction from this lady.

Sad it is to see a female walking out with a hole in her stockings, her stays visible behind through the opening of her frock or gown, and her under-garment seen through her pocket holes. These things are not as they should be; avoid them, my girls; they are bad habits, and will never answer.

An orderly person shows her love of regularity in all things, and can lay her hand on any article she wants; a disorderly person knows not, and if she finds it frequently it is not in a state fit for use.

An orderly person has but little to do; while a disorderly one has ten times the trouble of the other, without possessing one half her advantages. I knew one who was the spirit of order. She learned the spirit of order in her youth, and practiced it in her riper years. The house in which she resided was a pattern of propriety, and her wardrobe a picture to gaze upon.—But, O, it is terrible to peep into a drawer that is crammed, without order, with clean frocks and dirty handkerchiefs, new gloves and old silk stockings, ribbons and curl papers, bodices and boot laces, scissors and scent-boxes, patch-work and pin-cushion! What a shocking exhibition of disorder and bad habits is here.

One glance at a room is enough to convince us whether it be under the care of an orderly person.

I have frequently known the kitchen of a servant more orderly than the drawing-room of her mistress, and the dormitory of an old woman in an alms-house, kept far more cleanly and methodical, than the bed chamber of a young lady. Be orderly, my dear girls, be orderly.

Yankee Doodle.

A late number of the Knickerbocker contains some amusing adventures of Yankee Doodle. The followidg is a pretty fair illustration of the adventurous and wandering character of the hardy sons of New England. Speaking of the wonderful ubiquity of the true Yankee, the writer says—

"It is harder than a Chinese puzzle to put your finger on a bit of territory, disputed or undisputed, where the Yaukee Doodle is not. If you go to Land's End, he is there: to Mount Ararat, he is there; to Chimborazo, Himalaya, the Mountain of the Moon, or the Pyramid of the Cheops, he is there: any where, in fine, where an ark, an dove, a camel, a snake can arrive, by their several faculties; bartering and scratching his name on trees, stones and African slaves. He knows the whole map of the ancient dominions of Prester John, and every look and corner of Mozambique, and he is hand-and-glove with all the savages in the world. He has been to Ichaboe until he has scraped it perfectly clean: and if your English trader has discovered a new bank of Guano, and is getting ready to fire a gun or two and take possession of it in the name of her Majesty, imagine his concernment to discover a dozen of these fellows seventy feet deep in a guono cavern, scooping it out with their fingers, and a Bangor schooner bouncing up and down in a little cove like a duck among bulrushes. Now if you walk on the sea-shore at Bildaraxa, you'll find that you are not the first there, perhaps to your great sorrow, as Captain Jix swore violently when, in walking through the streets of Rnndown, at the very limits of the dominions of Prince Pompadello, in Africa, he heard a sharp whistler going through the tune of "Yankee Doodle," with an easy execution, and a devilish unconcern, which threw him at once into a coast fever. And just so it was with the poor soul who discovered Bimpaz, and was just uncorking a bottle of Madeira in commemoration of the event, when he saw a Yankee on a hillside, administering the cold water pledge to three natives."

A Promising Clerk.—One day last week a merchant in Milk street, Boston, ordered a clerk, seventeen or eighteen, who he had just received into his counting-room, to take off an account from the books, with all despatch. Soon hearing him *scratching* out something from the ledger, the merchants inquired what he was doing; to which he replied, that he was "*taking off* the account but his knife was so *darned dull* that it would take all the afternoon to *get it off!*"

The Young Man's Wish.

"I should like to have that man's knowledge in my head for about ten minutes, just to see how it would feel." Such was the rather quaint remark which dropped from a young man, a few days since, as he saw Mr Burritt, the learned blacksmith, step into a car where he was seated "Well," we could not help replying, "probably you could have your wish for as much as ten minutes, by going the same way to work that he did."

The young man thought a moment, and then made an evasive reply, intimating as much as that he considered that a large undertaking, for all the use he would be likely to have for so much learning—"just to see how it would feel."

That young man is a fair representative of thousands. They would like to see *how it feels* to be a learned man; but they over look the *value* of scientific attainments, and so shrink from the cost. Depend upon it, however, young friends, the treasure is worth the price and the pains, and yet in no other way can it be acquired. What say you then? Would you have a head full of useful knowledge, and a heart full of good principles? If so, aim for the prize, and set about its attainment. "The merchandize of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold." Apply yourselves—save those spare moments—give them to study—avoid those groggeries—read something worth thinking about, and think about what you read. Hold it fast—treasure it up, and—"see how it feels."

The Magnetic Telegraph.

The Magnetic Telegraph is causing great wonderment throughout the country amongst the rural population, of whom many anecdotes are told. We find the following in a country newspaper:

Last week, we are informed, a young genius from a northern town, who had been disturbed in his agricultural retirement by the vague reports of the wonderful lightning despatch, walked into the railroad house in this village, and inquired when "the telegraph would be along."—Some mischievous boys seeing a chance for sport, gravely informed him that it was about time for it, but that he would have to look sharp to see it, it went by so quick, assigned him a station on a wood pile, and directed him to fasten his eye along a direct line between two of the posts.

Our philosopher obeyed instructions, and shivering in the wind for an hour or less, with his eyes strained on vacancy, and his head slowly revolving from "pole to pole," to the no small amusement of the by-standers. His patience at last gave way, and with much indignation he exclaimed—

"By golly, I believe that are telegraph am a humbug."

"Humbug! sir. Why, what has given you that impression of it?" said one of his instructors; "did you not see it?"

"See it: be darned! There haint nothin' passed between them posts, no how."

"Most certainly there has. You must have winked, or you'd have seen it spitting fire as it snapped past about five minutes ago."

"Wal, I did wink wonse," said our hero, "but I winked as quick as I could. Who'd a thought it?" And the poor fellow returned home disappointed, resolving that the next time he would look without winking.

No Talents.

"I shall never be anything."

How do you know?

"Because I have no talents."

No talents? Pshaw! Are you a fool? You would be angry if I called you one, and yet by your language you actually acknowledge yourself a fool.

No talents, my friend? What do you mean? You can read, write and think.—These are all you need to do something and be something. Study and close application are all that is necessary to make you shine in the world. Let us point you to our friend Neal—once a poor, ignorant boy. He began to read and think for himself, and now he stands on one of the topmost rounds of fame. And there too, is our friend Burritt. When learning his trade as a blacksmith, he began to think and write, and now his fame has travelled over Europe and America. He is every where known as the "learned blacksmith." We don't say you will be equally distinguished with these men, but you can become something by strong efforts—by putting in play your talents—feeble as you may think them to be.

American Women.—M. de Tocqueville, speaking of American women, says:—"As for myself, I do not hesitate to avow, that, although the women of the United States are confined within the narrow circuit of domestic life, and their situations is, in some respects, one of extreme dependence, I have nowhere seen women occupying a loftier position; and if I were asked, now I am drawing to a close of this work, in which I have spoken of so many things done by Americans, to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of that people ought to be attributed, I should reply—to the superiority of their women."

The most powerful magnifying glass in the world is a glass of brandy, strong.

Job Printing!

Palmer Depot Printing Establishment.

SOUTH OF THE WESTERN RAILROAD DEPOT.

The subscribers, having an extensive assortment of materials in the

Jobbing Department,

are now prepared to do all kinds of

BOOK & JOB PRINTING,

in the neatest style, such as

CATALOGUES, HANDBILLS,
SERMONS, BILL-HEADS,
TOWN REPORTS, CIRCULARS,
TOWN RECORDS, LEGAL BLANKS,
BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS, &c., &c.

Managers of Balls and Parties will be supplied at short notice, with

CARDS OF INVITATION,

in style superior to anything of the kind heretofore executed. The Materials of this Establishment are all new and of the latest City styles.

☞ All Orders for the Paper, or Job Work, sent by Mail, Stage Drivers, or otherwise, will be faithfully executed, at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms. The subscribers having at their command as good an assortment of Type as in the County, they flatter themselves they will receive a good share of the public patronage.

WHITTEMORE & TENNEY.

Palmer Depot, Mass., Jan. 1846.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE undersigned grateful for the past liberal patronage which they here acknowledge to have received at the hands of the public, are happy in again announcing that their

STOCK OF MERCHANDISE

is complete, and they are now as ever, ready to sell Goods at such prices as will enable them to sustain the reputation they have already secured to themselves by selling Goods *cheap*. It is not their purpose to assert that they will sell Goods less than any other concern, but nevertheless *know* that they possess facilities for selling some goods which others do not. Keeping as they do almost every article that the people require and getting a small advance on each article sold, affords them ample remuneration for their services, at the same time operating beneficially to the purchaser. Another thing which is very essential, which should also be taken into consideration, our goods have all been purchased during the past four months, and as every one must be aware that many goods are much lower than they formerly have been, it becomes an undeniable fact that [illegible] who are buying goods at a stock on hand so large as we [illegible] at an extension at this season of the year [illegible] We do not pretend to say but that others are in many respects able to compete with us on prices. But at present we have confidence to believe that we can offer as great inducements to the community for trade as any other House in the country, and all who may favor us with a call are assured that they will not go away dissatisfied. For particulars see our advertisements.

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846.

DR. TAYLOR'S

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 Bowery New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates.

New York, March, 6, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy publicly to state, for the information of every body, the wonderful effects of your TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT, 375 Bowery, on myself. About five years since, all my acquaintances about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being cured, I was so much relieved by it. In my case it acted like a positive charm. I am entirely well, and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery, and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the Democratic Advocate, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly, A. N. Chapin

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845

Dear Doctor.—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured entirely by one bottle of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) Isaac P. Baldwin.

Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.

H. C. Towner, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 2, 1845

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which age had materially impaired, felt that I could not much longer baffle the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

John Garret

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly, J. & A. SNYDER.

N B. Price reduced. Large bottles, $1 50—small bottles, $1.00.

Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Nye, Belchertown; W. N. Packard, Monson. 1y1

THE GREAT NORTHERN REMEDY.

N. H. Downe's Vegetable BALSAMIC ELIXIR.

A MOST valuable medicine for curing Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Bleeding, and all diseases of the Lungs. It promotes expectoration, by which means the irritation of the Lungs is immediately stopped; and by its Balsamic properties effects a speedy cure—as can be attested by thousands of individuals in New England and the other States. (certificates shown if desired.)

For sale by A. BLODGETT.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 29, 1846. 2

Wanted!

IN exchange for goods or cash,
1000 bushels Corn;
1000 " Rye;
3000 " Oats;
for which the highest prices will be paid

McGILVRAY & CO.

Nails.

OLD COLONY, Weymouth and Boston Nails—in assorted sizes, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

BUCK WHEAT FLOUR, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Sugars.

BROWN HAVANNA, St. Croix, Porto Rico, New Orleans, Lump and Crushed Sugars, for sale at the Depot Store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

Thompson's

SUPERIOR Patent Trusses, are for sale at the depot store. McGILVRAY & CO.

Mirrors!

A LARGE lot just received and for sale low, at the depot store. McGILVRAY & CO.

THE PROSPECTUS OF
New York
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
A MONTHLY PUBLICATION

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LAWRENCE LABREE, EDITOR.

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SELECTED TALE.

Larks in Vacation.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

On the edge of a June evening, in the summer vacation of 1827, I was set down by the coach at the gate of my friend Horace Van Pelt's paternal mansion—a large, old-fashioned, comfortable Dutch house, clinging to the side of one of the most romantic dells on the North River. In the absence of his whole family on a summer excursion to the Falls and Lakes (taken by almost every "well-to-do" person of the United States,) Horace was emperor of the long-descended, and as progressively enriched domain of one of the earliest Dutch settlers—a brief authority, which he exercised, more particularly, over an extensive stud and bins, numbers one and two.

The West was piled with gold castles breaking up the horizon with their burnished pinnacles and turrets; the fragrant dampness of the thunder-shower that had followed the heat of noon, was in the air; and in a low room, whose floor opened out so exactly upon the shaven sward that a blind man would not have known when he passed from the heavily piled carpet to the grass, I found Horace, sitting over his olives and claret, having waited dinner for me till five (long beyond the latest American hour,) and in despair of my arrival, having vacation, by getting a second dinner; and when I had appeased my appetite, and overtaken my friend in his claret, we sat with the moonlight breaking across a vine at our feet, and coffee worthy of a filligree cup in the Besestein, and debated, amid a true *embarras des richesses*, our plan for the next week's amusement.

The seven days wore on merrily at first, but each succeeding one growing less merry than the last. By the fifth eve of my sojourn, we had exhausted variety. All sorts of headaches and megrims in the morning—all sorts of birds, beast and fishes for dinner—all sorts of accidents in all sorts of vehicles—left us on the seventh day out of sorts altogether. We were two discontented Rasselases in the Happy Valley. Rejoicing as we were in vacation, it would have been a relief to have had a recitation to read up, or a prayer-bell to mark the time. Two idle sophomores in a rambling lonely old mansion were, we discovered, a very insufficient *'dramatis personæ* for the scene.

It was Saturday night. A violent clap of thunder had interrupted some daring theory of Van Pelt's on the rising of Champagne bubbles; and there we sat, mum and melancholy, two stated Sybarites, silent an hour by the clock. The mahogany was bare between us. Any number of glasses and bottles stood in their lees about the table; the thrice-fished juice of an olive-dish and a solitary cigar in a silver case had been thrust aside in a warm argument, and, in his father's sacred gout chair, buried to the eyes in his loosened cravat, one leg on the table and one somewhere in the neighborhood of my own, sat Van Pelt, the *Eidolon* of exhausted amusement.

"Phil!" said he, starting suddenly to an erect position, "a thought strikes me!"

I dropped the claret-cork from which I was at the moment trying to efface the "Margoux', brand, and sat in silent expectation. I had thought his brains evaporated as well as the last bottle of Champagne.

He rested his elbows on the table and set his chin between his two palms.

"I'll resign the keys of this mournful old den to the butler, and we'll go to Saratoga for a week. What say?"

"It would be a reprieve from death by inanition," I answered; "but, as the rhetorical professor would phrase it, 'amplify your meaning,' young gentleman."

"Thus—to-morrow is Sunday. We will sleep till Monday morning, to purge our brains of these cloudy vapors, and restore the freshness of our complexions. If a fair day, you shall start alone in the stanhope, and on Monday night sleep in classic quarters, at Titus's in Troy."

"And you!" I interrupted, rather astonished at his arrangement for me.

Horace laid his hand on his pocket with a look of embarrassed care.

"I will overtake you with the bay colts in the drosky—but I must first go to Albany. The circulating medium—"

"I understand."

We met on Monday morning in the breakfast room in mutual good spirits.—The sun was two hours high; the birds in the trees were wild with the beauty and elasticity of the day; the dew glistened on every bough; and the whole scene, over river and hill, was a heaven of natural delight. As we finished our breakfast, the light spattering of a horse's feet up the avenue and the airy whirl of quick-following wheels announced the stanhope. It was in beautiful order, and what would have been termed, on any *pave* in the world, a tasteful turn-out. Light cream-colored body, black wheels and shafts, drab livery edged with green, dead-black harness, light as that on the panthers of Bacchus—it was the last style of thing you would have looked for at the "stoop" of a Dutch homestead. And Tempest!—I think I see him now: his small inquisitive ears, arched neck, eager eye and fine thin nostril; his dainty feet flung out with the grace of a flaunted riband, his true and majestic action, and his spirited champ of the bit, nibbling at the tight rein with the exciting pull of a hooked trout; how evenly he drew! how insensibly the compact stanhope, just touching his iron-gray tail, bowled along on the road after him!

Horace was behind with the drosky and black boy; and with a parting nod at the gate, I turned northward, and Tempest took the road in beautiful style. I do not remember to have been ever so elated.—I was always of the Cyrenaick Philosophy that "happiness is motion," and the bland vitality of the air had refined my senses.—The delightful *feel* of the reins thrilled me to the shoulder. Driving is like any other appetite, dependent for the delicacy of its enjoyment on the state of the system; and a day's temperate abstinence, long sleep, and the glorious perfection of the morning, had put my nerves "in condition." I felt the air as I rushed through. The power of the horse was added to my consciousness of enjoyment, and if you can imagine a Centaur with a harness and stanhope added to his living body, I felt the triple enjoyment of animal exercise which would then be his.

It is delightful driving on the Hudson.—The road is very fair beneath your wheels, the river courses away under the bold shore with the majesty inseparable from its mighty flood, and the constant change of out line on its banks gives you, as you proceed, a constant variety of pictures, from the loveliest to the most sublime.—The eagle's nest above you at one moment, a sunny and fertile farm below you at the next—rocks, trees and waterfalls wedded and clustered as, it seems to me, they are no where else so picturesquely—it is a noble river, the Hudson! And every few minutes, while you gaze down upon the broad waters spreading from hill to hill like a round lake, a gaily-painted steamer, with her fringed and white awnings and streaming flag, shoots out as if from a sudden cleft in the rock, and drawn across it her track of foam.

Well, I bowled along. Ten o'clock brought me to a snug Dutch tavern, where I sponged Tempest's mouth and nostrils, lunched and was stared at by the natives; and continuing my journey, at one I loosed the rein and dashed into the pretty village of ——, Tempest in a foam, and himself and his extempore master creating a great sensation in a crowd of people who stood in the shade of the verandah of the hotel, as if that asylum for the weary traveller had been a shop for the sale of gentlemen in shirt sleeves.

Tempest was taken round to the "barn," and I ordered rather an elaborate dinner, designing still to go on some ten miles in the cool of the evening, and having, of course, some mortal hours upon my hands. The cook had probably never heard of more than three dishes in her life, but those three were garnished with all manner of herbs, and sent up in the best china as a warranty for an unusual bill; and what with coffee, a small glass of new rum as an apology for a *chasse-cafe*, and a nap in a straight-backed chair, I killed the enemy to my satisfaction till the shadows of the poplars lengthened across the barn-yard.

I was awoke by Tempest prancing round to the door in undiminished spirits, and as I had begun the day *en grand seigneur*, I did not object to the bill, which considerably exceeded the outside of my calculation, but, giving the landlord a twenty-dollar note, received the change unquestioned, doubled the usual fee to the ostler, and let Tempest off with a bend forward which served at the same time for a gracious bow to the spectators. So remarkable a coxcomb had probably not been seen in the village since the passing of Cornwallis's army.

The day was still hot, and, as I got into the open country, I drew rein, and paced quietly up hill and down, picking the road delicately, and, in a humor of thoughtful contentment, trying my skill in keeping the edges of the green sod as it leaned in and out from the walls and ditches. With the long whip I now-and-then touched the wing of a sulphur butterfly hovering over a pool, and now-and-then I stopped and gathered a violet from the unsunned edge of the wood.

I had proceeded three or four miles in this-way, when I was overtaken by three stout fellows galloping at speed, who rode past and faced round with a peremptory order to me to stop. A formidable pitch-fork in the hand of each horseman left me no alternative. I made up my mind immediately to be robbed quietly of my own personals, but to show fight, if necessary, for Tempest and the stanhope.

"Well, gentlemen," said I, coaxing my patient horse, who had been rather excited by the clatter of hoofs beside him, "what is the meaning of this?"

Before I could get an answer, one of the fellows had dismounted and given his bridle to another, and coming round to the left side, he sprang suddenly into the stanhope. I received him as he rose with a well-placed thrust of my heel, which sent him back into the road, and with a chirrup to tempest, I dashed through the phalaux and took the road at a top speed. The short lash once waved round the small ears before me, there was no stopping in a hurry, and away sped the gallant grey, and fast behing followed my friends in their shirtsleeves all in a lathering gallop. A couple of miles was the work of no time, Tempest laying his legs to it as if the stanhope had been a cobweb at his heels; but at the end of that distance there came a sharp descent to a mill-stream, and I just rememember an unavoidable mile-stone and a jerk over a wall, and the next minute, it seemed to me, I was in the room where I had dined, with my hands tied, and a hundred people about me. My cool white waistcoat was matted with mud, and my left temple was, by the glass opposite me, both bloody and begrimed.

The opening of my eyes was a signal for a closer gathering around me, and between exhaustation and a close air I was half suffocated. I was soon made to understand that I was a prisoner, and that the three white-frocked highwaymen, as I took them to be, were among the spectators. On a polite application to the landlord, who, I found out, was a justice of the peace as well, I was informed that he had made out my mittimus as a counterfeiter, and that the *spurious note* I had passed upon him for my dinner was safe in his possession! He pointed at the same time, to a placard newly stuck against the well, offering a reward for the apprehension of a notorious practiser of my supposed craft, to the description of whose person I answered, to the satisfaction of all present.

Quite too indignant to remonstrate, I seated myself in the chair considerately offered me by the waiter, and listening to the whispers of the persons who were still suffered to throng the room, I discovered, what might have struck me before, that the initials on the pannel of the stanhope and the handle of the whip hod been compared with the card pasted on the bottom of my hat, and the want of correspondence was taken as a decided corroboration. It was remarked also by a by-stander, that I was quite too much of a dash for an honest man, and that he had suspected me from first seeing me drive into the village. I was sufficiently humbled by this time to make an inward vow never again to take airs upon myself if I escaped the county jail.

The justice, meanwhile, had made out my orders, and a horse and cart had been provided and brought to the door to take to the next town. I endeavored to get speech of his worship as I was marched out of the inn-parlor, but the crowd pressed close upon my heels, and the dignitary landlord seemed anxious to rid his house of me. I had no papers, and no proofs of my character, and assertion went for nothing. Besides I was muddy, and my hat was broken in on one side—proofs of villany which appear to the commonest understanding.

I begged for a little straw in the bottom of the cart, and had made myself as comfortable as my two rustic constables tho't fitting for a culprit, when the vehicle was quickly ordered from the door to make way for a carriage coming at a dashing pace up the road. It was Van Pelt in his drosky.

Horace was well known on the road, and the stanhope had already been recognized as his. By this time it was deep in the twilight, and though he was instantly known by the landlord, he was some minutes in recognizing the person of his friend in the damaged gentleman in the bundle of straw.

"Ay! ay! I see you don't know him," said the landlord, while Van Pelt surveyed me rather coldly; on with him, constables! He would have us believe you knew him, sir!. Walk in, Mr Van Pelt. Ostler, look to Mr Van Pelt's horses. Walk in, sir."

"Stop!" I cried out in a voice of thunder, imagining that Horace had not recognized me; "Van Pelt! stop, I say! Horace!"

The driver of the cart seemed more impressed by the energies of my cries than my friends the constables, and pulled up his horse. Some one in the crowd cried out that I should have a hearing or he would "wallup the comitatus;" and the justice, called quack by this expression of an expression of an opinion from the sovereign people, requested his new guest to look at the prisoner for an instant.

"Do you know the culprit?" he asked in a solemn voice, after obtaining a momentary silence among the crowd.

Van Pelt had by this time, become possessed of the principal circumstances of the case, and his first glance showed me that he recognized me. To my utter astonishment, however, the smile that had involuntarily started to his lips changed to a feigned look of surprise; and after gazing at me for a minute, while the crowd watched his face for the effect of his examination, he turned to the justice, and declared he had never seen me before in his life!

"Drive on constable," said the justice;—and, with a shout from the people, the horse started into a smart trot, and, preceded by a hundred boys, we went jolting over the stones of the village street, on our way to the county jail.

Van Pelt overtook me at the end of the first mile: but I was long in forgiving him.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

It was about 7 o'clock of a hot evening, when Van Pelt's exhausted horses toiled out from the pine forest, and stood, fetlock deep in sand, on the brow of a small hill overlooking the mushroom village of Saratoga. One or two straggling horsemen were returning late from their afternoon ride, and looked at us, as they passed on their fresher hacks, with the curiosity which attaches to new comers in a watering-place; here and there a genuine invalid, who had come to the waters for life, not for pleasure, took advantage of the coolness of the hour, and crept down the foot-path to the spring; and as Horace encouraged his flagging cattle into a trot, to bring up gallantly to the door of "Congress-Hall," the great bell of that caravansary resounded through the dusty air;—and, by the shuffling of a thousand feet, audible as we approached, we knew that the fashionable world of Saratoga were rushing down, *en masse "to tea."*

Having driven through a sand-cloud for the preceding three hours, and—to say nothing of myself—Van Pelt being a man who, in his character as the most considerable beau of the university, calculated on his first impression, it was not thought advisable to encounter, uncleansed, the tide of fashion at that moment streaming through the hall. We drove round to the side door, and gained our pidgeon-hole quarters under cover of the back staircase.

The bachelors' wing of Congress-hall is a long, unsightly wooden barrack, divided into chambers, six feet by four, and of an airiness of partition which enables the occupant to converse with his neighbors three rooms off, with the ease of clerks calling out entries to the ledger, across the desks of a counting-house. The clatter of knives and plates came up to our ears in a confused murmur; and Van Pelt having refused to dine at the only inn upon the route, for some reason best known to himself, I commenced the process of a long toilet, with an appetite not rendered patient by the sounds of cheer below.

I had washed the dust out of my eyes and mouth, and, overcome with heat and hunger, I knotted a cool cravat loosely round my neck, and sat down in the *one* chair.

"Van Pelt!" I shouted.

"Well, Phil."

"Are you dressed?"

"Dressed? I am as pinguid as a *pete de foie gras*—greased to the eyelids in cold-cream."

I took up the sixpenny glass, and looking at my own newly-washed physiognomy. From the temples to the chin it was one unmitigated red—burned to a blister with the sun! I had been obliged to deluge my head like a mop, to get out the dust; and not naturally remarkable for my good looks, I could, much worse than Van Pelt, afford these startling additions to my disadvantages. Hunger is a subtle excuse-finder, however; and remembering that there are 500 people in this formidable crowd, and all busy with satisfying their appetites, I trusted to escape observation, and determined to "go down to tea." With the just-named number of guests, it will easily be understood why it is impossible to obtain a meal at Congress-hall out of the stated time and place.

In a white roundabout, a checked cravat, my hair plastered over my eyes *a la Mawworm*, and a face like the sign of the "Rising Sun," I stopped at Van Pelt's door.

"The most hideous figure my eyes ever looked upon!" was his first consolatary observation.

"Handsome or hideous," I answered "I'll not starve; So here goes for some bread and butter!" And, leaving him to his "appliances," I descended to the immense hall which serves the comers to Saratoga for dining, dancing, and breakfasting, and in wet weather, between meals, for shuttlecock, and promenading.

Two interminable tables extended down the hall, filled by all the beauty and fashion of the United States. Luckily I tho't, for me, there are distinctions in this republic of dissipation, and the upper end is reserved for those who have servants to turn down the chairs, and stand over them; the end of the table nearest the door, consequently, is occupied by those whose opinion of my appearance is not without appeal, if they trouble their heads about it at all; and I may glide in, in my white roandabout, (permitted in this sultry weather,) and retrieve exhausted nature in obscurity.

An empty chair stood between an old gentleman and a very plain young lady, and seeing no remembered faces opposite I glided to the place, and was soon lost to apprehension in the abysum of a cold pie. The table was covered with meats, berries bottles of chaly-beate water, tea appurtenances, jams, jellies, and radishes; and, but for the absence of the roast, you might have doubted whether the meal was breakfast or dinner, lunch or supper.—Happy country! in which any one of the four meals may serve a hungry man for all.

The pidgeon-pie stood at last, well quarried before me, the *cebris* of the excavation heaped upon my plate; and, appetite appeased, and made bold by my half hour's obscurity, I leaned forward, and perused, with curious attention, the long line of faces on the opposite side of the table, to some of whom, doubtless, I was to be indebted for the pleasures of the coming fortnight.

My eyes were fixed on the features of a talkative woman just above, and I had quite forgotten the fact of my dishabille of complexion and dress, when two persons entered, who made considerable stir among the servants, and eventually were seated directly opposite me.

"We loitered too long at Barbydt's," said one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen, as she pulled her chair nearer to the table, and looked around her with a glance of disapproval. In following her eyes, to see who was so happy as to sympathize with such a divine creature, even in the loss of a place at the table, I met the gaze of my most intimate friend at the university.

"Ellerton!"

"Slingsby!"

Overjoyed at meeting him, I stretched both hands across the narrow table, and had shakes his nearly off his shoulders, and asken him a dozen questions, before I became conscious that a pair of large wondering eyes were coldly taking an inventory of my person and features. Van Pelt's unflattering exclamation, upon my appearance at his door, flashed across my mind like a thunderstroke; and colouring through my burned skin to the temples, I bowed and stammered I know not what, as Ellerton introduced me to his sister!

To enter fully into my distress, you should be apprised that a correspondence, arising from my long and constant intimacy with Tom Ellerton, had been carried on between me and his sister; and that, being constantly in the habit of yielding to me in matters of taste, he had, I well knew, so exaggerated to her my personal qualities, dress, and manners, that she could not, in any case, fail to be disappointed in seeing me. Believing her to be at that moment two thousand miles off, in Alabama, and never having hoped for the pleasure of seeing her at all, I had foolishly suffered this good-natured exaggeration to go on, pleased with seeing the reflex of his praises in her letters, and, heaven knows! little anticipating the disastrous interview upon which my accursed star would precipitate me. As I went over, mentally, the particulars of my unbecomingness, and saw Miss Ellerton's eyes resting inquisitively and furtively on the mountain of pidgeon-bones lifting their well-picked myraid to my chin, I wished myself an ink-fish at the bottom of the Red Sea.

Three minutes after, I burst into Van Pelt's room, tearing my hair, and abusing Tom Ellerton's good nature, and my friend's headless drosky, in alternate breaths. Without disturbing the subsiding blood in his own face by entering into my violence, Horace coolly asked me what was the matter. I told him.

"Lie down here," said Van Pelt who was a small Napoleon in such trying extremities—"lie down on the bed, and annoint your phiz with this ungent. I see good luck for you in this accident, and you have only to follow my instruct ons. Phil Slingsby sunburnt, in a white roundabout, and Phil Slingsby pale and well dressed, are as different as this potted cream and a dancing cow. You shall see what a little drama I'll work out for you!"

I lay down on my back, and Horace kindly annointed me from the trachea to the forelock, and from ear to ear.

"Egad," said he, warming with his study of his proposed plot, as he slid his forefinger over the bridge of my nose, "every circumstance tells for us. Tall man as you are, you are as short-*bodied* as a monkey, (no offence Phil!) and when you sit at table, you are rather an undersized gentleman. I have been astonished every day these three years at seeing you rise after dinner in Commons' Hall. A thousand to one Fanny Elleston's thinks you a stumpy man.

"And then, Phil," he continued, with a patronizing tone, "you have studied minute philosopy to little purpose if you do not know that the first step in winning a woman to whom you have been overpraised, is to disenchant her at all hazards, on your first interview. You will never rise above the ideal she has formed, and to *sink* below it gradually, or to remain stationary is not to thrive in your wooing."

Leaving me this precocious wisdom to digest, Horace descended to the foot of the garden to take a warm bath; and overcome with fatigue and the recumben, position, I soon fell asleep, and dreamed of the great blue eyes of Fanny Ellerton.

To be concluded in our next.

A Name.

A Frenchman yesterday appeared at the police office to complain of a man, who he said had committed a larceny, by which he, the complainant, was the loser.

"What is the name of the person whom you suspect of having committed the larceny?" said the magistrate.

"Eh! 'is nom? Val, sar, I don no vat is de mon," replied the injured Frenchman.

"You must ascertain the name of the individual of whom you wish to enter a complaint."

"Yes sar. Val, I sal go see vat is de mon."

And away he went, to learn by what name the man he wished to complain of, went. He had been gone but a short time when he came back and exultingly exclaimed, as he entered the office—

"Now I av got im; 'is nom is Praserred Ton gees."

"What?"

"Praserved Ton gees; I av it bare on a papier."

He here presented to the magistrate a paper, on which the words Preserved Tongues was written.

It appears that the person of whom he complained was a dealer in salted meats, and among others salt tongues; and to inform the public of the fact that he sold that article, he had a sign-board with the words "*Preserved Tongues*" painted thereon and placed over the door of his place of business. This the Frenchman supposed was the name of his man, and accordingly wrote it down, and soon returned to the police office, satisfied that he was fully prepared to answer the question of the magistrate.

Such remarks as the following, which we extract from an exchange, are often heard, and yet the persons who utter them would be ashamed to be accused of unkindness to their fellow-beings:

"He's only a mechanic, no matter if he has broken his leg."

"Push him aside—what business has a nigger upon the walk?"

"Box his ears—he's only papa's apprentice boy."

"Give her the mouldy bread—she's only kitchen girl."

"That's right—run him again—no one cares for him—he has no friends."—*Ex. Paper.*

The ladies—The only *incendiarys* who kindle a *flame* which *water* will not extinguish.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

LATEST FROM NAUVOO.—The saints were still crossing the river, says the Warsaw Signal, Feb. 18, notwithstanding the snow that had fallen on Saturday to the depth of six inches, There have already crossed abont 300 wagons,and 1500 persons and about 100 children most of whom are encamped on sugar creek, about seven miles back from the river. Soon as they are ready for the march, the Twelve, (all except Page) will join them. Page has revolted from the government or his brethren and declares them usurpers.

The Mormons who started in the advance party are said to be loaded with provisions. They will also take a large number of cattle along, on which they can subsist as soon as grass is up.

Their course it is said, will be directly up the Des Moines, to the Indian country, and from thence to the Missouri.

ACCIDENT.—Mr Jonathan C. Stebbins of East Longmeadow, while passing along Pratt street in that place, on the 13th inst. slipped and fell, and badly fractured both bones of his leg, below the knee. The poor man crawled along through the mud and water, a dozen rods, before he could raise assistance, and when it arrived he was in a very bad condition, through his accident and the water, with which he had become completely saturated. He is not expected to survive. This is the fifth accident of this kind which has happened on this street, within a quarter of a mile and four of them within as many months.

The other cases were those of Mr Levi Eaton, who broke an arm, and three ladies who each fractured a limb.—*Springfield Rep.*

AN ATTEMPT TO COMMIT SUICIDE.—Our correspondent at Edgartown writes us, that on Wednesday morning, an attempt was made by Mrs Rachel C. Mayhew, wife of Mr Holmes Mayhew, of that town, to commit suicide by cutting her throat with a razor. Several incisions were made by this instrument, some of which being quite deep, were for a time considered fatal. Surgical aid was immediately obtained, and on Thursday some hopes were entertained of her recovery, although she is not yet considered beyond the reach of danger. Mrs M. has for many months past been in a great measure deprived of her reason,and on the very morning she thus attempted to take away her own life, was to have been removed to the Insane Hospital at Worcester.

MELANCHOLY.—Miss Caroline Chapin, of Williamansett, daughter of Mr Dorman Chapin, met with a sad death on Saturday last. She was left in a room alone, sewing before an open fire, when it is supposed she was seized with a fainting fit and fell. When discovered by a member of the family, she was dead, and her face entirely disfigured by the burning coals. Her age was 24.

NARROW ESCAPE.—Mrs Patterson of Hartford, while crossing the Railroad track one day last week in Asylum street, was unexpectedly overtook by the cars from Springfield, and in attempting to get off fell. With remarkable presence of mind she arranged herself between the rails with her face to the ground, and the cars passed over her without causing the least injury.

NEW SHINGLE MACHINE.—Mr Wm. F. Fitch of Newport, Me. has invented a new shingle machine. The Bangor Whig describes it as possessing the advantage not only of regulating itself during the whole cut of the block, but also of regulating its own movement in accommodation to the various widths of the block; thus saving one-third of the run of the carriage upon the previous plans. The amount of labor too is much lessened by the contrivance.

Gen. Van Ness, late of Washington leaves $500,000 for his brother, late collector of N. Y., and the children of two sisters.

The editors of the Boston Traveller have lately been tried for a libel on Mr John A. Innis of Salem, whom that paper had occasion to call a "brawling political abolitionist." The jury returned a verdict of *Not Guilty.*

FIRE.—The dwelling house of Mr Carlos Nichols Jr., of Longmeadow, was consumed by fire, together with its contents, on Sunday night last. The family lived in the rear part, the front being unfinished —but were absent at the time. The fire took in the front part of the house,—from what cause it is not ascertained. Loss $1000—insured $600.—*Northampton Courier.*

DISASTROUS SHIPWRECK — *Six Lives Lost.*—The British bark Earl of Elington, from Liverpool for Boston, with a cargo of coal and salt, struck on South Shoal, (Nantucket,) March, 15, beat over, and came to anchor, but as she leaked badly, her chains were slipped and she was run ashore on the S. E. part of Nantucket, where she shortly afterwards broke in two when nine of the crew took to two boats, and but three of them succeeded in reaching the shore; the second mate, four seamen, and a boy, having been drowned in making the attempt. There were twenty six souls on board the ship, six of whom have been lost, and twenty of them saved, some of them barely so.—*Northampton Courier.*

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, March 26, 1846.

THE COURT OF INQUIRY closed its session at Springfield,last week. Its proceedings and result will soon be officially announced. In the interim of time, we may indulge in a little speculation as to the probability,and remarks upon the testimony as it appears without the official *ipse dixit* of the Court. As to the result, we are of the opinion that the memorialists will not secure the decision they anticipated, and that the present superintendent will remain, for all anything which may have appeared by the investigation as to *his* proceedings since his commission.—Not that sufficient has not appeared to warrant his removal if strict Justice in the premises could be done,—but that we have no faith in our high government officers of their disposition to execute Justice where their colleagues in power are subjects of retribution. We say it in sorrow, that too many of our public officers are faithless to their trusts. The rigid spirit of Puritan Justice has passed away. Invest men with high official power, and they are above the law.

But, if the memorialists fail in their object,the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry will not be without an effect. Give the testimony adduced to an enlightened people in all its bearings, and it will have its effects upon public sentiment, and if the Superintendent is right, he will receive its approval—if his course has been high-handed, arbitrary and despotic, it will, in the absence of Governmental action, condemn him. From what we learn verbally we are somewhat inclined to believe Maj. Ripley, of the officers of the Armory, is not alone responsible for all the little mean acts of petty tyrrany which have marked the affairs of that Institution. A part of the wrongs we conceive to have been done by the agents under Maj. Ripley, and to his honor unbeknown to, and unsanctioned by him.

We are not able to give any extended portion of the testimony brought to sustain the charges preferred against him.—We will only give the *bearing* of the testimony upon the various specific charges alleged against him,—this we shall do from week to week as the testimony comes to us. We must this week reverse the order of things and take the 13th charge, first, which specifies—

"That he has interfered with the *public press* and with the rights of workmen, by threats of discharge to the armorers if they persisted in taking one of the newspapers published in the neighborhood of the Armory."

On this point plenary proof was given by witnesses Messrs. A. Munn, Esq., Wm. Rhood, David King, Edward Badger and 3 or 4 others, that "between May '41 and Sept. '43,a number of the subscribers of the Independent Democrat were threatened with being discharged from the Armory unless they discontinued the paper; that a number discontinued their papers by reason of the threats, before their paid subscriptions had expired, and that several actually were discharged for taking said paper. It should be understood that these threats were promulgated through one Lucius P. Allen, an Inspector under Maj. Ripley, and he was understood as acting in the matter as he should be presumed to be, by order of his superior.

The proving of this charge alone, as we conceive it to have been proved, demands the intervention of Government. Government officers are not to re-establish the star-chamber decrees of the seventeenth century—to exercise a surveilance over the liberty of the Press. It may have answered in the time of Charles the first, and in a despotic government, but it cannot be tolerated in a country whose Constitution declares that no laws shall be established for "abridging the freedom of the Press." The Press is not "subject to the coercion of the crown," and our government is recreant if holding to the doctrine of one of the founders of Civil and Religious Freedom—"that the liberty of the Press is essential to the preservation of our Liberties," still permits a man clothed in brief authority to dictate what may be published and what may not, under the fear of dismission from employment, and subsequent and legitimate destitution.—With Government Officers as with all misdoers, our maxim is, *"fiat justitia Rurat cælum."*

SPRING.—Beautiful Spring time has dawned upon us with its softening, cheering balmy air,—invigorating the frame and strengthening our affection for life. The cold white mantle of winter has disappeared, the ice bound rivers have burst their fetters and revel in obedience to nature's laws unchecked and unresistable—the robin has put forth his song, and his red breast speaks sentiments of unruffled mildness, and native innocence. All things around,above and beneath speak perfect goodness. Aye and man too, of imperial birthright stands forth with invigorated elastic power, the image of his Maker. Once perfect—now fallen. With the opening Spring let him go forth with determination more elevated—with thoughts more pure, and may succeeding seasons find him better prepared for unyielding destiny. Let the wicked man forsake his ways and the unrighteous man his thoughts.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.—The result of the election in New Hampshire is next to a nine days wonder. Her reputation as the Granite State of the Democracy, the "immovable Granite State," has almost wrought a conviction in the public mind that her citizens were like her Granite rocks, unchangeable and immovable in her political complexion. But her recent election has awakened the States from their delusive fancy, and the Democrats are obliged to chide her waywardness, and the whigs from inclination are toasting over hoe and Champaigne.

"Let those laugh who win," is an old adage, and as it regards the election the Whigs have the State, in other words, the Democrats have not, but it lies in the hands of those known among politicians as "Independents," a name given to a class (either in jest or otherwise) of men, who in politics are neither *one thing nor another*—generally composed of disaffected politicians and discarded office-seekers —respected by the party opposed to the one they leave, in proportion to their treachery to the party deserted. They are neither "fish nor flesh," but really political gormandizers, with maws of calibre to take all the offices in the country, and pant for more. We say such are Independents *generally*, what the Independents of New Hampshire *are* we can better say after we have seen them act.

The footing up of the popular vote, is as follows:—

Colby, whig,	17,684.
Berry, Independent,	10,314.
Williams, dem.	26,816.

There are six towns to be heard from.

For Representatives to the Legislature:

Democrats,	124.
Whigs,	103.
Independents &c.,	28.

Such is the result of the election. What will be the result of the result is not yet to be told, most probably a contingency of a *Bargain & Sale*, to be consummated in June next.

THE FRESHETS.—We have most deplorable accounts of injury done by the recent freshets, in most parts of the country. The damages sustained by the breaking up of rivers—the rains and the melting snows are confined to no particular portion of the Union, but spread over the Eastern, Northern, Middle and Western States. Not hardly a valley has escaped without material damage from the rise of ungovernable streams. In this State the citizens of Haverhill and that vicinity, have suffered materially in their property and safety of person. In Albany, and from that to Buffalo; on the rivers of Pennsylvania and southern New York—the citizens of the valleys have sustained almost uncomprehensible injury, and in the quarter mentioned, the waters rose to heights unprecedented in the memory of man.

For The Sentinel.

THE COMMENTS ON THAT CAKE—reminds us of the good old Rev. Elijah Codington, who preached about fifty years in the town of Wales, and as the custom was he had no fixed salary, but preached depending on the liberality of his parishioners for support. And once a year he would tell to his hearers what he had received—he was very grateful for the presents, and mentioned over who had made them.—Mr —— had given him a bushel of corn—he thanked him very much and hoped he would raise more the next year for his charity. Mrs —— had presented him with a first rate good sage cheese, for which he blessed her with many happy years. Mr —— had given him a pair of Boots, which he needed very much. Miss —— had made his family happy with that beautiful bed-spread. And another had sent him so many pounds of butter, &c., &c., and in this way his support increased, and consequently by noticing the names, others would be induced to contribute more liberally.

Now, I insist that Mrs Morgan give us a receipt for that beautiful cake, so that our good wives and young ladies, can share with your luxuries and comforts. P. S.

Wales, March, 1846.

CHEAP TRAVELLING.—It will be cheaper for one to travel this summer, than to stay at home. We understand that there is an opposition from Springfield to New York, which reduces the fare from Springfield to Hartford to 25 cts.; from Hartford to N. Y. $1,00; from N. Y. to Boston $1,00; making it cheaper for a person in going from Springfield to Boston, by 50 cents, to go round through Hartford and N. Y. city.

Answer to the Enigma in our last, is Lapstone. Correctly answered by W. H. W., Elisabeth, Adelaide and T. D., Monson; B. S., M. W. F., W. P. and Miss J. D. Palmer Depot; B., A. L. R., and Miss L. R., Wales; B. M. H. and E. B. M. Thorndike; E. B. G. Palmer. The following Acrostic answer by Ichabod Slick of Wales, is good:—

Leather judgments ready made
And cheap for cash are sellin',
Patent 'crostics sewed and pegged,
Square toe'd riddles tellin'—
Tunic poetry got up
On all sorts of riggins',
No mistake the honest pup
Ever burrow'd in these diggins.

We have several Enigmas, which will appear in order,

"First come, first served."

For the Palmer Sentinel.

Oregon.

NUMBER VIII.

Colonization—Indian Deeds—A Perfect Title—Ill-health of the writer.

Colonizing operations began, in 1789, and terminated, in 1795; and the deed of land conveyance executed, in 1792, by Maquinna and his subordinate chiefs consummated in Spain a perfect title to the northern part of the territory. It is, however, evidently defective south of Fuca's sea where her discoveries and coastwise examinations were not followed by acts which, at once, vest with territorial and jurisdictive rights; but to this southern section of the country, and, in fact, as it regards Great Britain, to the whole extent, from the Mexican to the Russian boundaries, the acts of the government and citizens of the United States from the basis of a valid title. Every person possessed of a sound mind and a common share of intellect, in our enlightened land, can sufficiently understand the nature of the *two transactions* named above to perceive that the right of sovereignty necessarily follows. Spain acquired by them as strong a claim as can be well imagined. This truth is not universally admitted; because, of the concealment of the facts by those interested individuals and companies who would suppress all the evidences of a valid claim in the United States, north of the 49th parallel.

The *colonization* was manifestly for no predatory or hostile purposes; nor for exclusive objects of avarice; but for the improvement of the territory and the character and condition of its population. The *deed* to the king of Spain implies the consent of the natives to the occupancy of their country; and invites to the exercise of a guardianship over them. It will be remembered, that Spain, in 1819, deeded to the United States her entire claim to the territory. Though it may not yet clearly appear, but will, in what is further to be said on the subject, that she had *not* previously *transferred to Great Britain*, the smallest portion of her right of domain or empire in Oregon. Regarding the claim of the United States southward of Fuca's sea, it will be shown beyond all question, that one of the deeds taken by Kendrick of the native chiefs gives a perfect title to as much of their country as extends from that sea to the 47th parallel; and to the remaining part of Oregon, which is drained by the Columbia. Gray's discoveries of the river and bay bearing, respectively, the names of his ship and himself, and of the river Chiltz flowing into that bay; together with the government expedition made, in 1803, under Lewis and Clarke, establish a claim paramount to any possible to beasserted by any other nation. Should the unthinkingand skepticalstill disbelieve, there can be added the principle of contiguity of territory, which has already been explained, and should be considered no weak point in the argument. There may, also, be added the *second* attempt *to colonize* Oregon—that effectual colonization of the territory which was originated solely by the undersigned—that unpopular but philanthropic undertaking conducted by him as chief pioneer, in despite of the most artful plans and powerful influences ever known to oppugn an enterprise of similar magnitude and utility.

It was feared in the prospectus, that physical power would fail me before the end of the narrative. I am now severely suffering an irritation of the optic nerves. It will, therefore, be necessary to suspend writing for a few days. By accustomed means of manual exercise; and by giving partial rest to the visual organs and thinking powers, I shall be able, I trust, to improve health—to repair the locomotive—to get up the steam, and soon again move onward.

HALL J. KELLEY.

FIRE.—We understand that the house, barn and other out buildings occupied by the heirs of the late Moses Chapin, situated near the Connecticut River Bridge, in W. Springfield, were burnt to the ground on Saturday evening last. It is supposed the fire originated from sparks from the locomotive, which lodged on the barn. The loss is estimated at about $1500; insured $700.

THAT'S RIGHT.—Gen. Donell declines to accept the office of Lieut. Governor of Texas, to which he has been declared elected, unless, upon investigation he is found to have received a majority of the votes polled for that office, of which there is said to be some doubt, if the votes had all been returned to the Legislature.

The Washington Union says—"It is rumored that there is a treaty, which, within the last three months, has been ratified between the British government, Santa Anna and the French King, which is intended to restore Santa Anna, and make him the "*King of Mexico.*" The equivalent to be made by him is to assist the allied powers in certain purposes they may have formed towards the United States.

We acknowledge the receipt of another valuable package of selections. We can *guess*, (and as Yankees we have a right to) who the donor of the former package was.

☞ The Hudson and Connecticut rivers are now open.

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

A Christion who does nothing to remove the evils of intoxicating liquors, which destroy the bodies and souls of men, is said to be a dark light.

What shall we call a Christian who, while he prays long and loud that these accursed spirits may depart from among us, may be seen hauling "the critter," not out of, but *into* the rum shops? We don't know what to call such. Certainly they do not belong to the touch-me-nots nor to the handle-nots.

You ought to have a pension, said a wag to an unfortunate being, who was in the habit of taking a drop too much. How so, inquired red eye. Why, you fell at the battle of Brandy-Wine.

The American Agricultural Society proposes to introduce a flock of Alpaccas into this country.

Among the articles now exported largely to England, are clothes-pins, which are carried by hundreds of hogshead, ivory and wood combs, augers, gimlets and cut tacks.

The Missouri Convention, to revise the Constitution, has amended the instrument so as to make clergymen eligible to office.

All the wild horses and cattle found in South America, originally came from the stock landed by the Spaniards.

The whole number of deaths in the city of New York, during the past year, 1845, was 10,983.

It is computed that the lakes contain above 14,000 cubic miles of water; a quantity more than half of all the fresh water on the globe.

The commerce of these U. S. is more than all the nations of Europe United, excepting Great Britain.

Of 18,453,000 passengers transported on the English railroads in '42, one man only was killed while riding in the train and observed the proper precautions.

The quality of fruit grown for market in Mass., in '44, was 1,980,143 bushels, which sold for $744,540.

During the past year there were manufactured the enormous number of 1800 piano fortes, in the city of Boston.

A LUCKY PRINTER.—One of the boys in the Cincinnati Times office, lately received a letter informing him that by the the death of a relative, he was in possession of $10,000 worth of property. He dropped types and stick, and left to enjoy it.

A letter from England says, that up to the time of writing, the season had been remarkably mild. Only six white frosts had occurred. The apple and pear trees were in bloom in the month of January, and the birds were building their nests.

A good story is told of an epicure who had indulged pretty freely in pickled tripe and had washed it down with a "leetle" too much sparkling claret.

A sudden fainting came over him as he had returned to his fireside, and he ejected in rapid succession the claret and tripe. "O my dear," exclaimed his ever pitying wife, "what is the matter? you are throwing up your heart's blood," as she saw the claret so freely flow.

"I don't care so much about the heart's blood,"exclaimed the epicure,"but I should like to know where all these chunks of leather came from?"

We never yet knew a man or a boy who from early life spoke truth and shunned a falsehood, that was not virtuous in all other respects, and who did not acquire and enjoy the confidence and esteem of society. Truthfulness is one of the chief corner-stones in a good and respectable character. Young man! never utter a falsehood; never be tempted to depart from strict truth in all you say. False words come from a false heart: and a false heart breeds corruption that soon taints and spoils the whole character.

GREATNESS. — Bonaparte's house at Longmeadow, St. Helena, is now a barn —the room he died in a stable—and where the imperial corpse laid in state may be found a machine for grinding corn.

The Hickman Standard says—"A lady residing within fifty miles of this place, has recently given birth to four sons within an hour. They have been named Polk, Dallas, Texas and Oregon, and are all in a thriving condition."

"If you wish to be independent,preserve your own self-respect, let others think and say what they please. If you would breast the storms and torrents of life, be independent in spite of the taunts, the clamor or jeers of the whole world. With these, and a stout heart you may command a quiet and happy mind, if you win not praise or fortune, both of which are of secondary importance."

The Sunday Mercury says:—We like to see a young lady walk as though a flea was biting her on each hip, it is so fascinating. She is just the match for a dandy who steps like an open winged turkey, travelling over a bed of hot ashes.

☞ Gen. Van Ness, late of Washington leaves $500,000 for his brother, late collector of N. Y., and the children of two sisters.

Arrival of the Hibernia.

TWENTY-TWO DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Steamship Hibernia arrived at Boston about nine o'clock yesterday (Thursday) morning, from Liverpool, which place she left the 4th inst.

The Hibernia arrived at Halifax Tuesday, March 17th, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

The Hibernia encountered large fields of ice and immense icebergs, in lat. 46 1-2 lon. 48 1-2, and was obliged to run 250 miles South of her course to avoid them.

THE OREGON QUESTION.—The subjoined extract from the London Morning Herald of the 3d inst., will give the reader some idea of the temper of the London press on the position taken by our Government on the Oregon question:

We have this evening received unexpected and important intelligence from America brought by the packet ship Patrick Henry. It is with regret we give publicity to the intelligence this arrival communicates, inasmuch as it is of a character which completely reverses our former hopes of a peaceable settlement of the Oregon differences. Mr President Polk and his advisers have now rushed into extremes and appear determined to place the whole matter in the most offensive position to England. The President has communicated a special message to Congress, in answer to the demand for information as to the correspondence and state of the negotiations; and according to this message, and its accompanying despatches, the American government positively refuses to refer the question to arbitration, and declares that *England has no rights whatever in respect to Oregon.* This is going to the full extreme of his previous declaration, as made in his first message; and is the more determined and offensive, as coming in the shape of a reply to amicable and honorable overtures from our minister at Washington.

ENGLAND'S COMMERCIAL POLICY—REPEAL OF THE CORN-LAWS. SIR ROBERT PEEL'S SCHEME TRIUMPHANT!—The great debate on Sir Robert Peel's financial scheme occupied over three weeks! For twelve successive nights there was one incessant stream of oratory. The result was triumphantly in favor of the ministry.—The vote stood in favor of Sir Robert Peel's scheme 337
Against it 240

majority for the motion 97

In commenting on this result the Wilmer & Smith's Times says:

"This majority is too potent for the landlords to struggle against. The safety of the measure is insured; and our transatlantic readers engaged in commerce with England, may rest satisfied that Peel's commercial policy will become the law of the land. There will be wrangling, there will be delay, but there will not, cannot be defeat. The events of the last few days show that the House of Lords will swallow the pill; with wry faces, it may be, like children taking medicine, but they will gulp it down, from a conviction of its necessity—combined, probably, with a conviction equally strong that they will be *made* to do so should they turn restive.

GREAT BATTLE IN INDIA.—A great battle has been fought in India between the British troops and the Sikhs—a warlike tribe of natives—which has resulted in 3,300 British troops killed and wounded and a reported loss of 31,000 Sikhs. The fighting lasted three days and the carnage was dreadful. The Sikhs had a force of over 80,000 men well drilled and splendidly armed and with an artillery equal to that brought by Napoleon on to the field of Waterloo. The British however were completely triumphant,and drove the Sikhs who were the aggressors. Several distinguished officers fell among whom was the brave veteran, Sir Robert Sale.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.—Whether or not we are to have war, great preparations are being made for it. The army is to be increased 10,000 men; the militia are to be in readiness for immediate training; the ordnance corps are to receive an accession of 1,500 men; the royal marines 2,500 men; and the land regiments of the line 6000.—The increase in the navy will be about 1000 men.

FRANCE. — AMERICAN MINISTER'S FETE.—Mr King, the American Minister, gave a grand ball on Monday, in celebration of Washington's birthday. Upwards of 400 of the *elite* of Parisian society did themselves the honor of accepting the invitation of Mr King, as well as all the most eminent American citizens now in Paris.

The *fete* was a most splendid one, appeared to afford the highest gratification to all guests, and will rank among the most brilliant of the present session.

The French Chambers have voted a sum of money for the establishment of a line of steamers between Havre and New York.

POLAND.—RUMORED POLISH INSURRECTION.—There seems to be considerable excitement in Prussia and Germany, on account of a supposed conspiracy among the Poles for a general rising against Russia, with the hope of securing the emancipation of their beloved Poland.

ALGERIA.—That dauntless hero, Abdel Kader still evaded his pursuers. He had ravaged several French provinces, and had been within three hours' march of Algiers itself. The French Army, scattered in all directions, were in search of him, and were suffering much from fatigue and want of clothing. Marshal Bu-

gerand was in Mezala, a discontented place, chastising the revolting people.—On the whole, the exploits of Abd-el Kader seem to have alarmed the French generals seriously, and impressed them with a feeling of insecurity.

The weather in England continues unusually mild, and the effect cannot fail to make itself felt on the growing crops—Vegetation is extremely forward. If the prevailing mildness is to be succeeded by frost, the young wheat will be seriously, perhaps irretrievably, exposed; if there be no frost, the curse of vegetation—vermin, will produce even worse consequences.—In either case, the future looks unpromising. The transmission of the 'bread stuffs' to this country cannot fail, under such circumstances, to prove a profitable investment.

The seasons run in cycles, and if the indifferent grain harvest of last year is to be followed by a similar calamity during the present year, a great safety valve will be found in the almost stationary sliding scale. We are no croakers, nor have we any desire to prognosticate evil; a bad harvest is the heaviest calamity which Heaven can inflict upon a country. We are merely pointing out the probable effects of an extraordinary physical fact.

Massachusetts Legislature.

Monday, March 16.

In the Senate, bills to establish the city of Cambridge, and to incorporate the town of Ashland, were passed to be enacted in concurrence.

In the House the bill concerning the establishment of an Equity Court came up, and having been under discussion for 3 days, created some excitement. After much discussion Mr Gardner moved the indefinite postponement of the whole bill, which was abopted by a vote of 3 to 1.—Thus a stupendous lawyer's bill has been killed after talking upon it four days.

Tuesday, March 17.

In the Senate sixteen bills and two resolves were passed to be enacted, and they all received the signature of the President.

The subject of Capital Punishment was discussed.

In the House the first discussable matter in the order of the day was the bill to confirm an act to authorize the Boston Wharf Company, at South Boston, and giving leave to extend their wharf to the lines provided for in an act passed last year.—This occupied the day.

Wednesday, March 18.

In the Senate bills were reported to increase the capital stock of the Northampton Woolen Manufacturing, and so on of some other corporations.

In the House the bill to confirm an act to authorize the Boston Wharf Company to extend their wharf, was again debated.

Thursday, March 19.

Senate business as usual.

In the House the Boston Wharf Company's bill to extend their wharf, had its *third* day of consideration, and was not concluded.

Friday, March 20.

Senate business as usual.

In the House, Mr Bumpus, of Plympton gave his compeers a goodly lecture on their "noise, din and bustle," and advised the "*talking members* to talk to the *point!*" Well said, Bumpus!

The Boston Wharf Bill was again discussed, for the fourth day. Finally the bill was refused a third reading by a vote of 96 to 124—a majority of 28 against the act of last year, and thus favoring the injunction of the Supreme Court.

An order was adopted, that the Judiciary committee consider the expediency of authorizing County Commissioners to lay out and construct roads, when selectmen of towns refuse so to do.

Saturday, March 21.

Senate business as usual.

In the House a bill to change the time of assessing taxes in the city of Boston, from May to the 1st of January in each year, came up for discussion, and also the bill to incorporate the New England Moral Reform Society.

Congress.

Monday, March 16.

In the Senate the committee raised for the examination into the charges of the Times newspaper against the Senate, reported that the charges were not sustained, and very injudiciously and improperly we think concluded with a resolution that the editors, proprieters and reporters of the Times, be excluded from the seats assigned to reporters in the gallery.

In the House the discussion of the River and Harbor Bill continued through the whole of a very long day.

Tuesday, March 17.

In the Senate to-day, the debate on the notice was continued. Mr Berrien made a long speech against ths measure.

The House was engaged during a very long session on the River and Harbor bill.

Wednesday, March 18.

In the Senate to-day, a bill was reported for refunding of a fine imposed on Thomas Cooper, under the Alien and Sedition Law.

Mr Archer made a brief speech on the Oregon question, and in favor of conciliation and compromise, and Mr Niles took the floor for to-morrow.

The Senate spent some time in Executive session.

In the House the River and Harbor bill was taken up, and many amendments were offered and voted upon.

Thursday, March 19.

In the Senate Mr Allen said that on Monday, the 23d inst., he should ask the Senate to go into Executive session upon a most important subject, which demanded immediate attention, and would perhaps occupy four or five days.

Afterwards the Oregon question was taken up, and Mr Niles spoke at length in favor of an absolute and unqualified notice as a dignified, appropriate, and peaceful measure.

In the House the River and Harbor bill was put to vote upon the several items singly. As this is tedious business it was not ended when adjournment took place.

Friday, March 20.

The Senate did not sit to-day.

The House consumed the day in calling the yeas and nays on the River and Harbor Bill. The bill passed, ayes 119—noes 91.

Saturday, March 21.

The Senate did not sit to-day.

The House likewise held no session.—The executive business announced by Mr Allen, on Thursday, is said to relate to the Belgian treaty.

A Grave Digger Buried Alive.—A singular accident, resulting in the death of a man named John Woolfield, took place at St. Thomas' burial ground, Birmingham. Woolfield, about one o'clock on that day, had been engaged with another man in digging a grave, and had got down to the requisite depth of nearly fifteen feet, and they had both come out of the grave, when he expressed a wish to remove some loose earth which was at the bottom. He accordingly descended for that purpose, and was in the act of lifting some with his spade, when one of the sides suddenly gave way, almost completely filling up the grave, and burying the unfortunate man in the soil. His companion made an effort to save him; and narrowly escaped a similar fate, for the gravel, of which the ground is composed, sunk with his weight burying him up to the middle. He extricated himself, however, and instantly procured assistance, and every nerve was strained to remove the superincumbent earth from the poor fellow thus embodied alive; but notwithstanding every effort, nearly an hour and a half elapsed before his body was discovered, standing in nearly an upright position, with his spade in his hand. A messenger had been despatched to the Queen's Hospital for medical aid, when two surgeons were speedily on the ground, who had the body conveyed to the hospital, where every means of resuscitation were adopted, but as might have been anticipated, without effect. He had been dead some time before he was exhumed. What adds to the distressing nature of the occurrence is, that the man has left a widow with a young child."—*Birmingham Jour.*

Generosity.—A good deal of generosity is displayed in the conduct of the editor of the Massachusetts Ploughman. He has not only refused to exchange with us, but refuses to send a paper by our offering to pay the regular subscripton price. If we are unable to obtain one, we shall be under the necessity of omitting Quincy Market. We trust however that we shall have matters regulated in the course of a few weeks so as to be able to obtain one.

Diamonds.—All the diamonds that have been found in the world, it is said, would not fill a bushel basket. The mines of Brazil, however, will probably tend to heap up the basket a little. The quantity found has been so large as to reduce the price in Brazil thirty-three per cent. Many have been valued at from $10,000 to $25,000 each. An English house in Rio Janeiro has purchased over two quarts, costing in the rough state $600,000, which were sent to London, where they will be polished.

The marriage of the daughter of Mehomet Ali, was celebrated at Cairo in December. The festivities lasted six days. On the first day there was a grand banquet of 800 covers, at which the Viceroy, the Pashas, and other dignitaries were present. The ladies were admitted to a magnificent supper given by the eldest daughter of the Pasha, when not less than 3500 women were present, and it was said that over 300 cooks were employed to prepare it.—The whole town was illuminated, and it is stated that the feasts cost about £200,000 sterling. There were 16 English ladies present.

The Boston Olive Branch is the best Family Newspaper we know of, for the price. We perceive that Colesworthy, former editor of the Portland Tribune, has been added to its list of contributors.

We have received from Mr Ashmun, M. C., some valuable Public Documents, for which he will please accept our thanks.

The New York Illustrated Magazine has come to hand with its usual variety of interesting matter. Next month commences a new volume.

We are sorry to be obliged to continue a story over to the next week, but the good one on the outside will make up for length.

A Triple Murder.—We clip the following horrid account from the correspondence of Saturday's Albany Argus. It bears date March 18th.

The house of Mr Van Ness, a farmer and supervisor of the town of Flemming, on Oswego lake, about 4 miles from Auburn, was entered last night about half-past 9 o'clock, by some one in the disguise of a negro, and Mr Van Ness, his wife and child were stabbed by the villain and are now dead—his mother-in-law and hired man were also stabbed, but are yet living. No further particulars are known, and no cause assigned for the act. It is reported, that Mrs V. ran about 60 rods, when her bowels gushed out and she fell dead. Mr V., it is said, attempted to go up stairs for his gun, and fell dead. The child, about 2 years old, was torn open from its shoulder entirely across its abdomen. The hired man succeeded in keeping him off with the broom-stick, and saved his own life and that of Mr V.'s mother-in-law, but he is badly wounded.

Later.—Yesterday's Argus has the following in addition, received by telegraph from Utica.

The murderer of the Van Ness family was taken at Fulton, Oswego county, on Friday, and is in custody of the sheriff.—We understand thyt he acknowledges the deed. He was at Syracuse Friday morning—he hitched his horse on the north side of the canal, and was on the steps of the Syracuse House when the cars came out from Syracuse. He went to Fulton, where he offered to sell his horse to the tavern-keeper, Mr V. Low. This caused a suspicion that the horse was stolen, and soon after he left he was pursued on this suspicion and taken. He bears the marks of the blow received from Van Arsdale.

We learn that Mrs Wykoff and Van Arsdale are still alive—(Friday evening.)

The Magnetic Telegraph between Springfield and Boston, was put in operation, for the first time, on Monday, the 16th inst. It is stated by some that as the communication runs along the wire, it can be distinctly heard! But we rather doubt it—because, our office being within a few yards of the wires, it would be impossible for it to pass without our knowledge, if it is to be heard!! The charge of transmitting a communication of 15 words, from New York to Boston, will be 25 cents.

We would call the attention of our readers to the Advertisements of Messrs. Olmsted & Co., of Monson; Bemis, of Springfield, and Tucker of Belchertown, which are found in another column.

☞ The communication giving a comparative statement of the costs of Arms, under civil and military rule, from a Springfield correspondent, shall be published in our next. It being a tabular statement, requires more time for composition, and it was not received in season for this number.

New Town House.—Mr Colton, of Springfield, has received the contract for building the new Town House. It is to be 70 feet long and 48 wide, 18 feet posts.

Brighton Market.—*Monday, Mar.* 23

[Reported for the Daily Advertiser.

At Market, 480 Beef Cattle, 50 pairs Working Oxen, 30 Cows and Calves, 700 Sheep, and 1400 Swine.

Prices—Beef Cattle—Last week's prices were fully sustained. We quote extra 5 75 a $6; first quality 5 50 a 5 75;—second $5 a 5 25; third $4 a 4 50.

Working Oxen—A large number of sales were effected. We notice the following—$68, $72, $75, $78, $83, $88, and $105.

Cows and Calves—Sales were made at $18, $23, $27 and $30.

Sheep—Sales frvm $3 to 4 50.

Swine—Several lots at 4 1-4 and 5 1-4c; prime lots, large Hogs thrown out, 4 1-2 and 5 1-2c; old Hogs 4c. At retail 5 and 6c. All sold.

☞ Among the most distressing maladies are those which internal remedies fail to alleviate, spinal affections, ague in the face, and a catalogue of other similar ills to which humanity is subject. A variety of nostrums are advertised as panaceas for these painful visitations, but one article we know, if not infallible, is at least almost so, in effecting a cure—we allude to *Hunt's Liniment*, which is certified for its healing qualities, by the most eminent men in the medical profession, as well as by a host of most respectable persons who have experienced its benefits. The cures it has accomplished partake so much of the marvellous, that one's faith is taxed in giving credence to them; but we are assured that even incipient deformity has been checked,—and we believe the fact to be beyond controversy. In that dreadful disease, Rheumatism, the application of the Liniment has never failed to give relief to the sufferer; indeed in all cases where an external remedy can be effectual, this has been found eminently so. The Proprietor is a highly respectable gentleman, occupying a responsible station under government, and this fact may be considered a guarantee, that the Liniment is not to be classed among the prevailing charlatanry of the day. It is sold by most of the respectable Druggists throughout the country.

The Liniment is sold by

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

MARRIAGES.

At Three Rivers, on the 20th inst. by Rev. Mr Hedges, David N. Squire to Miss Susan E. Ellsbree; Mr George H. Ellsbree to Miss Emeline Pierce, all of Thorndike.

At Three Rivers, on the 19th inst. by Rev. Mr Cadworth, Mr W. Gray to Miss Betsey Paul, both of Palmer Depot.

We have received that slice of cake,
Which was very nice and tall—
Richly mixed and a good bake,
From you and Miss Betsey Paul.

DEATHS.

In Williamansett, March 12, Widow Content Pendleton, aged 78.

In Springfield, March 12th, of consumption, Miss Mary, aged 24, daughter of Elijah Blake, Esq.

BY THE QUEEN'S PATENT.

Triumphant success of

Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of life

The Great English Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption!

THE most celebrated and infallible remedy, for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, or any form of Pulmonary Consumption, is the Hungarian Balsam of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchan of London, England, tested for upwards of seven years in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe, and introduced into the United States, under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

Dr Buchan is a distinguished philanthropist and Elder of the society of Friends, and member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, celebrated for his valuable discoveries in the treatment of Scrofulous Consumption. The Hungarian Balsam is a purely vegetable compound, composed chiefly of a Hungarian Gum, of wonderful power in pulmonary diseases.

The astonishing success of the Hungarian Balsam, in the cure of every form of Consumption, warrants the American Agent in soliciting for treatment the worst possible cases that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished physicians, as confirmed and incurable. The Hungarian Balsam has cured, and will cure, the most desperate of cases. It is no quack nostrum, but a standard English medicine, of known and established efficacy.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a *preventive medicine* in all cases of Colds, Coughs, spitting of Blood, Pain in the side and chest, irritation and soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, difficulty of breathing, Hectic Fever, Night Sweats, Emaciation and General debility, Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, and Croup.

In case of actual disease of the Lungs, or seated Consumption, it is the only source of Hope.

Sold by McDonald & Smith, sole Agents for the United Kingdom, at the Italian Warehouse, Regent Street, London, in Bottles and cases, for ships, hospitals, &c.

By special appointment—DAVID F. BRADLEE, Boston, Mass, sole Agent for the United States and British American Provinces.

American price, $1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of health.

Pamphlets, containing a mass of English and American certificates and other evidence, showing the unequalled merits of this Great English Remedy, may be obtained of the agents, gratis.

None genuine, without the written signature of the American agent, on a gold and bronze label, to counterfeit which is forgery.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 120 Washington street, Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 11-1y

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A Lecture

On Temperance by Mr. Hewlett, will be given on Thursday, April 2d, at the Baptist Church, Three Rivers Per order.

Palmer, March 25, 1846.

NOTICE.

THE subscribers having leased the store lately occupied by the Monson & Brimfield Man. Co., give notice that they have made arrangements to sell goods in that village, on the cash system, under the name of W. OLMSTED & CO.

HALL OLMSTED.

Monson, March 18, 1846. 11-2t

HARD WARE, GLASS, NAILS, &C.

THE subscriber is receiving his spring supply of Hard Ware, Tools, and every article in the Hard Ware line, which will be sold at Hartford and Poston prices, with the difference of freight only.—Also, Prouty's

CELEBRATED BOSTON PLOUGHS,

which go ahead of any Plough as to workmanship, easy draught, &c., doing the work well. For sale at manufacturer's prices.

Also, constantly on hand a splendid article of

PICKER & LACE LEATHER,

for manufacturers. S. C. BEMIS,

Exchange Building, Main street.

Springfield, March 20, 1846. 11-6t

NOTICE!

THE subscriber informs the public, that he still continues to manufacture

Bonnets & Artificial Flowers,

in all those varieties suitable for the spring trade.—Country merchants will do well to call and examine previous to purchasing elsewhere. Bonnets repaired at the shortest notice. E. P. TUCKER.

Belchertown, March 23d, 1846. 11-6t

Taxes! Taxes!

ALL those who have not paid their Taxes for 1845, must pay them before the first of April, or pay costs. A. N. DEWEY, Collector.

Palmer, March 23, 1846.

LOST.

ON Thursday last, a Breastpin belonging to the subscriber, was lost on the road between here and Monson. Whoever finds the same will please leave it at this office. MR. HEWLETT.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

HAMPDEN SS.

IN INSOLVENCY: before E. D. Beach, Esq., Master in Chancery. In the matter of Horace Reckard, jr., of Palmer in said county. To Roswell Ruggles Assignee in said case.

You are hereby directed to call the 3d meeting of the creditors of the said Reckard, to be held at the office of the subscriber, in said Springfield, on Monday the thirteenth day of April next, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and to publish notice thereof on two different days in the newspaper called the Palmer Sentinel printed at Palmer; at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims. And you are further directed to make return at said meeting of this order, with your doings herein.

Witness my hand, this 9th day of March in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

E. D. BEACH Master in Chancery.

A true copy of original order—Attest.

9-3t ROSWELL RUGGLES, Assignee.

Flour! Flour!

200 BBLS. best brands Flour, now in store and for sale low by

McGILVRAY & CO.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

THE Copartnership now existing under the name and firm of J. S. & C. D. Bailey, will by mutual consent be dissolved on the first day of April next. All persons indebted to said firm are requested to make immediate payment. Those having claims against said firm will please present the same without delay. J. S. & C. D. BAILEY.

Palmer Depot, March 10, 1846. 9-3t

Gentlemen!

CAN buy nice Calf Boots cheaper at the depot store, than at any other establishment in town.

McGILVRAY & CO.

Look to this Ladies.

JUST received at the depot store, Shaded Twist, Steel Beads, Rings, Drops and Tassels. Also a large lot of Berlia Zephyn Worsteds, Canvass and Canvass patterns for embroidery.

9 McGILVRARY & CO.

Spices.

CITRON, Mace, Nutmegs, Cinnamon and other spices, for sale low at the Depot Store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

RAISINS.

BOX AND CASK RAISINS, of nice quality, for sale low at the Depot Store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

Shaving Soap.

HALE'S Celebrated New York Almond Shaving Soap, for sale by McGILVRAY & CO.

Mirrors!

A LARGE lot just received and for sale low, at the depot store. McGILVRAY & CO.

Goods! Goods!!

JUST received at the depot store, a large and well selected stock of rich and fashionable

Dry Goods!

Among which may be found beautiful Hair Corded Cashmeres, Crape de Syrria—all new and splendid goods for Ladies' dresses. De Laines, repped, twilled and plain in every variety of style, color and price. Also a fresh stock of very beautiful dress Silks, an immense stock of calico Prints—comprising some very rich all of which are of entirely new style.

Brown and Bleached Sheetings, Shirtings, Tickings and Burlaps. Counterpanes all sizes and qualities.

To our stock of Carpetings, we would call the attention of all wishing to purchase—as it is the largest and comprises more desirable patterns than any other stock in the county,—and will be sold cheaper than can be bought at any other concern.

The above goods have all been manufactured and imported expressly for the spring trade of 1846, and have been purchased at such prices, as will not only place us beyond the reach of competition, but will enable us to give better bargains than have heretofore been had or found in the county of Hampden.

McGILVRAY & CO.

To Let.

THE large and convenient store formerly occupied by Merrick Cooley, in this village. Said store is eligibly situated a few rods north of the Railroad Depot, and is one of the best stands for business to be found in the country.

Possession given the first of April. Enquire of

A. BLODGETT.

Palmer Depot, March 11, 1846.

CARPENTER & JOBBING SHOP.

THE subscriber will open a new Carpenter and Jobbing Shop, near Palmer Depot, on or before the first of April next, where he will be happy to execute all orders in his line of business, with which he may be favored. All work entrusted to his hands will be done with despatch and in a

WORKMANLIKE MANNER,

and by attention to business and faithfulness in the performance of all orders, he hopes to merit the patronage of his friends and the public.

7-3m N. W. PRIME.

CARPENTER AND JOINER.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform those wishing to build, that he designs to enter more fully into the above business the coming season.—Having had a thorough experience in the business, and designing to employ none but good workman, with many thanks for former patronage would solicit a continuance of the same. He designs to finish after the latest and most approved style of

Architecture, Drafts, Plans,

and Elevations, executed with neatness. Also, Bills of Timber and Lumber.

JAMES M. CURRIER, Arch.

Palmer Depot, Feb. 4, 1846. 4

NOTICE.

THE subscribers have fitted up a Counting-Room, in their *Store-House Building* near the track of the

Western Railroad;

where they may be found for the present. In consequence of the late disastrous fire, by which their store and stock of Goods were destroyed, they earnestly request all persons indebted to them by *Book account or Note* to settle the same without delay, and those having claims against us are requested to present the same. F. C. MERRICK & CO.

Palmer Depot, Feb. 17, 1846. 6-6t

Table Cutlery.

THE undersigned having now in store a complete assortment of Knives and Forks, &c., they would invite those persons who are about commencing house-keeping, to call and examine the above goods, in connection with their extensive stock of Feathers, Carpetings, Crockery, Glass Ware, together with nearly all requisite furnishing goods.

McGILVRAY & CO.

Silks! Silks!!

LADIES wishing for Rich Silks in a great variety of colors and qualities, are assured their wishes will be satisfied, and at as low prices as can be found at any store in the state. We solicit your examination at the depot cheap store.

McGILVRAY & CO.

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

CARPETINGS AND FEATHERS,

CROCKERY, CHINA AND GLASS WARE,

Drugs, Medicines, and Paints,

W. GOODS & GROCERIES,

Flour, Salt, Lime, &c., &c.,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

A. BLODGETT,

Watch Maker and Jeweler,

3 DOORS WEST OF THE PALMER HOTEL,

North side of the Railroad,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Watches and Clocks of all kinds carefully repaired and warranted.

J. D. BARBER,

Fashionable Tailor,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.

Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Garment is to be made out of the shop.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

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100 Packages Tea.

THE subscribers having just received a large invoice of Y. H. Ning Yong, Souc, and O. H. Tea, are now prepared to sell at Wholesale or Retail, at prices much less than ever before offered in this place. Merchants and others wishing to purchase tea by the package, are informed they can do so of us as low as they can buy in Boston, with the addition of the freight. Please call and examine for yourselves at the depot store.

6 McGILVRAY & CO.

A large assortment of the most valuable

FAMILY MEDICINES!

Among which are Trull's, Norman's (Peruvian,) Ball's, Richardson's, Phelps', and Russell's Bitters. Hull's, Gardner's, Wright's, Brandreth's, Lescur's, Smith's (sugar coated,) Persian, Phinney's, Ball's, Richardson's, Phelps' (Tomato and Cough,) Gridley's, Peters', Hitchcock's, Russell's, United States and various other Pills.

Whittemore's Vegetable Syrup for Diarrhœa, &c. Fahnestock's Vermifuge, an invaluable remedy for Worms. Becannon's Pulmonary Syrup, Covert's Balm of Life, Richardson's Pectoral Balsam, Ames' Cough Syrup, Moore's Essence of Life, Down's Elixir, Sand's Sarsaparilla, Egyptian Eye Wash, Catarrh Snuff, Cheesman's Arabian Balsam, Minhsux's Freckle Wash, Brandreth's and Gridley's Liniment, Opodeldoc, Sand's remedy for Salt Rheum, Cohen's Rheumatic Embrocation, Root's German Ointment. Griswold's, Sweet's, Esea's, Sherman's Bettis' and Hebrew Plasters.

Sherman's, Fales', and Peters' Medicated Lozenges, Castor Oil, Hot Drops, Tooth Powders, Hair Tonics, Essences, &c., &c.

Warranted Genuine, for sale by

8 A. BLODGETT.

Palmer Depot, 1846.

Cards! Cards!

LADIES OR GENTLEMEN wishing for Visiting or Business Cards, can be supplied at short notice, with or without printing, at this office.

REVALUABLEMEDY.

HUNT'S LINIMENT.

THIS CELEBRATED EXTERNAL REMEDY for the cure of Rheumatism, Cramps, Affections of the Spine, Pains in the Back and Chest, Swelled Limbs, Croup, Agnes in the Face, Tooth-Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Issues, Ulcerated Sores, Salt Rheum, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Weakness in the Ankles, Nervous Diseases, Contraction of the Muscles, Burns, Corns, and Frosted Feet, is now almost universally acknowledged to be one of the Wonders of the World, and the BEST EXTERNAL REMEDY NOW KNOWN. And as a proof of the great celebrity which this remedy has attained, the following certificate, from gentlemen of the highest respectability, is offered. There has never yet been discovered an external remedy which has proved so universally successful in all cases where it has been applied.

Sing Sing, May 18, 1845.

We, the undersigned, do certify that we have used Mr George E. Stanton's External Remedy, called HUNT'S LINIMENT, and have proved it to be fully equal to the character it gives it. Its healing properties are truly extraordinary; and we most confidently recommend it as one of the safest and most certain external remedies that has yet been discovered.

Caleb Rosecoe, Editor Westchester Herald.
Isaac Birdsall, Inspector M. P. State Prison.
Albert Lockwood, Judge Court Common Pleas.
James Locke, the extensive Horticulturist.
James B. Swain, Editor H. R. Chronicle.
M. Churchill, Principal of the celebrated Boarding School for Boys.
Samuel F. Reynolds, Supreme Court Commissioner.
R. R. York, District Attorney.
Theodosius Clark, Pastor M. E. Church.
Robert Wilton, late Agent M. P. State Prison.
Aaron Ward, late Member of Congress.
Munson L. Lockwood, Clerk of the County.
Wm. H. Fock, Agent M. P. State Prison.
B. C. Morse, Pastor of the Baptist Church.
Benjamin Moore, Samuel Trowbridge,
Abraham Kipp, Pierre Van Cortland,
Stephen Marshall, Abraham Miller,
John Stras, Gilbert Miller,
Philip G. Van Wack, Edmund Blunt,
Benjamin Washburn.

The following letter from the highly eminent Physician which has been attached to the Mount Pleasant State Prison for many years, is the best evidence of the value of this celebrated Liniment:—

Sing Sing, Dec. 26, 1844.

Mr Dear Sir—I received your note of yesterday, asking my opinion in relation to Hunt's Liniment, as prepared by Mr George E. Stanton. Knowing its composition, and having frequently used it, I can commend it to you as a safe External Remedy, and, in my opinion, the best Liniment now in use

Very truly and respectfully yours,
A. K. HOFFMAN, M. D.

Col. Pierre Van Cortland, Croton Manor.

I fully concur in the above opinion,
WM. N. BELCHER, M. D.

☞ Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all the principal Druggists and store-keepers throughout the country.

CAUTION.—Although this External Remedy has been but a short time before the public, counterfeiters have deemed it worth while to palm off a base and worthless article as the genuine. Be sure that each bottle has stamped on it the following: "Hunt's Liniment, prepared and sold by G. E. Stanton, Sing-Sing, N. Y." None other is genuine.

GEORGE E. STANTON.

Sing-Sing, June 5, 1845. 2-1y

AGENTS.—G. W. Callener, East Longmeadow; Samuel Leach, Wilbraham; Shaw & Chapman, So. Wilbraham; Norcross & Converse, Monson; J. C. Royce & Co. Wales; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; D. F. McGilvray & Co. Palmer Depot.

Depot Cabinet Warehouse.

THE subscriber would inform his patrons that he still continues to manufacture all kinds of Cabinet Ware, and would invite all those about to purchase any article in his line to call and examine his assortment. Among which are the following—

Grecian, Work, Card, Centre & Dining

Tables; Work, Wash and Light Stands; Grecian, French and Common Bureaus; French and Common Bedsteads; Grecian, Cane and Wood seat Chairs, &c., &c. His Furniture is of the best

MATERIALS AND WORKMANSHIP,

and his prices will be found to be as low as at any other establishment in the county. Call and examine and satisfy yourselves.

Thankful for the liberal patronage with which he has thus far been favored, would solicit a continuance of the same.

N. B. All kinds of Job Work done at short notice. A. H. LONGLEY.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846.

Wanted!

LUMBER, of all kinds in exchange for goods, for which fair prices will be paid.

McGILVRAY & CO.

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200 PRS. LADIES' KID SHOES, for sale low at the Depot store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

GRAIN.

CORN, Rye and Oats, for sale at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Salt.

TURK'S ISLAND, Liverpool and Dairy Salt, for sale at the Depot Store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

Fresh Oysters!

Direct from New Haven by Railroad Express!

CONSTANTLY on hand, and furnished in any quantity at the lowest prices, by

A. BLODGETT.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 14, 1846.

Woolens! Woolens!!

WISHING to close off the balance of our extensive stock of Goods adapted to the present season, will sell at a reduction from former prices, (which of course brings them very low.)—Ladies and Gentlemen wishing for wearing apparel at bargains, will please call and examine for themselves, at the depot store. McGILVRAY & CO.

Lard.

FRESH LARD and Lard Oil, for sale at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Fish.

PRIME Salmon, Mackerel, Halibut, Sword and Cod Fish, for sale at the Depot Store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

This Day Received!

LINEN Table Covers, col'd, Brown and Damask. Also some very nice Woolen Covers, Tickings, Feathers, &c., all for sale low at the depot store.

McGILVRAY & CO.

Brass Clocks.

OF superior quality, both alarm and common movements, beautifully cased and warranted first rate Time Keepers. For sale low by

5 A. BLODGETT.

Paper Hangings!

OF almost every style and price, just received and for sale low, at the depot store.

McGILVRAY & CO.

Glass.

WINDOW GLASS of nearly all sizes and qualities, for sale at the Depot store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

Molasses.

12 HHDS. superior Molasses, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

500 GALLS. Eng. Linseed Oil, for sale at the Depot store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

White Lead.

GROUND AND DRY in various qualities, for sale at the Depot store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

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50 China Tea Setts,

OF new styles, for sale low at the Depot store by McGILVRAY & CO.

3000 LBS. TOBACCO, of the most approved brands, for sale by

McGILVRAY & CO.

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she very

the force of

POETRY.

Yes or No.

When of a man I ask a question,
I wish he'd answer Yes or No,
Nor stop to make some smooth evasion,
And only tell me, *May be so.*

I always doubt the friendly meaning
Of *well,—perhaps,—I do not know,—*
When for a favor I am suing;
I'd rather hear the answer, No.

When of a friend I wish to borrow
A little cash,—to hear him say,
I've none to-day, but on to-morrow,
Is worse than if he'd told me Nay.

Why all this need of plastering over
What we in fact intend to show?
Why not at once, with much less labor,
Say frankly, Yes, my friend, or No?

I, from my soul, despise all quibbling;
I'll use it not with friend or foe;
But when they ask, without dissembling,
I'll plainly answer, Yes or No.

And when I ask that *trembling question,*
"Will you be mine my dearest Miss?"
Then may there be no hesitation
To say distinctly, YES SIR, YES.

A Valentine;

Sent to a Gentleman, February 14, 1846.

Wanted, *a hand* to hold my own,
As down Life's vale I glide;
Wanted, *an arm* to lean upon
Forever by my side!

Wanted, *a firm and steady foot*
With step secure and free,
To keep its straight and onward pace
Over Life's path with me.

Wanted, *a form* erect and high,
A *head* above my own
So much, that I might walk beneath
Its shadow o'er me thrown!

Wanted, *an eye* within whose depth
Mine own might look and see
Uprisings from a guileless heart
O'erflown with love for me!

Wanted, *a lip* whose kindest smile
Would speak for me alone;
A *voice* whose richest melody
Would breathe affection's tone!

Wanted, *a true religious soul*
To pious purpose given,
With whom my own might pass along
The road that leads to Heaven!

For The Sentinel.

Enigma.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 2, 9, 10, 11, 6, 5, 9, 10, 5, 6, has caused much trouble in a sister State;
My 7, 2, 10, is a domestic animal;
My 1, 11, 9, 5, 2, 1, 1, 14, 8, is a fruit much esteemed;
My 4, 8, 9, are much admired by the Ladies;
My 8, 14, 4, is a valued tree in a neighboring city;
My 3, 2, 7, 13, is a material for Ladies' wear;
My 1, 6, 11, 12, 10, 8, 6, you are in duty bound to pay;
My 4, 8, 2, 3, 10, 11, 4, 5, is what gluttons wish for;
My 2, 4, 8, 6, 11, 7, 2, is the birth-place of liberty;
My 1, 6, 11, 9, 7, 5, is the title of a ruler;
My whole require labor and money to flourish.

A. C. K.

☞ An answer is requested.

HUMOROUS.

PITCH INTO NICODEMUS.—A celebrated character of the state of New York, holding a high post in the law, was lately taken ill and confined to his bed for several days. His wife, who is an angel of a woman, (as many wives are,) proposed to read for him, to which he readily assented.

"My dear, what shall I read?"

"O, I don't care much what—anything you please."

"But have you no choice, dear?"

"None in the world, love—please yourself."

"Shall I read a chapter or two out of the Scriptures?"

"O yes, that'll do very well."

But what part of Scripture shall I read?"

"Any part you like, love."

"But dear you must have come choice—some little preference; we all have that."

"No, I have none in the world, dear;—read any part you like best."

"But I would rather please *you* dear John, and you surely *have* a preference."

"Well, well, dear, if you will please me, then *pitch into Nicodemus.*"

☞ "Mither! mither! what *have* you done," said a little "shaver" with protruding eyes to a "*greeny*" who had just finished tying his horse to a spruce pole, as he thought on Merrimack st.

"Done," said the fellow; "what d'ye mean; I han't done nothin' not 's I know on."

"Why, yith you have thir, you've jeth hitched your hoth to the Magnetic Telegraph, and you'll be in Bothton in leth than two minnith if you don't look out."

The man untied his horse with nervous anxiety and jumping into his sleigh, drove hastily down the street.

"What are you writing such a thundering big hand for, Pat?"

"Why you see my grandmother's dafe, and I'm writin' a loud lether to her."

...an you tell me what is smaller ...s mouth." "No, Pete, I can't ... Well, it's *Nothing.*"

AGRICULTURAL.

From the St. Clairsville Gazette.

To Farmers.

Is it not time for farmer's to magnify their calling, and not lament over their *hard lot.* Who is so independent as the man on a fine farm, lord of the soil, all paid for, and yet how many talk of drudgery, no time to read, no idea of educating sons and daughters that their souls may be elevated above the beasts of the field. In Ohio thousands of industrious boys and girls over 20 years cannot read or write!—Better improve the soil and the mind, and wear homespun, than be college puppies and boarding school simpletons. How many farmer's sons enter stores, study professions, and die forgotten! Because one in the hundred succeeds, the *exception* is supposed to be a passport to fame and ease, and the *general rule* unthought of.—Oh, the misery of families, from this sad mistake of parents and children. Where is there so much comfort in life as in the log cabins of the pious farmers or in the mansions of the hard working yeomanry of our country? Better, far better, be in the wilderness, with sound views of life, than in the scenes of dissipation, luxury and extravagance, wasting life in rounds of pleasure and dull vacuity. He who has a good farm has every inducement to cultivate it well. The employment is attended with riches, honor and health. The farmer should have as deep an insight of nature, as lawyers have of Kent, physicians of the human form, and divines of biblical knowledge. They have soils to improve, food to procure, animals to perfect; records of labor performed, hopes expressed, tears anticipated, experiments noted, and the sum total, of all their operations to attend to, and why, then, is not the calling of the farmer made the very first—the highest of all? They have to will it, to be freed from all the prejudices of society, and to maintain that standing which the God of nature enjoins upon them. The farmer should be proud of his vocation but not imbued with the vanities of life.—Industry, patience, perseverance, with a social obliging disposition, throw a thousand noble traits around his character and profession. Honest and sincere, the farmer is free from underhand cunning, and as a late writer says:

He gives society its best support—is the firmest pillar that supports the edifice of government—he is the lord of nature.—Look at him in his homespun and gray! bucks—gentlemen!—laugh at him if you will—but believe me, he can laugh back if he pleases.

Hint to Housekeepers.

How often do our fair house-keepers dolefully exclaim, lifting their bright eyes in great perplexity. "What *shall* we have for dinner?" The question is easily settled for once, but the constant daily repetition of it, drives them into a quandary which it is difficult to avoid, and extremely vexatious to endure. We believe our fair friends allow that a change and variety of dishes at different meals, give greater satisfaction, than a monotonous continuance of the same food, however excellent it may be. Sit you down therefore, pen in hand, and compose a table of the meals of each day for two weeks, endeavoring if possible not to have the same article repeated more than once or twice during that time. In selecting your dishes the season must be somewhat consulted and those most appropriate chosen. Follow strictly this table; when finished, commence it again, and a pleasant variety of dishes will compose your meals, without the unpleasant perplexity occurring each day as to the selection of them.

To make Hens lay Perpetually.

Hens will lay eggs perpetually, if treated in the following manner: Keep no roosters; give the hens fresh meat, chopped up like sausage meat, once a day, a very small portion, say half an ounce a day to each hen, during the winter, or from the time insects disappear in the fall till they appear again in the spring. Never allow any eggs to remain in the nest for what is called nest eggs. When the roosters do not run with the hens and no nest eggs are left in the nest, the hens will not cease laying after the production of twelve or fifteen eggs, as they always do when roosters and nest eggs are allowed; but continue laying perpetually. My hens lay all winter, and each from seventy-five to one hundred eggs in succession.

If the above plan were generally followed, eggs would be just as plenty in winter as in summer. The only reason why hens do not lay in winter as freely as in summer is the want of animal food, which they get in summer in abundance in the form of insects. I have for several winters reduced my theory to practice, and it proved its entire correctness.—*Ex. Paper.*

WOOL.—About the year 1808, James Wadsworth, Esq., who recently deceased at his residence at Genesee, proposed to Col. Humphrey of Connecticut, to pay him $30,000 for the use of his flock of sheep for one year, promising to return the flock entire at the end of that period. But the offer was declined. In those days it absorbed the wealth of a parish to buy a Merino buck.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Woman and Dancing.

The following is not new—but it is worthy to be read six times per annum.

"I believe a woman would do a great deal for a dance," said Dr Growling; "they are immensely fond of saltatory motion.—So well do they like to dance, that no small obstacle could avail to deprive them of it, when an opportunity is offered."

"I remember once in my life I used to flirt with one who was a great favorite in a provincial town where I lived, and she was invited to a ball there, and confided to me that she had no silk stockings to appear in, and without them her appearance at the ball was out of the question."

"That was a hint for you to buy stockings," said "Dick."

"No, you are out," said Dr. Growling, "She knew I was poor as herself; but tho' she could not rely on my purse, she had every confidence in my taste and judgment and consulted me on a plan she had for going to the ball in proper twig. Now what do you think it was?"

"To go in cotton, I suppose," returned Dick.

"Out again, sir-could never have guessed it, and only a woman could have hit upon the expedient. It was the fashion those days for ladies in full dress them short, with pink stockings; and she proposed "painting her legs!"

"Painting her legs!" they all exclaimed.

"Fact, sirs," said the doctor, "and she relied on me for telling her if she was successful—"

"And was it?" asked Dursy.

"Don't be in a hurry. I complied only on one condition, namely, that I should be the painter."

"Oh! you old rascal!" said Dick.

"A capital bargain!" said Durfy.

"But not a safe covenant," added an attorney.

"Don't interrupt me gentlemen," said the Doctor. "I got some rose pink, accordingly, and I defy all the hoosiers of Nottingham to make a tighter fit than I did on little Jenny, and a prettier pair of stockings I never saw."

"And she went to the ball?" said Dick.

"She did," replied the old Doctor.

"And the trick succeeded?" added Durfy.

"So completely," said the Doctor, "that several ladies asked her to recommend her dyer to them. Poor Jenny, she was a merry little soul—by the bye, she boxed my ears thar night for a joke I made about the stockings. Jenny, said I, for fear your your stockings should fall down when you are dancing, had'nt you better let me paint a pair of garters on them?"

Visions.

How fair, how beautiful, how heavenly is the twilight of an autumn day. There is a calm, holy influence, stealing in upon the troubled waters of the soul, and peace nestles around the fluttering heart like a weary bird upon a leafy bough.

The sweet laugh of infantile joy—how innocently how free from care and the sorrow of the dark world, that is tossing and heaving with bitterness and grief, around us.

How thrills the heart at the glance of beauty. What deep mystery of spirit is that, which, as glance answers to glance, as blush mantles for blush, tells the sweetly trembling secret, so fondly cherished, so anxiously kept? Maiden fair—can you answer?

How bright and glorious are the few green, sunny spots, which come to bless the shadowed path of the earthly pilgrim. How rich, how exquisite are those moments of joy, which, at times, cause the heart to throw off its chains, and bound forth, like a free and sorrowless thing.

Yet blessed as are these and the few other jewels, that sparkle in the pathway of life, still they are nothing—absolutely nothing, compared with twelve hundred subscribers, cash in hand, contending to have their names and residences entered upon our Great Book, kept for that especial and peculiar purpose. This is the crowning vision of all *visions.—Exchange Paper.*

Rather Pretty.

Dow, Jr., of the N. Y. Sunday Mercury, occasionally gets off some very pretty sentiments in his Patent Sermons. The following is a specimen:—

"My dear friends— blessed be the damsel Memory! With what brightness she restores the faded vesture of the past!—how neatly she repairs the old clothes of yesterday! how kindly she lends us her telescope to view the spots where we sported in childhood, that seems like a little green isle far away in the dim sea of years! how tastefully she re-decorates the shattered bowers of youth! and how delightfully she garnishes the path behind us while her handmaiden, Hope, goes before strewing the wild flowers of the future, and doing all that lies beneath her petticoats, to make the way lovely for feet that are weary, and for hearts that are inclined to faint. There is nothing more sweet than the remembrance of scenes that afforded us mirth and pleasure in our early days, and the recollection of well-spent hours.

Love of Gain.

The Americans are proverbially fond of gain—and many anecdotes are told of the unscrupulous avidity with which they pursue any path which leads to riches But it is a well established fact, that unprincipled beings may be found of all nations, who will be induced by the *hope of gain* to pursue with glee, the most disgusting employments—employments, which are revolting and disgraceful to human nature. And how many thousands, nay, *millions*, of human beings, not only gain their very subsistence from, but fatten on the miseries of others.

During the great plague which raged in Cassorah in the year 1773, when three hundred and seventy-five persons perished during the summer season through the violence of the distemper, an *English* gentleman who resided in Bassorah at that time, preserved himself from infection by retiring with his goods and merchandize to a mud house, where he carefully avoided any direct communication with the inhabitants. But not wishing to remain idle during the reign of the pestilence, and having a large quantity of Bengal cotton, he sold it to the people to wrap the dead in. The price he demanded, and it was proportioned to the distress of the miserable inhabitants, was put into a basket, which was hauled up by a rope to his ware-room, from which, after undergoing a certain disinfecting process, it was transferred to his vaults; and the basket was again lowered with the proportionate quantity of cloth. In the course of the summer he accumulated a handsome fortune by disposing in this manner of *seventy thousand winding sheets.*

Goattees and Bustles.

Great excitemet has been occasioned in Kentucky by a proposition brought before the Legislature of that State to tax *goattees* and *bustles.* A proposition was made to tax pistols and other deadly weapons.—Some of the chivalrous gentlemen of that State not liking the idea, they introduced amendments imposing a tax of five dollars for wearing goattees of a greater length than two inches, and of greater extent than six inches when reduced to a square. Goattees, it will be understood, even by the most unsophisticated, is the popular name for the bunch of hair allowed by some to grow under the chin. Another amendment was then offered in order to prevent the wearing of bustles of a greater diameter than four inches. We need not explain the nature of a bustle, as the general use of the article has familiarized people with its name. If it is supposed that the use of bustles can be prevented by the imposition of a tax, we suspect the Kentucky Solons have missed a figure. The ladies would pay any sum rather than dispense with such a luxury.

Preserve a Good Temper.

A bad temper, in a woman, poisons all her happiness, blights her youth, bring on premature fretful old age—palls all her enjoyments, banishes her friends, and renders home comfortless and barren. Far different is the ripe, rich harvest home, made bright and happy by the sweet temper and mild deportment of an amiable wife, who if afflictions cross her husband abroad, finds comfort and consolation in his home, is happy in a companion whose temper is like the the silver surface of a lake, calm, serene and unruffled. If her is rich, his admiring friends rejoice in his prosperity, and delight in his hospitality, because all around him is light, airy and sunshine; if he is poor, he breaks his crust in peace and thankfulness, for it is not steeped in the water of bitterness. An amiable temper is a jewel of inestimable value in the sum of earthly happiness, because with that alone, the whims of a cross husband may be subdued—many vices may be overcome—the boisterous may be tamed—the unruly conquered—the fretful tranqualized—and the hurricane softened and hushed, as the mild zephyr that sweeps over the honeysuckle under the casement.

Pride.

Amid the stories of starvation at Perth, the following is even more pathetic than the rest. A nobleman of rank and wealth, who had just been giving audience to a petitioner, missed his gold snuff box. He had the visitor brought back, but seeing how well he was dressed, felt reluctant to search him. But at the mere mention of such a thing, the man turned so pale, that it was taken as a sign of guilt, and the examination was made. But then, the cause of his paleness was found to be that he had onlp an old ragged shirt on beneath his good clothes, and that the poor gentleman had hired or borrowed the suit, leaving his family starving in a cellar while he pleaded the suit that might, perchance, bring them bread. The snuff-box had fallen the sofa pillow.

"Why, Siah! I'm astonished!" said a worthy deacon—"didn't we take you into our church, a short time since?"

"I b'lieve so," hiccuped Siah, who was sunmistakebly *balmsd*—" I b'lieve you (hic) did—but between you and (hic) me, it was leetle the (hic) darndest *take in* you ever (hic) saw or heard of."

Job Printing!

Palmer Depot Printing Establishment.

SOUTH OF THE WESTERN RAILROAD DEPOT.

The subscribers, having an extensive assortment of materials in the

Jobbing Department,

are now prepared to do all kinds of

BOOK & JOB PRINTING,

in the neatest style, such as

CATALOGUES, HANDBILLS,
SERMONS, BILL-HEADS,
TOWN REPORTS, CIRCULARS,
TOWN RECORDS, LEGAL BLANKS,
BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS, &c., &c.

Managers of Balls and Parties will be supplied at short notice, with

CARDS OF INVITATION,

in style superior to anything of the kind heretofore executed. The Materials of this Establishment are all new and of the latest City styles.

☞ All Orders for the Paper, or Job Work, sent by Mail, Stage Drivers, or otherwise, will be faithfully executed, at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms. The subscribers having at their command as good an assortment of Type as in the County, they flatter themselves they will receive a good share of the public patronage.

WHITTEMORE & TENNEY.

Palmer Depot, Mass, Jan. 1846.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE undersigned grateful for the past liberal patronage which they here acknowledge to have received at the hands of the public, are happy in again announcing that their

STOCK OF MERCHANDISE

is complete, and they are now as ever, ready to sell Goods at such prices as will enable them to sustain the reputation they have already secured to themselves by selling Goods *cheap.* It is not their purpose to assert that they will sell Goods less than any other concern, but nevertheless *know* that they possess facilities for selling some goods which others do not. Keeping as they do almost every article that the people require and getting a small advance on each article sold, affords them ample remuneration for their sevices, at the same time operating beneficially to the purchaser. Another thing which is very essential, which should also be taken into consideration, our goods have all been purchased during the past four months, and as every one must be aware that many goods are much lower than they formerly have been, it becomes an uncontrovertible fact that they can afford to sell at much less prices, than those who having already a stock on hand so large as will not admit of an extension at this season of the year, consequently have not availed themselves of these extra advantages. We do not pretend to say but that others are in many respects able to compete with us on prices. But at present we have confidence to believe that we can offer as great inducements to the community for trade as any other House in the country, and all who may favor us with a call are assured that they will not go away dissatisfied. For particulars see our advertisements.

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846.

DR. TAYLOR'S

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 Bowery New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates.

NEW YORK, March, 6, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy publicly to state, for the information of every body, the wonderful effects of your TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT, 375 Bowery, on myself. About five years since, all my acquintances about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being cured, I was so much relieved by it. In my case it acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well, and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort,* 375 Bowery, and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the Democratic Advocate, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly, A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured entirely by one bottle of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort,* of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) ISAAC P. BALDWIN.

Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.

H. C. TOWNER, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which age had materially impaired, felt that I could not much longer baffle the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARRET.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly, J. & A. SNYDER.

N. B. Price reduced. Large bottles, $1.50—small bottles, $1.00.

Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Nye, Belchertown; W. N. Packard, Monson. iy1

THE GREAT NORTHERN REMEDY.

N. H. Downe's Vegetable BALSAMIC ELIXIR.

A MOST valuable medicine for curing Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Bleeding, and all diseases of the Lungs. It promotes expectoration, by which means the irritation of the Lungs is immediately stopped; and by its Balsamic properties effects a speedy cure—as can be attested by thousands of individuals in New England and the other States, (certificates shown if desired.)

For sale by A. BLODGETT.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 29, 1846. 2

Wanted!

IN exchange for goods or cash,
1000 bushels Corn;
1000 " Rye;
3000 " Oats;
for which the highest prices will be paid.

McGILVRAY & CO.

Nails.

OLD COLONY, Weymouth and Boston Nails—in assorted sizes, for sale low at the Depot Store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

BUCK WHEAT FLOUR, for sale low at the Depot store, by McGILVRAY & CO.

Sugars.

BROWN HAVANNA, St. Croix, Porto Rico, New Orleans, Lump and Crushed Sugars, for sale at the Depot Store, by

McGILVRAY & CO.

Thompson's

SUPERIOR Patent Trusses, are for sale at the depot store. McGILVRAY & CO.

Mirrors!

A LARGE lot just received and for sale low, at the depot store. McGILVRAY & CO.

THE PROSPECTUS OF
New York
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
A MONTHLY PUBLICATION

Of sixteen pages super-royal octavo, to be handsomely printed on fine white paper with beautiful type, and elegantly illustrated with superior engravings on steel and wood.

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[This Work is to be a continuation of "The Rover," (New Series) which has been in successful course of publication through five volumes, and which has been highly commended by the press through all parts of the country.]

It is the intention of the subscribers to make the New York Illustrated Magazine an elegant companion for the parlor and boudoir of the most refined and public readers.

As a Lady's Magazine, its moral tone will be unexceptionable; while it will be the aim of the Editor to make its pages entertaining and instructive. It will embody Tales, Poetry, Romance, Historical and Traditional Sketches of all countries, Local Sketches,—and at times be humorous without offence, satirical, without being personal.

As a Gentleman's Magazine, it will be found the welcome companion of a leisure hour—drawing the mind from the anxiety of business to the study of Humanity—lifting thought and the heart from the smileless Valley of Care.

It will be the cheapest Magazine ever published in this country, giving, in one year

FIFTY-TWO ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL;

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It will make two splendid Volumes a year, 416 pages each, making, when bound, a very choice keepsake for a friend.

Great pains will be taken with the illustrations, which will be prepared expressly for this Work.—The Steel Engravings will come from the establishment, and be under the superintendence of Mr A. L. Dick, and the Illustrations on wood will be executed in a superior style by J. W. Morse—both gentlemen ranking high in their respective departments of Art.

The first number of the New York Illustrated Magazine will be issued on the 20th September, 1845.

TERMS.—To yearly subscribers $3, two copies for $5, or five copies (to one address) $10.

Single numbers, 25 cents; for which the public is offered a Magazine with more reading matter, and a greater number of Engravings than is contained in any other monthly periodical at the same price.

A New Volume commences in May.

A sixth copy gratis will be allowed to any person, or club of persons, who shall enclose us money in payment for five subscribers for one year.

☞ Country Editors who feel disposed to publish the above, and refer to it, shall be entitled to an exchange. ROBINSON & CO., Publishers,
123 Fulton street, New York.

New York, Aug. 20, 1845.

UNITED STATES
SATURDAY POST.
NEW VOLUME, NEW TYPE, OLD FRIENDSHIPS, AND NEW ATTRACTIONS.

The publishers of the United States Saturday Post feeel constrained to make again their acknowledgements to the reading public, for the liberal support which their paper receives. To show that they are not unmindful of the return which such patronage requires, it would be entirely sufficient to refer the reader to the established character of

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND—

which is pre-eminently the designation of this paper. As a newspaper, dependent upon public patronage, "grows by what it feeds on," the publishers flatter themselves that THE POST has increased in interest and value, with the steady and gratifying support which has been accorded to it, for a period of

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

In this time which has served for the life and death of whole generations of periodicals, and the rise, meridian, and decline of many a rival. The Post has kept the even tenor of its way, by its own intrinsic health and strength—now following, oftener leading the public taste, but not departing from its independence to minister to the transient newspaper follies, which, compared to the existence of the POST, are indeed emphemeral. We shall continue in this path, endeavoring, in the

NEWS DEPARTMENT

to present the latest and best authenticated intelligence, divested of party hue and interested bias, and resting solely on the basis of truth as far as it is ascertainable; We endeavor to select and publish intelligence of value and importance to citizens engaged in all the three great interests,

AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

In political intelligence we recognize only one party—and that is,

OUR COUNTRY—OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

We know no sectional interests in our patriotism—no party lines in our politics—no secretarianism in our religion, but print and publish for

"The Greatest Good of the Greatest Number."

To give the Saturday Post an importance beyond that temporary one which it derives from being the record of current events, and to make it acceptable to the

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We give to its columns the character of a
WEEKLY MAGAZINE, embracing,
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REVOLUTIONARY ANNALS;
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In a word, such a variety of matter as, (our own country first remembered,)

THE WHOLE LITERATURE OF THE WORLD

may offer. The original translations from European Literature which have from time to time appeared in this journal, are referred to as an earnest that we have

SPARED NO PAINS

To make the Post truly Cosmopolitan in the

GREAT REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

Volume Twenty-Seventh, upon which we are about to enter, will appear in new type, and with such other improvements and advantages as experience may suggest. To repeat the words of a former prospectus, our motto is still EXCELSIOR.—Among the oldest papers on the continent, and possessed of all the advantages which long accumulated facilities afford, the conductors blend with these peculiar advantages, (not to be acquired in a day,) all the improvements which each successive year presents to their notice; and all changes for the better, which occur to men intent on doing well by a reading public which has always done well for THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

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